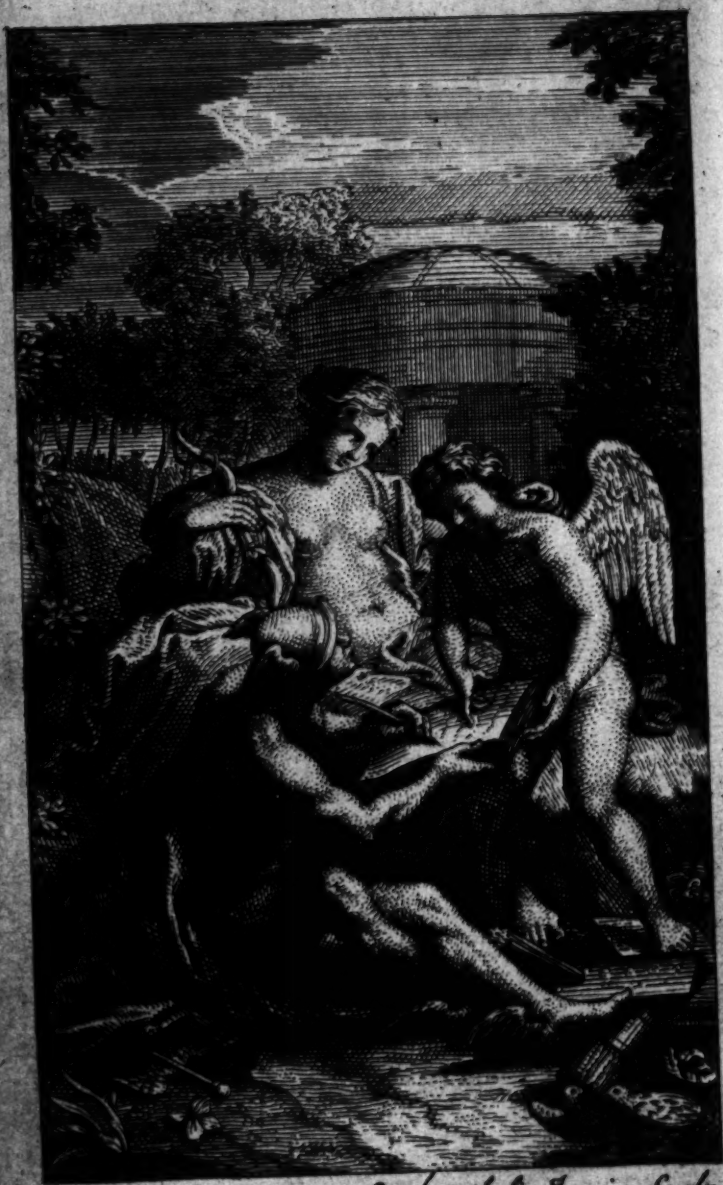


Sam^l Gribelin Junior Sculp.

Frontispiece



Sam^l Gribelin Junior Sculp.

Frontispiece

K O V I D's

ART of LOVE,
IN THREE BOOKS.

Together with his

AMOURS,
AND
REMEDY of LOVE.

Translated into *English* VERSE by
SEVERAL EMINENT HANDS.

To which are added,

The COURT of LOVE,
A TALE from CHAUCER.

AND THE
HISTORY of LOVE.

ADORN'D with CUTTS.

LONDON: Printed for J. Tonson; and Sold by
W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-noster-Row.
MDCCXIX.

ON THE
ART of LOVE
IN THREE BOOKS.

Together with his

AMOUR
AND
REMEDY of LOVE.

Translated by
SEVERAL EMINENT HANDS.

To which are added,

THE COURT of LOVE,
A TALE from CHAUCER.

AND THE
HISTORY of LOVE.

By JOHN WILKINS.

LONDON: Printed for J. Tonson and sold by
H. Taylor at the Ship in St. Pauls Church-yard.
MDCCLXIX.



To the Right Honourable

RICHARD,

EARL of Burlington.

My LORD,



UR Poet's Rales, in easie Num-
bers, tell

He felt the Passion, he describes
so well.

In that soft Art successfully re-
fin'd,

Tho' angry Cæsar frown'd, the Fair were kind.

DEDICATION.

*More Ills from Love, than Tyrant's Malice flow;
Jove's Thunder strikes less sure than Cupid's
Bow.*

*Ovid both felt the Pain, and found the Ease:
Physicians study most their own Disease.
The Practice of that Age in this we try,
Ladies won'd listen then, and Lovers lie.
Who flatter'd most the Fair were most polite,
Each thought her own Admirer in the right:
To be but faintly rude was criminal;
But to be boldly so, atton'd for all.
Breeding was banish'd for the fair One's sake,
The Sex ne'er gives, but suffers ours shou'd take.*

*Advice to you, my Lord, in vain we bring,
The Flow'rs ne'er fail to meet the blooming
Spring.
Tho' you possess all Nature's Gifts, take care;
Love's Queen has Charms, but fatal is her
Share.*

*On all that Goddess her false Smiles bestows,
As on the Seas she Reigns, from whence she rose.*

DEDICATION.

*Young Zephirs sigh with fragrant Breath, soft
Gales,
Guide her gay Barge, and swell the filken Sails :
Each silver Wave in beauteous Order moves,
Fa'r as her Bosom, gentle as her Doves ;
But he that once embarks, too surely finds
A sullen Sky, black Storms, and angry Winds.
Cares, Fears, and Anguish, hov'ring on the Coast.
And Wracks of Wretches by their Folly lost.*

*When coming Time shall bless you with a
Bride,*

*Let Passion not persuade, but Reason guide :
Instead of Gold, let gentle Truth endear ;
She has most Charms, that is the most sincere.
Shun vain Variety, 'tis but Disease ;
Weak Appetites are ever hard to please.
The Nymph must fear to be inquisitive ;
'Tis for the Sex's Quiet to believe.
Her Air an easie Confidence must show,
And shun to find, what she won'd dread to know ;
Still charming with all Arts that can engage,
And be the JULIANA of the Age.*



DEDICATION

Young Zephyrus, with fragrant breath,

Gentle, soft, and sweet, and full of life;

Such spirit there is in the air, that

For as the Breeze, gentle as her Doves;

But be that once embalm'd, too surely finds

A golden sky, black storm, and angry winds.

Concealment and disguise, for in the Coast,

And Wrecks of Wretches by their Folly left.

When coming Time shall bless you with a

Bride,

Let Passion not persuade, but Reason guide:

Instead of Gold, let gentle Truth exclaim;

She has most Charm, that is the most sincere.

Shun vain Variety, in but Disease;

Weak Appetites are ever hard to please.

The Nymphs must fear to be indiscreet;

It is for the Sex's Quiet to be true.

Let her an easy Confidence must show;

And thus to find, what she would dread to know;

Still charming with all Arts that can engage,

And be the JULIANA of the Age.



O V I D's

A R T of L O V E

B O O K the First.

B

OVER
ART of LOVE
BOOK the First





Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.



O V I D's
ART of LOVE.
BOOK I.

Translated, some Years since,
By Mr. DRYDEN.



IN Cupid's School, whoe'er wou'd take
Degree,
Must learn his Rudiments, by read-
ing me.
Seamen with sailing Arts their Ves-
sels move,
Art guides the Chariot; Art instructs
to Love.

Of Ships and Chariots others know the Rule;
But I am Master in Love's mighty School.
Cupid indeed is obstinate and wild,
A stubborn God; but yet the God's a Child:

Easie to govern in his tender Age,
 Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage.
 That Heroe, born for Conquest, trembling stood
 Before the Centaur, and receiv'd the Rod.
 As *Chiron* mollify'd his cruel Mind
 With Art; and taught his Warlike Hands to wind
 The Silver Strings of his melodious Lyre:
 So Love's fair Goddess does my Soul inspire
 To teach her softer Arts; to sooth the Mind,
 And smoothe the rugged Breasts of Human Kind.

Yet *Cupid* and *Achilles*, each with Scorn
 And Rage were fill'd; and both were Goddess-born.
 The Bull, reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws:
 The Horse receives the Bit within his Jaws.
 And stubborn Love shall bend beneath my Sway,
 Tho' struggling oft he strives to disobey.
 He shakes his Torch, he wounds me with his Darts;
 But vain his Force, and vainer are his Arts.
 The more he burns my Soul, or wounds my Sight,
 The more he teaches to revenge the Spight.

I, boast no Aid the *Delphian* God affords,
 Nor Auspice from the flight of chattering Birds;
 Nor *Clio* nor her Sisters have I seen,
 As *Hesiod* saw them on the shady Green:
 Experience makes my Work a Truth so try'd,
 You may believe; and *Venus* be my Guide.

Far hence ye Vestals be, who bind your Hairs;
 And Wives, who Gowns below your Ankles wear.
 I sing the Brothels loose and unconfin'd,
 Th' unpunishable Pleasures of the Kind;
 Which all a-like, for Love, or Morny find.

You, who in *Cupid's* Rolls inscribe your Name,
 First seek an Object worthy of your Flame;

Book I. OVID's *Art of Love*.

9

Then strive with Art, your Lady's Mind to gain :
And last, provide your Love may long remain.
On these three Precepts all my Work shall move :
These are the Rules and Principles of Love.

Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress'd,
Make Choice of one who suits your Humour best :
And such a Damsel drops not from the Sky ;
She must be sought for with a curious Eye.

The wary Angler, in the winding Brook,
Knows what the Fish, and where to bait his Hook.

The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name
The certain Haunts, and Harbour of their Game.
So must the Lover bear the likeliest Grounds ;
Th' Assemblies where his Quarry most abounds.
Nor shall my Novice wander far astray ;
These Rules shall put him in the ready Way.
Thou shalt not sail around the Continent,
As far as *Perseus*, or as *Paris* went :
For *Rome* alone affords thee such a Store,
As all the World can hardly shew thee more.
The Face of Heav'n with fewer Stars is crown'd,
Than Beauties in the *Roman* Sphere are found.

Whether thy Love is bent on blooming Youth,
On dawning Sweetness, in unartful Truth ;
Or courts the juicy Joys of riper Growth ;
Here mayst thou find thy full Desires in both.
Or if Autumnal Beauties please thy Sight
(An Age that knows to give, and take Delight)
Millions of Matrons of the graver Sort,
In common Prudence, will not balk the Sport.

In Summer Heats thou needst but only go
To *Pompey's* cool and shady Portico ;

Or Concord's Fane; or that proud Edifice,
 Whose Turrets near the bawdy Suburb rise:
 Or to that other *Portico*, where stands
 The cruel Father, urging his Commands,
 And fifty Daughters wait the Time of Rest,
 To plunge their Ponyards in the Bridegrooms Breast;
 Or *Venus*' Temple; where, on Annual Nights,
 They mourn *Adonis* with *Assyrian* Rites.
 Nor shun the *Jewish* Walk, where the foul Drove,
 On Sabbaths, rest from every thing but Love.
 Nor *Isis*' Temple; for that sacred Whore
 Makes others, what to *Jove* she was before.
 And if the Hall it self be not bely'd,
 Even there the Cause of Love is often try'd.
 Near it at least, or in the Palace Yard;
 From whence the noisy Combatants are heard.
 The crafty Counsellors, in formal Gown,
 There gain another's Cause, but lose their own.
 There Eloquence is nonplust in the Sute;
 And Lawyers, who had Words at Will, are mute;
Venus, from her adjoyning Temple, smiles,
 To see them caught in their litigious Wiles.
 Grave Senators lead home the Youthful Dame;
 Returning Clients, when they Patrons came.
 But above all, the Play-house is the Place;
 There's Choice of Quarry in that narrow Chace.
 There rake thy Stand, and sharply looking out,
 Soon mayst thou find a Mistress in the Rout;
 For Length of Time, or for a single Bout.
 The Theatres are Berries for the Fair:
 Like Ants on Mole-hills, thither they repair:
 Like Bees to Hives, so numerously they throng,
 It may be said, they to that Place belong.
 Thither they swarm, who have the publick Voice:
 There chuse, if Plenty not distracts thy Choice.
 To see, and to be seen, in Heaps they run;
 Some to undo, and some to be undone.

Book I. OVID's *Art of Love*

From *Romulus* the Rise of Plays began,
 To his new Subjects a commodious Man;
 Who, his unmarried Soldiers to supply,
 Took care the Common-Wealth should multiply;
 Providing *Sabine* Women for his Braves,
 Like a true King, to get a Race of Slaves.
 His Play-house, not of *Parian* Marble made,
 Nor was it spread with purple Sayls for Shade.
 The Stage with Rushes, or with Leaves they strow'd;
 No Scenes in Prospect, no machining God.
 On Rows of homely Turf they sate to see,
 Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common Tree,
 There, while they sit in rustick Majesty,
 Each Lover had his Mistress in his Eye;
 And whom he saw most suiting to his Mind,
 For Joys of Matrimonial Rape design'd.
 Scarce cou'd they wait the *Plaudis* in their Haste;
 But e're the Dances and the Song were past,
 The Monarch gave the Signal from his Throne;
 And rising, bad his merry Men fall on.
 The Martial Crew, like Soldiers ready prest,
 Just at the Word (the Word too was The Best)
 With joyful Cries each other animate;
 Some chuse, and some at Hazard seize their Mate.
 As Doves from Eagles, or from Wolves the Lambs,
 So from their lawless Lovers fly the Dames.
 Their Fear was one, but not one Face of Fear;
 Some rend the lovely Tresses of their Hair:
 Some shriek, and some are struck with dumb Despair.
 Her absent Mother, one invokes in vain;
 One stands amaz'd, nor daring to complain;
 The nimbler trust their Feet, the slow remain,
 But nought availing, all are Captives led,
 Trembling and Blushing, to the Genial Bed.
 She who too long resisted, or deny'd,
 The lusty Lover made by Force a Bride; [Side,
 And with superiour Strength, compell'd her to his

10 OVID's *Art of Love*, Book I.

Then sooth'd her thus! - - My Soul's far better Part
Cease weeping, nor afflict thy tender Heart;
For what thy Father to thy Mother was,
That Faith to thee, that solemn Vow I pass!

Thus *Romulus* became so popular,
This was the Way to thrive in Peace and War;
To pay his Army, and fresh Whores to bring:
Who would not fight for such a gracious King!

Thus Love in Theaters did first improve;
And Theaters are still the Scene of Love.
Nor shun the Chariots, and the Courser's Race;
The *Circus* is no inconvenient Place.
No need is there of talking on the Hand;
Nor Nods, nor Signs, which Lovers understand.
But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide;
Close as you can to hers; and Side by Side.
Pleas'd or unpleas'd, no matter; crowding sit;
For so the Laws of publick Shows permit.
Then find Occasion to begin Discourse;
Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse?
To whatsoever Side she is inclin'd,
Suit all your Inclinations to her Mind:
Like what she likes, from thence your Court begin;
And whom she favours, wish that he may win.
But when the Statues of the Deities,
In Chariots roll'd, appear before the Prizes;
When *Venus* comes, with deep Devotion rise,
If Dust be on her Lap, or Grains of Sand;
Brush both away with your officious Hand.
If none be there, yet brush that Nothing thence;
And still to touch her Lap make some Pretence.
Touch any thing of hers; and if her Train
Sweep on the Ground, let it not sweep in vain;
But gently take it up, and wipe it clean:
And while you wipe it, with observing Eyes,
Who knows but you may see her naked Thighs!

Observe who sits behind her; and beware,
Lest his inroaching Knee shou'd press the Fair;
Light Service takes light Minds: For some can tell
Of Favours won, by laying Cushions well;
By Fanning Faces, some their Fortune meet;
And some by laying Footstools for their Feet.
These Overtures of Love the *Circus* gives;
Nor at the Sword-play less the Lover thrives:
For there the Son of *Venus* fights his Prize;
And deepest Wounds are oft receiv'd from Eyes,
One, while the Crowd their Acclamations make,
Or while he Betts, and puts his Ring to Stake,
Is struck from far, and feels the flying Dart;
And of the Spectacle is made a Part.

Cesar wou'd represent a Naval Fight,
For his own Honour, and for *Rome's* Delight:
From either Sea the Youths and Maidens come;
And all the World was then contain'd in *Rome*!
In this vast Concourse, in this Choice of Game;
What *Roman* Heart but felt a foreign Flame?
Once more our Prince prepares to make us glad;
And the remaining East to *Rome* will add.
Rejoice ye *Roman* Soldiers in your Urns,
Your Ensigns from the *Parthians* shall return;
And the slain *Craffi* shall no longer mourn.
A Youth is sent those Trophies to demand;
And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand:
Doubt not th' Imperial Boy in Wars unseen,
In Childhood all of *Cesar's* Race are Men.
Celestial Seeds shoot out before their Day,
Prevent their Years, and brook no dull Delay.
Thus Infant *Hercules* the Snakes did press;
And in his Cradle did his Sire confess.
Bacchus a Boy, yet like a Hero fought;
And early Spoils from conquer'd *India* brought.
Thus you your Father's Troops shall lead to Fight;
And thus shall vanquish in your Father's Right.

These Rudiments you to your Lineage owe;
 Born to increase your Titles as you grow.
 Brethren you had, Revenge your Brethren slain;
 You have a Father, and his Rights maintain.
 Arm'd by your Country's Parent, and your own,
 Redeem your Country, and restore his Throne.
 Your Enemies assert an impious Cause;
 You fight both for divine and humane Laws.
 Already in their Cause they are o'ercome;
 Subject them too, by Force of Arms, to Rome.
 Great Father *Mars* with greater *Cæsar* joyn;
 To give a prosperous *Omen* to your Line:
 One of you is, and one shall be divine.
 I prophecy you shall, you shall o'ercome;
 My Verse shall bring you back in Triumph Home.
 Speak in my Verse, exhort to loud Alarms:
 O were my Numbers equal to your Arms,
 Then will I sing the *Parthians* Overthrow:
 Their Shot averse sent from a flying Bow.
 The *Parthians*, who already flying fight;
 Already give an *Omen* of their Flight.
 O when will come the Day, by Heav'n design'd,
 When thou the best and fairest of Mankind,
 Drawn by white Horses shalt in Triumph ride,
 With conquer'd Slaves attending on thy Side;
 Slaves, that no longer can be safe in Flight;
 O glorious Object, O surprizing Sight,
 O Day of Publick Joy; too good to end in Night!
 On such a Day, if thou, and next to thee,
 Some Beauty fits the Spectacle to see:
 If she enquire the Names of Conquer'd Kings,
 Of Mountains, Rivers, and their hidden Springs,
 Answer to all thou knowest; and if need be,
 Of things unknown seem to speak knowingly:
 This is *Euphrates*, crown'd with Reeds; and there
 Flows the swift *Tigris*, with his Sea-green Hair.
 Invent new Names of things unknown before;
 Call this *Armenia*; that the *Caspian* Shore:

Call this a *Mede*, and that a *Parthian* Youth;
Talk probably; no Matter for the Truth.

In Feasts, as at our Shows, new Means abound;
More Pleasure there, than that of Wine is found,
The *Paphian* Goddess there her Ambush lays;
And Love betwixt the Horns of *Bacchus* plays;
Desires encrease at ev'ry swilling Draught;
Brisk Vapours add new Vigour to the Thought;
There *Cupid's* purple Wings no Flight afford;
But wet with Wine, he flutters on the Board.
He shakes his Pinnions, but he cannot move;
Fix'd he remains, and turns a Maudlin Love.
Wine warms the Blood, and makes the Spirits flow;
Care flies, and Wrinkles from the Forehead go:
Exalts the Poor, Invigorates the Weak;
Gives Mirth and Laughter, and a Rosy Cheek.
Bold Truths it speaks; and spoken, dares maintain;
And brings our old Simplicity again.
Love sparkles in the Cup, and fills it higher;
Wine feeds the Flames, and Fuel adds to Fire.
But chuse no Mistress in thy drunken Fit;
Wine gilds too much their Beauties and their Wit;
Not trust thy Judgment when the Tapers dance;
But sober, and by Day, thy Sute advance.
By Day-Light *Paris* judg'd the beauteous Three;
And for the fairest, did the Prize decree.
Night is a Cheat, and all Deformities
Are hid, or lessen'd in her dark Disguise.
The Sun's fair Light each Error will confess,
In Face, in Shape, in Jewels, and in Dress.

Why name I ev'ry Place where Youths abound?
'Tis Lofs of Time; and a too fruitful Ground.
The *Bajan* Baths, where Ships at Anchor ride,
And wholesome Streams from Sulphur Fountains glide;
Where wounded Youths are by Experience taught,
The Waters are less healthful than they thought,

Or *Dian's* Fane, which near the Suburb lies;
 Where Priests, for their Promotion, fight a Prize.
 That Maiden Goddess is Love's mortal Foe,
 And much from her his Subjects undergo.

Thus far the Sportful Muse, with Myrtle bound,
 Has sung where lovely Lasses may be found.
 Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,
 With Art, may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.
 Young Nobles; to my Laws Attention lend:
 And all you Vulgar of my School, attend.

First then believe, all Women may be won;
 Attempt with Confidence, the Work is done.
 The Grasshopper shall first forbear to sing,
 In Summer Season, or the Birds in Spring;
 Than Women can resist your flattering Skill:
 Ev'n She will yield, who swears she never will.
 To secret Pleasure both the Sexes move:
 But Women most, who most dissemble Love.
 'Twere best for us, if they wou'd first declare;
 Avow their Passion, and submit to Prayer.
 The Cow by lowing, tells the Bull her Flame:
 The neighing Mare invites her Stallion to the Game.
 Man is more temp'rate in his Lust than they;
 And more than Women, can his Passion sway.
Biblis, we know, did first her Love declare;
 And had Recourse to Death in her Despair.
 Her Brother She; her Father *Myrrha* sought;
 And lov'd; but lov'd not as a Daughter ought.
 Now from a Tree she stills her odorous Tears;
 Which yet the Name of her who shed 'em bears.

In *Ida's* shady Vale a Bull appear'd;
 White as the Snow, the fairest of the Herd;
 A Beauty Spot of black there only rose,
 Betwixt his equal Horns and ample Brows:
 The Love and Wish of all the *Cretan* Cows,

The Queen beheld him as his Head he rear'd;
 And envy'd ev'ry Leap he gave the Herd.
 A secret Fire she nourish'd in her Breast;
 And hated ev'ry Heifer he caress'd.
 A Story known, and known for true, I tell;
 Nor *Crete*, though lying, can the Truth conceal.
 She cut him Grass; (so much can Love command)
 She strok'd, she fed him with her Royal Hand:
 Was pleas'd in Pastures with the Herd to rove;
 And *Minos* by the Bull was overcome.

Cease Queen, with Gems, t'adorn thy beauteous
 The Monarch of thy Heart no Jewel knows. [Brows;
 Nor in thy Glass compose thy Looks and Eyes;
 Secure from all thy Charms thy Lover lies:
 Yet trust thy Mirrour when it tells thee true;
 Thou art no Heifer to allure his View.
 Soon woud'st thou quit thy Royal Diadem
 To thy fair Rivals; to be horn'd like them.
 If *Minos* please, no Lover seek to find;
 If not, at least seek one of human Kind,

The wretched Queen the *Cretan* Court forsakes;
 In Woods and Wilds, her Habitation makes:
 She curses ev'ry beauteous Cow she sees;
 Ah, why dost thou my Lord and Master please?
 And think'st, ungrateful Creature as thou art,
 With frisking awkwardly, to gain his Heart,
 She said; and straight commands, with frowning
 To put her, undeserving, to the Yoke. [Look,
 Or feigns some holy Rites of Sacrifice;
 And sees her Rival's Death with joyful Eyes:
 Then, when the Bloody Priest has done his Part;
 Pleas'd, in her Hand she holds the beating Heart;
 Nor from a scornful Taunt can scarce refrain;
 Go Fool, and strive to please my Love again.

Now she wou'd be *Europa* --- To now;
 (One bore a Bull; and one was made a Cow.)

Yet she at last her Brutal Bliss obtain'd;
 And in a wooden Cow the Bull sustain'd:
 Fill'd with his Seed, accomplish'd her Desire;
 Till, by his Form, the Son betray'd the Sire.

If *Atreus*' Wife to Incest had not run,
 (But ah, how hard it is to love but one!)
 His Coursers *Phæbus* had not driv'n away,
 To shun that Sight, and interrupt the Day.
 Thy Daughter, *Nisus*, pull'd thy purple Hair;
 And barking Sea-Dogs yet her Bowels tear.
 At Sea and Land *Atreides* sav'd his Life;
 Yet fell a Prey to his adult'rous Wife.
 Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought,
 When the slain Offspring bore the Father's Fault?
 Thus *Phœnix* did a Woman's Love bewail:
 And thus *Hippolytus* by *Phædra* fell.
 These Crimes revengeful Matrons did commit;
 Hotter their Lust, and sharper is their Wit.
 Doubt not from them an easie Victory:
 Scarce of a thousand Dames will one deny.
 All Women are content that Men shou'd woe:
 She who complains, and She who will not do.
 Rest then secure, whate'er thy Luck may prove,
 Not to be hated for declaring Love:
 And yet how can'st thou miss, since Woman-kind
 Is frail and vain; and still to Change inclin'd.
 Old Husbands, and stale Gallants they despise;
 And more another's than their own, they prize.
 A larger Crop adorns our Neighbour's Field,
 More Milk his Kine from swelling Udders yield.

First gain the Maid: By her thou shalt be sure
 A free Access, and easie to procure:
 Who knows, what to her Office does belong,
 Is in the Secret, and can hold her Tongue.
 Bribe her with Gifts, with Promises, and Pray'rs;
 For her good Word goes far in Love Affairs.

The Time and fit Occasion leave to her,
When she most aptly can thy Sute prefer.
The Time for Maids to fire their Lady's Blood,
Is when they find her in a merry Mood.
When all things at her Wish and Pleasure move;
Her Heart is open then, and free to Love.
Then Mirth and Wantonness to Lust betray,
And smoothe the Passage to the Lover's Way.
Troy stood the Siege, when fill'd with anxious Care:
One merry Fit concluded all the War.

If some fair Rival vex her jealous Mind,
Offer thy Service to revenge in Kind.
Instruct the Damsel, while she combs her Hair,
To raise the Choler of that injur'd Fair:
And sighing, make her Mistress understand,
She has the Means of Vengeance in her Hand.
Then, naming thee, thy humble Suit prefer;
And swear thou languishest and dy'st for her.
Then let her lose no Time, but push at all;
For Women soon are rais'd, and soon they fall.
Give their first Fury Leisure to relent,
They melt like Ice, and suddenly repent.

T'enjoy the Maid, will that thy Suit advance?
'Tis a hard Question, and a doubtful Chance.
One Maid corrupted, bawds the better for't;
Another for her self wou'd keep the Sport.
Thy Bus'ness may be farther'd or delay'd,
But by my Counsel, let alone the Maid:
Ev'n tho' she shou'd consent to do the Feat,
The Profit's little, and the Danger great.
I will not lead thee through a rugged Road;
But where the Way lies open, safe, and broad.
Yet if thou find'st her very much thy Friend;
And her good Face her Diligence commend:
Let the fair Mistress have thy first Embrace,
And let the Maid come after in her Place.

But this I will advise, and mark my Words,
 For 'tis the best Advice my Skill affords:
 If needs thou with the Damsel wilt begin;
 Before th' Attempt is made, make sure to win:
 For then the Secret better will be kept;
 And she can tell no Tales when once she's dipt.
 'Tis for the Fowler's Interest to beware,
 The Bird intangled, shou'd not scape the Snare.
 The Fish once prick'd, avoids the bearded Hook;
 And spoils the Sport of all the neighb'ring Brook.
 But if the Wench be thine, she makes thy Way;
 And for thy Sake, her Mistress will betray;
 Tell all she knows, and all she hears her say.
 Keep well the Counsel of thy faithful Spy:
 So shalt thou learn whene'er she treads awry.

All things the Stations of their Seasons keep:
 And certain Times there are to sow and reap.
 Ploughmen and Sailors for the Season stay,
 One to plough Land, and one to plough the Sea:
 So shou'd the Lover wait the lucky Day.
 Then stop thy Suit; it hurts not thy Design:
 But think another Hour she may be thine.
 And when she celebrates her Birth at home,
 Or when she views the publick Shows of Rome:
 Know all thy Visits then are troublesome.
 Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea,
 For that's a boding, and a stormy Day.
 Else take thy Time, and when thou canst, begin;
 To break a Jewish Sabbath, think no Sin:
 Nor ev'n on superstitious Days abstain:
 Not when the Romans were at *Allia* slain.
 Ill Omens in her Frowns are understood;
 When She's in humour, ev'ry Day is good.
 But than her Birth-day seldom comes a worse;
 When Bribes and Presents must be sent of course;
 And that's a bloody Day, that costs thy Purse.

Be stanch; yet Parsimony will be vain:
The craving Sex will still the Lover drain.
No Skill can shift 'em off, nor Art remove;
They will be Begging when they know we Love.
The Merchant comes upon th' appointed Day,
Who shall before thy Face his Wares display.
To chuse for her she craves thy kind Advice;
Then begs again, to bargain for the Price:
But when she has her Purchase in her Eye,
She hugs thee close, and kisses thee to buy.
'Tis what I want, and 'tis a Penn'orth too;
In many Years I will not trouble you.
If you complain you have no ready Coin;
No matter, 'tis but Writing of a Line:
A little Bill, not to be paid at Sight; [Write]
(Now curse the Time when thou wert taught to
She keeps her Birth-day; you must send the Cheer;
And she'll be Born a hundred times a year.
With daily Lies she dribs thee into Cost;
That Ear-ring dropt a Stone, that Ring is lost.
They often borrow what they never pay;
What e'er you lend her, think it thrown away.
Had I ten Mouths and Tongues to tell each Art;
All wou'd be weary'd e'er I told a Part.

By Letters, not by Words, thy Love begin;
And foord the dangerous Passage with thy Pen.
If to her Heart thou aim'st to find the way,
Extreamly Flatter, and extreamly Pray.
Priam by Pray'ts did *Heitor's* Body gain;
Nor is an Angry God invoc'd in vain.
With promis'd Gifts her easy Mind bewitch;
For ev'a the Poor in Promise may be Rich.
Vain Hopes awhile her Appetite will stay;
'Tis a deceitful, but commodious way.
Who gives is Mad; but make her still believe
'Twill come, and that's the cheapest way to give.

Ev'n barren Lands fair Promises afford;
 But the lean Harvest cheats the starving Lord.
 Buy not thy first Enjoyment; lest it prove
 Of bad Example to thy future Love:
 But get it *gratis*; and she'll give thee more,
 For fear of losing what she gave before.
 The losing Gamester shakes the Box in vain,
 And bleeds, and loses on, in hopes to gain.

Write then, and in thy Letter, as I said,
 Let her with mighty Promises be fed.
Cydippe by a Letter was betray'd,
 Writ on an Apple to th' unwary Maid.
 She read her self into a Marriage Vow;
 (And ev'ry Cheat in Love the Gods allow.)
 Learn Eloquence, ye noble Youth of *Rome*;
 It will not only at the Bar o'ercome:
 Sweet Words, the People and the Senate move;
 But the chief end of Eloquence, is Love.
 But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts;
 Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts.
 None but vain Fools to simple Women preach;
 A learned Letter oft has made a Breach.
 In a familiar Style your Thoughts convey;
 And Write such things, as Present you wou'd say.
 Such words as from the Heart may seem to move:
 'Tis Wit enough, to make her think you Love.
 If Seal'd she sends it back, and will not read;
 Yet hope, in time, the business may succeed.
 In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit;
 In time the restiff Horse will bear the Bit.
 Ev'n the hard Plough-share, Use will wear away;
 And stubborn Steel in length of time decay.
 Water is soft, and Marble hard; and yet
 We see, soft Water through hard Marble Eat.
 Though late, yet *Troy* at length in Flames expir'd;
 And ten years more, *Penelope* had tir'd.

Perhaps, thy Lines unanswer'd she retain'd;
 No matter; there's a Point already gain'd:
 For she who reads, in time will Answer too;
 Things must be left, by just degrees to grow.
 Perhaps she Writes, but answers with Disdain;
 And sharply bids you not to Write again:
 What she requires, she fears you shou'd accord;
 The Jilt wou'd not be taken at her word.

Mean time, if she be carried in her Chair,
 Approach; but do not seem to know she's there;
 Speak softly, to delude the Standers by;
 Or, if aloud, then speak ambiguously.
 If Santring in the Portico she walk,
 Move slowly too; for that's a time for Talk;
 And sometimes follow, sometimes be her Guide;
 But when the Crowd permits, go Side by Side;
 Nor in the *Play-house* let her sit alone;
 For she's the *Play-house* and the *Play* in one;
 There thou may'st ogle, or by signs advance
 Thy Suit, and seem to touch her Hand by chance,
 Admire the Dancer who her liking gains,
 And pity in the *Play* the Lover's Pains;
 For her sweet sake the loss of time despise;
 Sit while she sits, and when she rises rise.
 But dress not like a Fop; nor curl your Hair,
 Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare,
 Leave those effeminate and useless toys
 To *Eunuchs*, who can give no solid Joys.
 Neglect becomes a Man: This *Thesens* found;
 Uncurl'd, uncomb'd, the Nymph his Wishes crown'd.
 The rough *Hippolytus* was *Phadra's* care;
 And *Venus* thought the rude *Adonis* fair.
 Be not too Finical; but yet be clean;
 And wear well fashion'd Cloaths, like other Men.
 Let not your Teeth be yellow, or be foul;
 Nor in wide Shoes your Feet too loosely soul.

Of a black Muzzel, and long Beard beware;
 And let a skilful Barber cut your Hair.
 Your Nails be pick'd from filth, and even par'd;
 Nor let your nasty Nostrils bud with Beard.
 Cure your unsav'ry Breath; gargle your Throat:
 And free your Arm-pits from the Ram and Goat,
 Dress not, in short, too little, or too much:
 And be not wholly *French*, nor wholly *Dutch*.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites:
 Who wou'd not follow, when a God invites?
 He helps the Poet, and his Pen inspires;
 Kind and indulgent to his former Fires.

Fair *Ariadne* wander'd on the Shore
 Forsaken now; and *Theseus* loves no more:
 Loose was her Gown, dishevel'd was her Hair;
 Her Bosom naked, and her Feet were bare:
 Exclaiming, in the Waters brink she stood;
 Her briny Tears augment the briny Flood.
 She shriek'd, and wept, and both became her Face:
 No Posture cou'd that Heav'nly Form disgrace.
 She beat her Breast: The Traytor's gone, said she,
 What shall become of poor forsaken me?
 What shall become---she had not time for more,
 The sounding Cymbals rattled in the Shore.
 She swoons for fear, she falls upon the Ground;
 No vital heat was in her Body found.
 The *Mimallonian* Dames about her stood;
 And scudding *Satyrs* ran before their God.
Silenus on his Ass did next appear;
 And held upon the Mane (the God was clear)
 The drunken *Sire* pursues; the Dames retire;
 Sometimes the drunken Dames pursue the drunken
 At last he topples over on the Plain; [Sire,
 The *Satyrs* laugh, and bid him rise again.
 And now the God of Wine came driving on,
 High on his Chariot by swift *Tygers* drawn,

Her Colour, Voice and Sense forsook the Fair;
Thrice did her trembling Feet for flight prepare,
And thrice affrighted did her flight forbear.
She shook, like leaves of Corn, when Tempests blow;
Or slender Reeds that in the Marshes grow.
To whom the God, --- Compose thy fearful Mind;
In me a truer Husband thou shalt find.
With Heav'n I will endow thee; and thy Star,
Shall with propitious Light be seen afar:
And guide on Seas, the doubtful Mariner.
He said; and from his Chariot leaping lights,
Left the grim Terrors thou'd the Nymph affright.
His brawny Arms around her Waste he threw;
(For Gods, what'er they will, with ease can do.)
And swiftly bore her thence; th' attending throng
Shout at the Sight, and sing the Nuptial Song.
Now in full Bowls her Sorrow she may steep;
The Bridegroom's Liquor lays the Bride asleep.

But thou, when flowing Cups in Triumph ride,
And the lov'd Nymph is seated by thy side;
Invoke the God, and all the mighty Powers;
That Wine may not defraud thy Genial hours.
Then in ambiguous Words thy Suit prefer;
Which she may know were all address to her.
In liquid purple Letters write her Name:
Which she may read, and reading find thy Flame.
Then may your Eyes confess your mutual Fires;
(For Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Desires)
When e'er she Drinks, be first to take the Cup;
And where she laid her Lips, the Blessing sup.
When she to Carving does her Hand advance;
Put out thy own, and touch it as by chance.
Thy service ev'n her Husband must attend:
(A Husband is a most convenient Friend.)
Seat the fool Cuckold in the highest place;
And with thy Garland his dull Temples grace.

Whether below, or equal in degree,
 Let him be Lord of all the Company;
 And what he says, be seconded by Thee.
 'Tis common to deceive through Friendship's Name;
 But common though it be, 'tis still to blame.
 Thus Factors frequently their Trust betray;
 And to themselves their Masters Gains convey.
 Drink to a certain Pitch, and then give o'er;
 Thy Tongue and Feet may stumble, drinking more,
 Of drunken Quarrels in her sight beware;
 Pot Valour only serves to fright the Fair.
 Eurytion justly fell, by Wine oppress,
 For his rude Riot, at a Wedding-Feast.
 Sing, if you have a Voice: and shew your Parts
 In Dancing, if endu'd with Dancing Arts.
 Do any thing within your power, to please;
 Nay, ev'n affect a seeming Drunkenness;
 Clip every word; and if by chance you speak
 Too home; or if too broad a Jest you break;
 In your Excuse the Company will joyn,
 And lay the Fault upon the Force of Wine.
 True Drunkenness is subject to offend;
 But when 'tis feign'd, 'tis oft a Lover's Friend.
 Then safely you may praise her beauteous Face;
 And call him Happy, who is in her grace.
 Her Husband thinks himself the Man design'd;
 But curse the Cuckold in your secret Mind.
 When all are risen, and prepare to go;
 Mix with the Croud, and tread upon her Toe.
 This is the proper time to make thy Court;
 For now she's in the Vein, and fit for Sport.
 Lay Bashfulness, that rustick Virtue, by;
 To manly Confidence thy Thoughts apply.
 On Fortune's Forsetop timely fix thy hold;
 Now speak and speed, for Venus loves the Bold,
 No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford:
 Only begin, and trust the following word;
 It will be Witty of its own accord.

As well the Lover, let thy Speech abound
In dying Words, that represent thy Wound.
Distract nor her Belief; she will be mov'd:
All Women think they merit to be lov'd.

Sometimes a Man begins to love in jest;
And after, feels the Torments he profess.
For your own sakes be pitiful, ye Fair;
For a feign'd Passion may a true prepare.
By Flatteries we prevail on Woman-kind;
As hollow Banks by Streams are undermin'd.
Tell her, her Face is fair, her Eyes are sweet:
Her taper Fingers praise, and little Feet.
Such Praises ev'n the Chaste are pleas'd to hear;
Both Maids and Matrons hold their Beauty dear.

Once naked *Pallas* with *Jove's* Queen appear'd;
And still they grieve that *Venus* was prefer'd.
Praise the proud Peacock, and he spreads his Train:
Be silent, and he pulls it in again.
Pleas'd is the Courser in his rapid Race;
Applaud his Running, and he mends his Pace,
But largely promise, and devoutly swear;
And, if need be, call ev'ry God to hear.
Jove sits above, forgiving with a Smile
The Perjuries that easy Maids beguile.
He swore to *Juno* by the *Stygian* Lake:
Forsworn, he dares not an Example make;
Or punish Falshood, for his own dear sake.
'Tis for our Int'rest that the Gods shon'd be;
Let us believe 'em: I believe they see;
And both reward, and punish equally.
Not that they live above like lazy Drones,
Or Kings below, supine upon their Thrones:
Lead then your Lives as present in their Sight;
Be just in Dealings, and defend the Right;
By Fraud betray not, nor oppress by Might.

But 'tis a Venial Sin to cheat the Fair;
 All Men have Liberty of Conscience there.
 On cheating Nymphs a Cheat is well design'd;
 'Tis a prophane, and a deceitful Kind.

'Tis said, that *Egypt* for nine Years was dry,
 Nor *Nile* did Floods, nor Heav'n did Rain supply.
 A Foreigner at length inform'd the King,
 That slaughter'd Guests would kindly Moisture bring.
 The King reply'd, On thee the Lot shall fall,
 Be thou, my Guest, the Sacrifice for all.
 Thus *Phalaris*, *Perillus* taught to low,
 And made him season first the brazen Cow.
 A rightful Doom, the Laws of Nature cry,
 'Tis, the Artificers of Death should die. }
 Thus justly Women suffer by Deceit;
 Their Practice authorises us to cheat.
 Beg her, with Tears, thy warm Desires to grant;
 For Tears will pierce a Heart of Adamant.
 If Tears will not be squeeze'd, then rub your Eye,
 Or noint the Lids, and seem at least to cry.
 Kifs, if you can: Resistance if she make,
 And will not give you Kisses, let her take.
Fie, fie, you naughty Man, are Words of Course;
 She struggles, but to be subdu'd by Force.
 Kifs only soft, I charge you, and beware,
 With your hard Bristles not to brush the Fair.
 He who has gain'd a Kiss, and gains no more,
 Deserves to lose the Bliss he got before.
 If once she kifs, her Meaning is exprest;
 There wants but little Pushing for the rest;
 Which if thou dost not gain, by Strength or Art,
 The Name of Clown then sutes with thy Defect; }
 'Tis downright Dulness, and a shameful Part.
 Perhaps she calls it Force; but if she 'scape,
 She will not thank you for th' omitted Rape.
 The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires,
 They would be forc'd, ev'n to their own Desires,

They seem t' accuse you, with a down-cast Sight,
 But in their Souls confess you did them right.
 Who might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
 Thank with their Tongues, but curse you with their
 Fair *Phæbe* and her Sister did prefer, [Heart.
 To their dull Mates, the noble Ravisher.

What *Deidamia* did, in Days of Yore,
 The Tale is old, but worth the telling o'er.

When *Venus* had the golden Apple gain'd,
 And the just Judge fair *Helen* had obtain'd:
 When she with Triumph was at *Troy* receiv'd,
 The *Trojans* joyful, while the *Greeks* griev'd:
 They vow'd Revenge of violated Laws,
 And *Greece* was arming in the Cuckold's Cause;
Achilles, by his Mother warn'd from War,
 Disguis'd his Sex, and lurk'd among the Fair.
 What means *Æacides* to spin and sow?
 With Spear and Sword in Field thy Valour show!
 And leaving this, the nobler *Pallas* know.
 Why dost thou in that Hand the Distaff wield,
 Which is more worthy to sustain a Shield?
 Or with that other draw the woolly Twine,
 The same the Fates for *Hector's* Thread assign?
 Brandish thy Fauchion in thy pow'ful Hand,
 Which can alone the pond'rous Lance command.
 In the same Room by chance the Royal Maid
 Was lodg'd, and, by his seeming Sex betray'd,
 Close to her Side the youthful Heroe laid,
 I know not how his Courtship he began;
 But, to her Cost, she found it was a Man.
 'Tis thought she struggl'd, but withal 'tis thought
 Her Wish was to be conquer'd, when she fought:
 For when disclos'd, and hast'ning to the Field,
 He laid his Distaff down, and took the Shield,
 With Tears her humble Suit she did prefer,
 And thought to stay the grateful Ravisher.

She sighs, she sobs, she begs him not to part;
 And now 'tis Nature, what before was Art.
 She strives by Force her Lover to detain,
 And wishes to be ravish'd once again.
 This is the Sex; they will not first begin,
 But when compell'd, are pleas'd to suffer Sin.
 Is there, who thinks that Women first should woo?
 Lay by thy Self-Conceit, thou foolish Beau.
 Begin, and save their Modesty the Shame;
 'Tis well for thee, if they receive thy Flame.
 'Tis decent for a Man to speak his Mind;
 They but expect th' Occasion to be kind.
 Ask, that thou may'st enjoy; she waits for this:
 And on thy first Advance depends thy Bliss.
 Ev'n *Jove* himself was forc'd to sue for Love;
 None of the Nymphs did first solicit *Jove*.
 But if you find your Pray'rs encrease her Pride,
 Strike sail awhile, and wait another Tide.
 They fly when we pursue; but make Delay,
 And when they see you slacken, they will stay.
 Sometimes it profits to conceal your End;
 Name not your self her Lover, but her friend.
 How many skittish Girls have thus been caught?
 He prov'd a Lover, who a Friend was thought.
 Sailors by Sun and Wind are swarthy made;
 A tann'd Complexion best becomes their Trade.
 'Tis a Disgrace to Ploughmen to be fair;
 Bluff Cheeks they have, and weather-beaten Hair.
 Th' ambitious Youth, who seeks an Olive Crown,
 Is Sun-burnt with his daily Toil, and brown;
 But if the Lover hopes to be in Grace,
 Wan be his Looks, and meager be his Face.
 That Colour, from the Fair, Compassion draws;
 She thinks you sick, and thinks her self the Cause.
Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love.
 His Paleness did the Nymphs to Pity move;
 His ghastly Visage argu'd hidden Love.

Nor fail a Night-Cap, in full Health, to wear;
Neglect thy Dress, and discompose thy Hair.
All things are decent, that in Love avail.
Read long by Night, and study to be pale.
For sake your Food, refuse your needful Rest;
Be miserable, that you may be blest.

Shall I complain, or shall I warn you most?
Faith, Truth and Friendship in the World are lost;
A little and an empty Name they boast.
Trust not thy Friend, much less thy Mistress praise;
If he believe, thou may'st a Rival raise.
'Tis true, *Paroelus*, by no Lust misled,
Sought not to stain his dear Companion's Bed.
Nor *Pylades* *Hermione* embrac'd;
Ev'n *Phedra* to *Pirithous* still was chaste.
But hope not thou, in this vile Age, to find
Those rare Examples of a faithful Mind.
The Sea shall sooner with sweet Honey flow;
Or, from the *Furzes*, Pears and Apples grow.
We sin with Guilt, we love by Fraud to gain;
And find a Pleasure in our Fellow's Pain.
From Rival Foes you may the Fair defend;
But would you ward the Blow, beware your Friend.
Beware your Brother, and your next of Kin;
But from your Bosom-Friend your Care begin.

Here I had ended, but Experience finds,
That sundry Women are of sundry Minds:
With various Crochets fill'd, and hard to please,
They therefore must be caught by various Ways.
All things are not produc'd in any Soil;
This Ground for Wine is proper, that for Oil.
So 'tis in Men, but more in Women-kind:
Diff'rent in Face, in Manners, and in Mind.
But wise Men shift their Sails with ev'ry Wind:
As changeful *Proteus* vary'd oft his Shape,
And did in sundry Forms and Figures 'scape

A running Stream, a standing Tree became,
 A roaring Lion, or a bleating Lamb;
 Some Fish with Harpoons, some with Darts are struck,
 Some drawn with Nets, some hang upon the Hook:
 So turn thy self; and imitating them,
 Try sev'ral Tricks; and change thy Stratagem.
 One Rule will not for diff'rent Ages hold;
 The Jades grow cunning, as they grow more old.
 Then talk not Bawdy to the bashful Maid;
 Bug Words will make her Innocence afraid.
 Nor to an ignorant Girl of Learning speak;
 She thinks you conjure, when you talk in Greek,
 And hence 'tis often seen, the Simple man
 The Learn'd, and into vile Embraces run.

Part of my Task is done, and Part to do:
 But here 'tis time to rest my self and you.

The End of the First Book.





NOTES

On the FIRST BOOK of

OVID's Art of LOVE.

The INTRODUCTION.



OVID's Art of Love having lately appear'd in *French*; with *Observations* written by the *Translator*, which have been very well receiv'd in *France*; it has been thought proper to add such of them as are most curious to this *Version*, and to make other new *Remarks* in some Places, where the *English Translators* have given another *Turn* to the *Original*. The *Introduction* to these *Observations* is entirely the *French Author's*; so are most of the *Reflections*. 'Tis hop'd those that are not taken from him, will not be found to be of less *Importance* than those that are.

A great many People are mistaken in these Books; and tho' they were made use of as a Pretence to drive the Author from the Court of *Augustus*, and confine him to *Tomos* on the Frontiers of the *Geta* and *Sarmatae*, yet they were not the true Cause of his Confinement. They are very far from being so licentious as the Writings of several other Poets,

32 *NOTES on the First Book.*

both *Greek* and *Latin*. However we must own he might have been a little more discreet, especially in some Places.

That which offended the *Romans* most in this Work, cannot touch us. It has always been more dangerous in *Italy* to converse with Women of Honour, and frequent their Houses, than 'tis with us: Tho' there is more Liberty, and what in that Country may be an Occasion of Debauchery, would not at all be so in ours.

Notwithstanding all that has been said against these Books of the *Art of Love*, by some over-scrupulous Persons, whose Discretion has too much of Affectation in it; they are not only necessary for the Knowledge of the *Latin* Tongue, and the *Roman* History, concerning which they contain several things very particular; but for the noble Sentiments we find in them, which the *Gravest* and *Learnedest* Writers have thought worthy to be quoted for *Authorities*.

In a Word, there's nothing in them that comes near the Licence of some *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, *Martial* and *Ausonius*, of some *Satyrs* of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and several other Pieces of *Ancient* and *Modern* Authors, which are read and commented upon; and about which even celebrated *Jesuits* and other religious Persons, as eminent for their Piety as their Erudition, have employ'd their Studies. Yet who has condemn'd or complain'd of them? We must confess, such things should be manag'd with Address: And those of them who have meddled with any of the Authors I have nam'd, have shewn that it may be done so, by their succeeding so happily in it.

As for this Treatise of the *Art of Love*, for which the Author has also prescrib'd a *Remedy*, as it is liable to be ill interpreted by those whose Pens poison every thing they touch; so it may bear a good Con-

strution, by such as know how to turn every thing to Advantage.

I will yet say, this *Art* may be apply'd to those that intend to marry. There is nothing sure against Decency in all that. I agree, if you will have it so, that it extends so far as to direct one to the Means to gain a Mistress. If this was not lawful heretofore in *Italy*, on account of the jealous Humour of the *Italians*, we cannot, for the same Reason only, say it ought to be forbidden in our Country, any more than in several others, provided we could be sure the Ladies Modesty would not be offended, before whom Youth should be always careful not to exceed the Bounds of the Respect that's due to them.

Be it as it will, I have thought of endeavouring to apply all that is said in these Books of wanton Love, to the *Art* of loving the Sciences. The Emblem is not disagreeable, neither is it impossible to explain all that *Ovid* has written here upon the Love of Beauty, by that of the *Arts*. What do we not sometimes understand by the Loves of a Shepherd and Shepherdess? By a Lover of incomparable Beauty, and his Fair One passionately in Love? But, keeping to the Fable, how often has the Loves of *Jupiter* and *Juno* been moraliz'd upon, as well as those of *Apollo* and *Daphne*, *Mars* and *Venus*, *Myrrha* and *Cynaras*, and several others, the Examples of which are almost infinite? Yet these Things are seen every Day; all the World read and admire them. Tho' the Outside of them is a little strong, and the literal Sense more suspected, than any of the Precepts laid down in *Ovid's Art of Love* are licentious.

But to soften this Thought a little; let us figure to our selves, that the Poet is not only a Gallant of the Court of *Augustus*, but a Philosopher of the *Portick* and *Lyceum*; who proposes to us, as to his Disciples, excellent Rules to acquire the *Virtues* and

Sciences, represented under the Name of the *Muses*, or Ladies of various Beauty, who may be met with every where, especially in great Academies, in the Schools, in Courts, in Walks, and in holy Places; figur'd by *Cirques*, *Theaters*, *Galleries*, *Portico's*, and the *Temples* of the *Roman* Deities, where great Assemblies were held. And when we have chosen that which pleases us best, and is most agreeable to our Nature; let us endeavour to gain its good Graces, and enjoy it; that we may become more Wise, and more Virtuous. Thus we may deceive our Imagination; and 'twill be easie for us to make the reading of this Treatise; not only pleasant, but profitable. We need not then have any Scruple upon us, because there is nothing unchaste in the Expression, tho' such things as are entirely gallant are not neglected; at least no farther than Modesty and Decency requir'd. I will, if I can, explain my Thoughts in this Matter, according as Occasion may offer, as well here, as in the Treatise which I have compos'd on Purpose.

Of the Art of Love. By this we ought to understand how we must love, or how we must preserve the Object of our Love, when we have once acquir'd it. Otherwise 'twas useless to write an *Art of Love*. For *Love* is form'd in the Heart without *Art*, and all are without *Art* susceptible of that Passion. It generally surprizes us, and we know not from whence it comes, tho' we feel it very sensibly. For this Reason the Poets so often endeavour to persuade us that *Love* is a Potent God, who wounds every thing with his Darts; and that there is no Creature able to resist him. We therefore need no *Art* to teach us to *Love*, nor even to *Love* any thing reasonably; but 'tis of very great Importance to each of us, that when we are inspir'd, the Inspiration should be for a proper Object, and a good End, as I design to shew you.

NOTES on the First Book 35

Ovid. This Poet wrote these Books a few Years before his Exile, under Colour of which the Decree of the Senate for his Banishment was procur'd; tho' they certainly were not the Cause of it; and indeed could not reasonably be so, unless *Ovid* wrote them in Favour of *Augustus's* Grand-daughter, whom he visited with a little too much Familiarity, and did it to please her. For she, no more than her Mother, *Agrippa's* Wife, was not so modest as Persons of Quality and high Condition ought to be, as well for their own Glory, as for an Example to others.

The Two First Books of the *Art of Love* contain the Precepts which the Author lays down for young Men to follow in their Courtship to the Ladies; and the Third teaches the Ladies how they ought to make themselves be belov'd. The Allegory is not uneasily apply'd to the Sciences and the Virtues, represented as lovely Women, after my Way of imagining it.

NOTES on the First Book.

IN *Cupid's School, whoe'er, &c.* The Poet here lays down the Proposition of his Work, which he comprehends in the two first Verses: He then invokes the Assistance of the Gods, and begins his Narration.

Must learn his Rudiments by reading me. In the Original *Pris* *Doctus amet*; which seems to imply something more than the *Rudiments*. But both *Ovid* and the Translator agree, that to love is not all. One must learn how to love, and what to love; for Love is so far from being forbidden, that there is nothing so commendable, provided the Object is good.

36 NOTES on the First Book.

Seamen with sailing Arts their Vessels move. The Author continues this Thought by other Similes. Art is certainly requisite, in every thing, to succeed well; and he who does not understand the Art of Writing, and even of making Verses, ought never to meddle with it, unless he will expose himself to the Danger of coming off ill, as it very often happens.

A stubborn God. He speaks of Love, who is very seldom guided by Reason. Ovid says, *Ille ferus est*, I confess he is cruel or wild.

Chiron. Ovid calls him *Phillyrides*, that is the Son of *Phillyra*; for *Chiron* was the Son of *Phillyra*, Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Saturn*; who made Love to her in the Shape of a Horse, according to *Aratus*, and *Ovid* himself; in the 11th of his *Metamorphoses*. He speaks of it again in the 3th Book *de Fastis*, where he relates the whole Fable, which is not without some *Antibology* as well as others.

For Conquest born. This alludes to his killing *Hector*, as in the 22d Book of *Homer's Iliads*.

Receiv'd the Rod. *Achilles* submitted to the Discipline of the Centaur *Chiron*; and when he had committed a Fault, held out his Hands to the *Ferula*, or rather Rods for Correction, as *Juvenal* says in his 7th *Satyr*.

Metuens virga jam grandis Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus: & cui non tunc
Eliceret risum Citharædi cauda Magistri?

The Silver Strings of his melodious Lyre. *Achilles*, when he was a Lad, was put to this Centaur to be educated; and the Translator may well give us this Version of *Ovid's Puerum cithara perfecit Achillem*.

Atque animos placida contudit arte feros, &c.
Like fierce *Achilles* in his Pupillage, &c.

Since we read in *Statius*, that *Chiron* told *Thetis*, the

other Centaurs often complain'd of her Son Achilles, he was so wild and ungovernable.

----- *Ipsi mihi saepe queruntur*

*Centauri, raptasque domos, abstractaque coram
Armenta, & campis semet fluviisque fugari.*

And both were Goddess-born. Cupid was the Son of Venus, and Achilles of Thetis. Both were Children alike, and both hard to govern. For indeed the Passions of Love and Glory are not easily overcome by Reason, which ought always to be Mistress; and is not given us, but to maintain her Dignity, and never to submit to any other Empire, but that of Truth; which resides only in itself, and ought to be obey'd in all things.

The Bull reclaim'd and yok'd, the Burden draws. This he says, to shew us that Love may also be tam'd by Habit. Ovid is full of these sort of Similes; and this way of making use of them is entirely his own.

He wounds me with his Darts. The Poet wou'd say, he will be too hard for Love, tho' he has wounded him. A Design the more generous, the more 'tis difficult to succeed in it. The original Phrase is *excitiat faces*; which Mr. Dryden has render'd very literally.

I boast no Aid the Delphian God affords. In the Latin, *non ego Phœbe*.

The Poets, as is well known, always invok'd this Divinity; but Ovid's manner is here particular; he addresses Venus to be propitious to him, the Subject relating to that Goddess.

Nor Auspice from the Flight of chattering Birds. From whence the Ancients drew their Auguries. To which the Poet here alludes.

Nor Clio, nor her Sisters have I seen,

As Hesiod saw them on the shady Green. As if he wou'd have said, I am not Hesiod, who, as he kept his

38 NOTES on the First Book.

Flocks in the Vale of *Ascrea* (that Poet being a Shepherd) saw the nine Muses, who inspir'd him to make Verses. The Vale of *Ascrea* was at the Foot of Mount *Helicon*, where *Dius* and *Lycemede*, *Hesiod's* Father and Mother, dwelt, and cultivated a small Farm belonging to them. *Ovid* names *Clio* only of all the nine in this place. The Fable tells us, she and her Sisters were born of *Jupiter's* Caresses of *Mnemosyne*, that is, Memory. From whence 'tis easie to see the Ancients must not always be taken literally, when they write of Love.

Venus be my Guide. It has been before observ'd, That *Ovid* invokes the Goddess of Love to assist his Song, as *Lucretius* does the same Divinity for his Work of Nature, as being the Mother of all Generations, and all Productions.

Far hence ye Vestals be, who bind your Hair. The Author forewarns all Virgins, and chaste Persons, not to follow, in all things, the Precepts of his Book; and to shew he had no manner of Design to offend the Modesty of Matrons, nor violate the Purity of Maidens, he has himself quoted this, and the three following Verses, in the second Book of his *de Tristibus*, to justify this Thought, which has a near Relation to what *Tibullus* writes.

*Si modo casta doce, quamvis nec vitta ligatos
Impediat crines, nec stola longa pedes.*

For by *stola* and *instita*, the Poet means those long Vests, which none but Women of Honour were permitted to wear.

You who in Cupid's Rolls inscribe your Name,

First seek an Object worthy of your Flame. The Poet here gives his Advice as to three things; To seek after an amiable Object, To win it by Respect and Complacency, and Not to lose it after once gotten. All this agrees very well with a young Man, who looks out for a lovely Virgin to marry her; and in

an Allegorical Sense to a Philosopher, in his Search after Wisdom, and the Arts, which he desires to possess. And in this the Division of the two first Books consists.

Before your Youth with Marriage is oppress'd. That is, while you are a Freeman, unmarried, and not engag'd to any other Mistress. The truest Meaning that can be given it, is, While you are young, and are not yet troubled with the Infirmities of Age, (for an old Man in Love is ridiculous) chuse where you please.

The Fowler and the Huntsman know by Name. This Poet is fruitful in Comparisons, yet he never dwells on any one; he touches upon it lightly, and is gone, when he thinks his Thought is sufficiently explain'd, and he has shewn the Importance of what he has said.

-----*Search around the Continent,*

As far as Perseus, or as Paris went, to seek for Objects worthy your Affection. The last Verse has Allusion to Paris, who sail'd from Troy to Greece to look for a Wife, where he stole the famous Helen so much talk'd of, and carry'd her off.

In Summer-Heats thou need'st but only go

To Pompey's cool and shady Portico. This was a shady Walk which Pompey built for the People; and there were several in Rome of the same sort; but the most admirable one of all the Portico's, was the Corinthian, near the Flaminian Cirque, built by Cneius Octavius; 'twas so called because 'twas supported by Pillars of Corinthian Brass. There was another of the same Name in the Field of Mars, built at a very great Expence; and enrich'd, according to Pliny, with very fine Paintings, drawn by the Painter Antiphilus; one of which represented the Fable of Cadmus and Europa. Martial, speaking of Pompey's Portico, says,

*Inde petis centum pendentia tellæ columnis
Illic Pompeia dona nemusque duplex.*

Indeed Pompey, Caesar, Octavius, and his Wife and Children, adorn'd Rome with very fine Edifices, as we may find in Strabo.

Or Concord's Fane. So 'tis generally interpreted, and is suppos'd to mean the Temple of Concord, built by Livia, Germanicus's Mother; of which Ovid speaks in his *Fastis*. But Merula writes that *Externo marmore dives opus*, refers to the Portico built by Octavia, Augustus's Sister, as an illustrious Monument for the Loss of her Son Marcellus. Caesar, her Brother, built a Theatre in honour of the same Marcellus, which was after the young Prince's own Name call'd Marcellus's Theatre. There were several of Antiphilus's Paintings in this Portico also; as the Picture of Hesiode, Daughter to Priam, and of Alexander and Philip, with Minerva. There were also the Hercules on Mount Oeta, and some other Pieces of Androbinus.

And fifty Daughters. The Danaïdes, so call'd from their Father Danaus, King of Argos; and sometimes Belides, from the Name of their Grandfather Belus, who had two Sons, Egyptus and Danans, whose Fable is very well known, and was painted in Livia's Portico.

They mourn Adonis with Assyrian Rites. 'Twas the Custom among the Romans, to meet in the Temples of Venus to mourn Adonis; of which the Prophet Ezekiel speaks, Ezek. 8. 14. and infamous Acts of Lewdness were there committed, if we may believe Juvenal in his 6th Satyr, *Nam quo non prostat fœmina Templo?* Ovid means the Temple of Venus, where that Goddess was worship'd at Rome with Adonis, according to the manner of the Assyrians; who, as Pausanias tells us in his 1st Book, were the first that instituted Worship to her, in which

they were imitated by the People of *Cyprus*, and after them by other Nations. *Adonis's* Name was commonly join'd with *Venus's*, as *Virbius's* was with *Diana's*, *Atys* with *Cybele's*, and *Erichthonius* with *Minerva's*.

Nor shun the Jewish Walk, where the soul Drove

On Sabbaths rest from ev'ry thing but Love. There were great Numbers of the *Jews* at *Rome* in *Augustus's* Reign, who were allow'd full Liberty to exercise their Ceremonies, according to the Law of *Moses*. And the *Roman Ladies* went often to see them out of Curiosity, which gave occasion for Assignations at their *Synagogues*. *Tiberius* afterwards restrain'd this Licence, as *Suetonius* writes, and call'd these Ceremonies *strange Superstitions*, ordering the Priests Vestments and Ornaments to be burnt. He also dispers'd the *Jewish Youth* into several Provinces, and banish'd the rest from *Rome*, under Pain of perpetual Slavery. As for the Ceremonies of the Seventh Day, they were those of the *Sabbath*, or *Saturday*; which was so religiously observ'd by the *Jews*, for a Day of Rest, that they wou'd not suffer any thing that was not of absolute Necessity, to be done on that Day. If this Version seems to bear a little hard on the ancient *Jews*, it does not at all wrong the Modern.

Nor Isis' Temples; for that sacred Whore. *Nec fuge Niligenæ Memphitica templa juvenæ.* This relates to certain Ceremonies in the Temple of *Isis*, after the manner of the *Egyptians*. He calls this Temple the *Cow of Nile*. And *Martial* has two Verses of very near the same Sense.

*Hic quoque decipitur Memphitica sacra frequentat,
Assidet & cathedris mæsta Juvenæ tuis.*

The Feast of *Isis* was celebrated every Year by the Women ten Days together, and not without allowing themselves great Liberties on those Occasions.

42 *NOTES on the First Book.*

Upon which *Juvenal* says, *Aut apud Isiacæ potius sacraria lenæ.*

Makes others what to *Jove* she was before. That is, many Women were debauch'd by *Isis's* Means, as she was by *Jupiter*, under the Name of *Io*, whose Fable all the World have heard of; as well as the Story of *Mundus* and *Paulina*, and what pass between them in this Goddess's Temple; which *Josephus* reports in the 18th Book of his *Jewish Antiquities*.

And if the Hall it self is not bely'd,

Even there the Cause of Love is often try'd. The Poet speaks of the *Forums*, and wonders how any one cou'd defile those Reverend Places with their Amours; *Et fora conveniunt (quis credere posset?) Amori.* But if the scandalous Chronicle of our Time and Nation does not lye, there are some Suburb Temples, and some Halls of Justice, that render *Ovid's* Report very credible. There were several of these *Forums*, as that of *Caius Caesar*, which *Statius* calls *Latium Forum*, as in this Verse of his 1st *Sylva*, *Stat Latium complexa Forum*, &c. Another was call'd the *Roman*, or old *Forum*, as *Martial* witnesses:

Romanum propius divitiisque forum est.

A third was built by *Augustus*, with a Temple dedicated to *Mars* the Avenger. In these Places the Magistrates sate. at certain Times to hear Causes, and do Justice.

The crafty Counsellors in formal Gown. The following Verses are a happy Paraphrase of *Ovid*; in whose Time we find the long Robe dealt as much with the *Stola*, &c. as it does in our own.

Grave Senators lead home the youthful Dames. We see these Assemblies were compos'd of all sorts of Persons; upon which our French Author remarks thus; "This does not very well agree to the Practice in our Days; and I cannot comprehend how gallant Women cou'd frequent the Courts of Justice;

where, 'tis to be suppos'd, no Body came but such
as have Business and Suits depending.

But above all the Playhouse is the Place. We do not want Mr. Collier's Authority to justify the Poet by the Example of our own Times. This is so notorious a Truth, that no Regulations have been able to clear the Theatres of the Traders in Debauchery. Tho' 'tis strange that lewd Women shou'd come to the Forums, 'tis no Wonder they swarm'd at the Theatres; the latter being Places of Pleasure only, as the former were of Business. The Roman Theatres were not such Buildings as ours; their Stages, their Scenes, and all the Edifice, were magnificent; they were very convenient for Assignations; and the Gallant had there an entire Liberty: On which account Juvenal writes thus, in his 6th Satyr;

----- *Cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames, quodque inde excerpere possis?*

And Propertius, in his 9th Elegy, Book the 4th,

*Tu neque Pompeia spatiabere cultus in umbra,
Nec quum lascivum sternet arena forum.
Colla cave inflectas ad summum obliqua Theatrum.*

It must be own'd, the Theatres, Amphitheatres, Cirques, Hippodromes, and all Places where the public Feasts and Rejoycings were kept, were very fatal to the Chastity of the Women of old.

From Romulus the Rise of Plays began. The Translator has accommodated all he says concerning the Play-house to our own Times, 'till he comes to this Line, and those that follow; wherein he gives us Ovid's Account of the Rise of the Roman Theatres.

His Play-house, not of Parian Marble made,

Nor was it spread with Purple Sails for Shade.

Sails were spread over the Roman Theatres, to keep off the Sun-Beams and the Rain from the Audience. The Author of this Invention was Q. Catulus, who

44 NOTES on the First Book.

spread Sails over the Heads of the Spectators, when he dedicated the Capitol. *Lentulus Spinther* spread them also at the *Apollinarian Games*; and *Cæsar* afterwards cover'd all the *Roman Forum*, and the *Holy-street*, from his own Lodgings to the Capitol, as *Pliny* tells us. *Propertius* also speaks of it in the 1st Elegy of the 4th Book:

Nec sinuosa cavo pendebant vela Theatro.

Pompey and *Marcus Scaurus's* Theatres were all Marble, and cou'd hold 80000 Persons, according to *Pliny*; there were no less than 319 Pillars in that of *Marcus Scaurus*.

The Stage with Rushes or with Leaves they strow'd. This Idea of the *Roman* Theatres in their Infancy, may put us in mind of our own, which we read of in the old Poets, in *Black-fryers*, the *Bull and Mouth*, and *Barbican*, not much better than the *Stroulers* at a *Country-Fair*. Yet this must be said for them, that the Audience werẽ better treated; their Fare was good, tho' the House was homely. Which cannot be said of the *Roman* Infant-Stage, their Wits and their Theatres were alike rude; and the *Shakespears* and *Johnsons* of *Rome* did not appear 'till the Stage was pompous, and the Scene magnificent. The Translator takes no Notice of the *Liquido Pulpita rubra croco*, mentioned by *Ovid*; the Pulpits were not painted. These Pulpits were Ballasters, in the form of Scaffolds, before the Scenes at the Theatres. *Propertius* speaks of them in the 4th Book, Elegy the 1st. They were rubb'd with Saffron.

Pulpita solemnẽ non oluere crocos.

And *Martial* in the 39th Epigram of his 9th Book;

Lubrica Corycio quamvis sint Pulpita nimbo.

NOTES on the First Book. 45

Viruvius says, in the 5th Chapter of his 8th Book, That the *Pulpitum* was what the Greeks call'd *Legion*. Upon which we may read *Julius Pollux*, in the 29th Chapter of his 4th Book; neither must I omit what *Horace* writes on this Subject, in his *Art of Poetry*;

Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.

And in the 1st Epistle of his 2d Book,

Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita socco.

From whence it appears, that he is indeed speaking of what we call the Front of the Stage. In the 19th Epistle of his 1st Book, he tells us the *Grammarians* recited there what they had to say.

Grammaticas ambire tribus, & Pulpita dignor.

So that 'tis not easie to ascertain what these Pulpits were; whether they were flat Stages, or Boxes resembling those us'd by our Clergy.

No Stage in Prospect, no Machining God. After *Claudius Pulcher* had adorn'd the Scene, several painted Decorations were added. *L. Antonius* brought Silver in use there, *Petreus* Gold, and *C. Claudius* Ivory. *Valerius Maximus* writes, That *Lucius* and *Cinna* made it moveable, and to turn about. As for the Word *Scene*, *Servius* interprets it *Inumbratio*, because 'twas the Invention of Villagers, to cover those that sung or recited Verses, from the Heat and the Weather. And afterwards that Part of the Theatre was call'd *Scene*, which we now call *Stage*, where the Actors play their Parts. The Theatre it self was built in the Shape of a Semi-circle, and the Front was as the String is to a Bow.

But e're the Dances and the Song were past, *Ovid's* Words are,

*Dumque rudem prabente modum tibicine Thusco,
Lydius aquatam ter pede pulsat humum.*

Upon which our French Author makes a very notable Observation; that by *Lydian Dancer*, is meant a *Tuscan Mimick*. For, says he, we must take *Tuscan* for *Lydian*. 'Tis true, a Colony of *Lydians* settled in *Hetruria*, or *Tuscany*; but they brought their Musick and their Mimickry with them. They were famous Players on the Flute; and the *Lydian Measures* are noted in the old Musick for their Softness and Effeminacy. *Romulus* sent for some of these *Tuscan Lydians*, for the Representation of the Plays he exhibited to the People, who resorted to them from all Parts, and among others the *Sabines*, whose Wives and Daughters were ravish'd there.

The Monarch gave the Signal from the Throne. At which the Soldiers were to fall on, and to seize their Prey. The Poet and his Translators make an agreeable Description of this Rape. Some say there were thirty of these *Sabines* ravish'd; others, as *Valerius Antius*, make the Number to be 427; and *Jubas*, as *Plutarch* writes in the Life of *Romulus*, swells it to 600.

Nor shun the Chariots and the Courser's Race. These Races were in the *Cirque*, or in the *Hippodromes*, or in the Field of *Mars*, and were commonly run in the Month of *April*, in the grand *Cirque*, between the *Aventine* and *Palatine Hills*. They were call'd *Equoria*; and *Ovid* speaks of them in his *Fastis*:

*Circus erit Pompa celebr numeroque Deorum,
Primaque ventosis palma petetur equis.*

But here he is to be understood to speak of all Plays, and in all Times; among these Sports or Plays, the *Megalesian Games* were the chief. They were celebrated in honour of the Mother of the

Gods, and abundance of People us'd to assist at them.

The Circus is no inconvenient Place. The Word Circus, or Cirque, comes from the Horses running round the Course or Metes. *Quod circum metas pompa ferebatur & equi currebant*, as Varro has it. We read of three Cirques in Rome, the great Cirque call'd the Circus Maximus, the Flaminian or Apollinarian, and the Neronian in the Vatican.

No need is there of talking on the Hand,

Nor Nods nor Signs which Lovers understand. 'Tis plain, by this, the ancient Romans us'd to make Love by Signs on their Fingers, like the modern Spaniards and Portuguese; and this talking on the Fingers is very common among us ever since Dr. Holder and Dr. Wallis taught Mr. Popham, who was born deaf and dumb, with whom I have however my self held a Conversation of many Hours, and that many hundred times, by the help of our Fingers. But the Poet says, there was no occasion of this dumb Language at the Cirque; for there was so much Noise, that Lovers might entertain one another as they pleas'd, without fear of being overheard.

But boldly next the Fair your Seat provide. Young Men are apt enough to do this of themselves, and need no Advice: Yet Juvenal, like Ovid, in these Verses, puts them in mind of it;

----- *Spelſtent juvenes quos clamor & audax
Sponsio, quos culta decet aſſediſſe puella.*

Enquire whose Chariot this, and whose that Horse. They enter'd the Field by Troops, and every Troop in a particular Livery; which Sidonius Apollinarius has admirably well explain'd in these Verses;

----- *Micans colores
Albus & venatus, virens rubensque
Vestra insignia continent Miniſtri,*

*Ora & lora manu jubasque totas
 Cogunt flexibiles latere nodis,
 Hortanturque obiter, juvantque blandis
 Vultus plausibus, & voluptuosum
 Distant quadrupedantibus furorē.
 Impellunt, trepidant, trahunt, repugnant,
 Ardescent, saliant, timent, timentur.*

An excellent Description of what pass at these Races.

If None be there, yet brush that Nothing thence. Nothing can be more naturally express'd than this is in the Original; *Et si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*

By fanning Faces some their Fortune meet. In Terence's *Eunuch*, a Girl says to Dorus, *Cape flabellum, & ventulum huic facito.* These Fans were made of Peacocks Tails.

The Translator does not take any Notice of this Line of Ovid's in his Version.

Sparsaque sollicito tristis arena foro.

By *tristis Arena*, the Poet means the Place or Places in the Amphitheatres, where the Gladiators fought: Of which Juvenal speaks especially in his 6th Satyr: He calls it *Tristis Arena*, on account of the Murders that were committed there. Martial, in his Book of *Spētacula's* or Shows, makes mention of these Combats. And the Romans, with all their Politeness, must have a great Mixture of Cruelty in their Tempers, or they wou'd not have taken Pleasure in seeing Men cut one anothers Throats, and look on with so much Indifference, that they cou'd make Love in those very Places. Ovid mentions a sort of Divination us'd among the Romans in one of the next Verses, *poscitque libellum.* He demanded the Book to draw his Fortune. This was one way of Divinity, as we read in an Author of the last Age. It being the same, he reports with Reference to his

Pannye,

NOTES on the First Book. 49

Panurge, in the third Book of his *Pleasant Satyr*; where, among many Buffooneries, he says abundance of good things; and shews, he was a Man of Learning. We also find this sort of drawing ones Fortune out of Books mention'd in *Cicero's* first Book of *Divination*; 'twas call'd *Conjuring*, or *Witchcraft*.

Cæsar won'd represent a *Naval Fight*. The Naval Combats were represented in a Place dug on purpose on the Banks of the *Tiber*; 'twas call'd *Naumachia*; and when Occasion requir'd, the River-water was let into it. *Tacitus*, in his 12th Book, makes mention of a Representation of the Naval Battel of *Actium*. See also the 1st Elegy of the 11th Book of *Propertius*.

And the remaining East to Rome will add. *Augustus* having put an End to the War in *Spain*, undertook an Expedition into *Asia*, and began the *Parthian War*; in which he recover'd the Ensigns that had been taken from the *Romans* in the Defeat of *Crassus*, which these Verses refer to.

Rejoyce, you Roman Soldiers, in your Urns,

The Ensigns from the Parthians shall return,

And the slain *Crassus* shall no longer mourn.

A Youth is sent those Trophies to demand,

And bears his Father's Thunder in his Hand; Meaning *Caius Augustus's* Grandson, who was but a Boy when he commanded the Army in the East. *Ovid* praises this young Prince, to flatter his Grandfather, and to gain his good Graces; but that did not save him from the Misfortunes that happen'd to him afterwards.

Arm'd by your Country's Parent and your own. Every one knows, that *Pater Patria* was one of the Titles the Senate conferr'd on *Augustus*, who was not a little pleas'd with it.

Great Father Mars with greater Caesar join,
To give a prosperous Omen to your Line,
One of you is, and one shall be divine.

The Poet speaks of Mars and Caesar; Mars was a God already, and Caesar was sure to be deify'd after his Death. Some Interpreters fancy Ovid means Tiberius; adopted by Caesar; but it seems very plain, he thought of no Body but Mars and Caesar, notwithstanding the Opinion of Merula.

Drawn by white Horses, shall in Triumph ride. He alludes to the Triumphs of the Roman Conquerors: They were wonderfully magnificent, accompany'd with rich Spoils, and Pictures of Rivers, Mountains, Cities and Provinces conquer'd by them; not to speak of the Captive Kings and great Captains that follow'd the Victor's Car in Chains: But there's so much Insolence in this Custom, that, with all its Magnificence, we cannot in our own Times relish it.

Of Mountains, Rivers, &c. As we have said before, there were always Representations of the conquer'd Places, in the Roman Triumphs: We find nothing oftner mention'd in ancient Authors. But Propertius, speaking of Caesar's Triumph, Book the 3d, Elegy the 4th, says,

*Lique sunt cava nixas spectare puella
Incipiant, et titulus oppida capta legam.*

Ovid says something like it, in the 4th Book of his Tristibus.

This is Euphrates crown'd with Reeds. The Ancients represented Rivers under human Shapes, crown'd with Reeds. The Euphrates rises in a Mountain, call'd Aga, in Armenia Major; or, as Mucian says, at the Foot of Mount Capor.

NOTES on the First Book. 51

Flows the swift Tigris; a River which runs thro' Armenia, and falls into the Euphrates with a very rapid Current. Pliny thinks 'tis from thence call'd Tigris; which, in the Persian Tongue, signify'd an Arrow.

And Love betwixt the Horns of Bacchus plays. The Poets gave Horns to this God, to shew his Malice and Obstinacy very well represented by Horns. This is Festus's Thought: And the Ancients us'd to say of such as were drunk, They put on the Horns. However Diodorus gives us another Reason for Bacchus's Horns: For, in his 3d Book, he says, 'Twas because he was the first that yok'd Oxen. Propertius, addressing himself to Bacchus, tells him, in the 17th Elegy of his 3d Book,

Quod superest vite per te & tua carmina vivam.

And Ovid after him, in Laodamia's Epistle.

Wine warms the Blood. Et Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit. The French Translator will have it to be Venus in venis; tho' in Aldus, and all the best Editions, 'tis Venus in vinis, as Mr. Dryden renders it.

But chuse no Mistress in thy drunken Fit,

Nor trust thy Judgment when the Tapers dance.

The Night is an ill time to chuse a Mistress in. We have a Saying in England, Women and Linnen look best by Candle-light. The Vapours of Wine often obstruct the Sight, and a Man is then in a bad Condition of judging of Beauty.

By Day-light Paris judg'd the beauties Three; when he was to decide which of them was the most beautiful, on Mount Ida. There's a Mystery in this Fable also, which is easie enough to be seen.

Quâ Venus & Juno, sumptisquo decentior armis

Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.

52 NOTES on the First Book.

Thus says *Ovid* in his Epistle from *Oenone* to *Paris*.
And in *Propertius*, Elegy 2, Book 2;

*Edite jam Diva, quas paster viderat olim
Idais tunicam ponere verticibus.*

The *Phrygian* Shepherd, to judge of the Beauty of these three Goddesses, demanded to see them naked; and the Goddesses were so eager to have the Question decided by him, that they made no Scruple to satisfy his Demands.

The *Baian Baths*, where Ships at Anchor ride. *Baia* was a Town near *Naples*, very pleasantly situated, where *Marinus*, *Pompey* and *Cesar* had *Villa's* or Country Houses. *Merula* reports, after *Strabo*, That the Name of *Baia* was given it from one *Bains*, the Companion of *Ulysses*. *Seneca*, among others, observes, That 'twas not only a Place of Pleasure, but of Debauchery. Upon which account *Propertius*, in the 11th Elegy of his 1st Book, writes,

*Tu modo quam primum corruptas desere Baias?
Multis ista dabunt littora diffidum.*

The delicious Baths that were there, tempted Debauchees to frequent them. See *Martial* upon this, in the 10th Epigram of his first Book. *Cicero* in his Oration, p. 10. *pro Calio*; in the 13th Epistle of the 1st Book *ad Atti*. *Seneca* in the 52d Epistle, or the 1st of the 5th Book. And *Statius* in the 4th Book of his *Sylva*, to *Maximus Junius*; where he tells him,

*Non tamen portu retinent amano-Desides
Baia.*

For the Ancients sometimes said *Baia aqua* for *Baiana*. *Diodorus* describes them at large in his 48th Book; and *Horace*, speaking of this Place, says,

NOTES on the First Book. 53

Nullus in Orbe locus Bais praeceat amania. 'Tis now commonly call'd by the Italians, *Golfo di Napoli.*

Or Dian's Fane, which near the Suburb lies. This Temple was in the Neighbourhood of Rome, in a Valley, where there was also a sacred Wood; from whence the Poet calls it *Templum nemorale*: And *Lucan,*

*Parva Mycenæ quantum sacrata Diana
Distat ab excelsa nemoralis Aricia Roma.*

There were abundance of Candles us'd in it, as we read in *Ovid de Fastis.*

*Sæpe potens voti frontem redimita corollis
Femina lucentes portas ab Urbe facit.*

And *Propertius*, in the 32d Elegy of his 2d Book,

*Cum videt accensis devotam currere tadis
In nemus & Trivia lumina sacra Deæ.*

For *Trivia* is the same with *Diana*. Thus *Statius*, in the third Book of his *Sylvæ*,

*Jamque dies aderat, profugis cum Regibus aptum
Fumat Aricinum nemus; & sæpe multa
Conscius Hippolyti splendet lucus. Ipsa coronat
Emeritos Diana Canes.*

Where Priests for their Promotion fight a Prize. The Sovereign Priest of *Diana Aricina* call'd himself King, and often got that Dignity by gaining the better of his Opponent in single Combat. This Ceremony was renew'd every Year, and was taken from the Practice of the *Scythians*, as *Strabo* remarks. *Ovid* observes the same thing in the third Book of his *de Fastis.*

*Regna tenent fortes manibus pedibusque fugaces,
Et parat exemplo post modo quisque suo.*

54 NOTES on the First Book.

For this Priesthood was reckon'd a Sovereignty, and the Priest stil'd himself *Rex Nemorensis*. *Lucan* says on this Subject in his 3d Book,

Qua sublimis nemus Scythia; qua Regna Diana

The Wife of this King-Priest call'd her self *Queen of Sacrifices*; and this Priest was not allow'd to have any Office in the Government, during his Dignity of a *Sacerdotal* Sovereign: He was even forbidden to appear at the *Comitia*, unless it was on a certain Day, which was mark'd in the *Roman Calendar*, of which *Ovid* speaks in his 3d Book *de Fastis*.

*Quatuor inde notis locus est, quibus ordine lectis,
Vel mos sacrorum, vel fuga Regis inest.*

Which is certainly a Place very difficult to be understood. But no doubt the *Quatuor notis* means those four Letters of the Calendar which were *Q. R. C. F.* and are thus interpreted, *Quando Rex comitiis fas*, or rather *Quando Rex Comitia fugit*; which helps very much to explain the Poet's Meaning. Neither *Merula* nor *Mycillus* say any thing of this.

Now let me sing, how she who wounds your Mind,

With Art may be to cure your Wounds inclin'd.

He proposes here the Means to obtain the good Graces of those we think worthy to be courted: And we must do the same to acquire fine Learning; as Lovers do to satisfy their Passions; there is no need of more Care, and the Pleasure is much greater. The *Celestial Venus* is more charming than the *Terrestrial*, and Divine Love soon extinguishes carnal, which burns with an obscure Fire; whereas the Divine enlightens those that it warms with holy Desires; it leaves no Sting behind it, and never has an End.

NOTES on the First Book. 55

Byblis, we know, did first her Love declare. The Fable is very well known, and how she fell in Love with *Canthus* her Brother; both of them the Children of *Meander*. *Pliny* describes it after *Ovid*: But *Ovid* does not tell us, in his *Metamorphoses*, that *Byblis* hang'd her self, as he says here; for he there changes her into a Fountain.

Her Brother she, her Father *Myrrha* sought. *Myrrha's* Love of her Father *Cinyras* is not a Fable. At least *Pliny* relates this Adventure as a memorable Story, and says *Cinyras* liv'd two hundred and ten Years; and that his Daughter took her Mother's Place, while she was busy'd about the Sacrifices to *Ceres*. But that her Father, discovering her Insolence, ran after her a long time with his Sword in his Hand. The Fable adds, she got away by favour of the Night, and fled to the *Sabeans*, where she was chang'd into a Tree, which bears her Name. See the 10th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

In *Ida's* steady Vale. Not the *Ida* in *Phrygia*, but in the Isle of *Creta*, and the highest Mountain in that Island, according to *Strabo*.

A Bull appear'd. *Pasiphaë*, Daughter of the Sun, and Wife to *Minos*, King of *Creta*, is fabled to be enamour'd of a Bull; and *Dædalus*, the famous Mechanick, assisted her to enjoy her detestable Desires, by making a Machine like a Cow, within which, *Ovid* tells us, she was carest by her Gallant. From this Intigue the *Minotaur* was born, half Man and half Bull, who was enlos'd in a Labyrinth, and, by the Assistance of *Ariadne*, kill'd by *Theseus*. After the Poet had treated this Subject so elegantly in the 15th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, he shews the Excellency of his Genius, in adding so much to it here with equal Novelty and Beauty. See the beginning of *Virgil's* 6th *Æneis*, and *Seneck's Hippolytus*.

56 *NOTES on the First Book.*

Not Crete, tho' lying, can the Truth conceal. The Cretans were always reckon'd Lyars; and St. Paul, in his Epistle to Titus, quotes a Verse of Epimenides on the same Subject, *Cretenses semper mendaces*, &c. We did not think it decent to give the English Text in such a Plate as this.

Now would she be Europa, lo now. This known Fable is told us thus. Jupiter falling in Love with Europa, Daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia, and taking the Shape of a Bull, ravish'd her in the Di-Haan Cave; and begot Minos and Radamanthus, as we may read in the *Metamorphoses*. Horace describes this Rape admirably, Ode the 27th, Book the 3d: So does Anacreon, Ode the 35th; and Nonnus, in the 1st Book of his *Dionysiaques*. The Fable of Io is this: She is said to be the Daughter of Inachus, debauch'd by Jupiter, and turn'd into a Cow; which jealous Juno perceiving, she begg'd the Cow, and commanded Argos, who had a hundred Eyes, to watch her; but Mercury kill'd her Keeper, by Jupiter's Order. Upon which Juno struck Io with Madness, and she flung her self into the Sea; which from her, was call'd the Ionians; and swimming to Egypt, was there worshipp'd by the Name of Isis, having first resum'd her Shape, and marry'd King Osiris. Propertius writes of it in the 28th and 30th Elegies of his 2d Book.

If Atreus' Wife to Incest had not run. Atreus's Wife's Name was Europa, she suffer'd her self to be debauch'd by her Brother-in-Law Thyestes; on which Story Seneca wrote *cette excellente Tragedie de Thyeste*, says our French Author. There are very few Pieces of that Tragick Poet worthy that Character.

Thy Daughter, Nisus. Her Name was Scylla, and she betray'd her Father, in favour of her Gallant Minos. The Fable is told at large in the *Metamor-*

phases. That of the other *Scylla* is also to be found there; she was chang'd into a Rock, bearing her Name in the Streight of *Sicily*. *Virgil* speaks of *Scylla*, the Daughter of *Nisus*, in his 6th *Eclogue*.

*Quid loquar? Aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus.*

See also the Poem of *Ceyris*, attributed to *Virgil*, where there is a large Description of the Fable of the first *Scylla*.

Yet fell a Prey to his Adulterous Wife. *Clytemnestra*, and the Adulterer *Agistheus*, murder'd *Agamemnon*: Upon whose Death *Seneca* wrote the Tragedy call'd *Agamemnon*: And *Virgil* mentions it in his 11th *Aeneis*:

*Ipse Mycenæus, magnorum ductor Achivum
Conjugis infandæ, primis intra limina dextrâ
Oppetit: devicta Asia subsedit adulter.*

The Greek Poets wrote Tragedies on this Subject; but 'tis most spoken of in the *Orestes*, and there's an Image of it in *Philoftratus*.

Who knows not what Revenge *Medea* sought? For *Jason's* leaving her, and marrying *Crensa*, Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Corinth*. See *Seneca's Medea*.

Thus *Phoenix* did a Woman's Love bewail. *Phanix*, the Son of *Amyntor*, enjoy'd a Woman whom his Father lov'd. His Father was so enrag'd at him, that he imprecated all the Miseries he could think of to light upon his Son; whose Children dying, he withdrew to *Peleus*, Father of *Achilles*, who committed to him the Care of his Son's Education. *Homer* writes that he grew blind.

Hippolytus by *Phædra* fell. *Hippolytus*, the Son of *Theseus*, who was pull'd in pieces by Horses. Our Author, in his *French Observations*, says, this Fable

is admirably well represented in a Tragedy of *Seneca's*. And we find this new Critick is a great Admirer of that Tragick Poet. He touches lightly on *Euripides's* Tragedy on the same Subject; which has been with Reason admir'd by all the Learned. He might have mention'd his own Countryman, the *Phadre* of *Racine*, much above *Seneca's*, and equal to that of *Euripides's*, at least in most parts of it. We have also seen a *Phadre* and *Hippolytus* lately in our own Language.

First gain the Maid. This Precept is one of the most important in this Treatise: For if you won'd, at any time, gain the Favours of the Master, you must get the Love of his Men. And if the Allegory, that the *French* Translator propos'd in the beginning of his Work, is worthy of being continu'd, concerning the Passion which we ought to have for the Sciences, we may now remember that there are some Sciences which serve the more Sublime; and are very necessary to be learnt, as Grammar for Eloquence, Eloquence for Logick, Logick for Philosophy, and Philosophy for the divine Sciences. There is nothing remarkable in the following Lines for two or three Pages. The Translator has done *Ovid* Justice; and in some of the Verses, gives us all the Warmth of the Original.

The Bird intang'd. *Ovid* is full of Similes, the sure Sign of an abounding Fancy: He also makes use of Proverbial Expressions in some Places; as

All things the Season of their Seasons keep;

And certain Times there are to sow and reap.

This is to inform us, that we must always do things in a proper Time; and that which is done out of Season, will never succeed. However, 'tis not easie to find out this propitious Hour, especially in the Affair of Love; and, to say Truth, all depends on

Fortune, and certain Conjunctions that cannot be foreseen. Yet 'tis requisite a Man should do his utmost to find out the lucky Minute; especially if with the French Translator we apply this Thought to other Affairs, and chiefly those that tend to our Glory and Reputation.

And when she celebrates her Birth at Home. The Ancients had a great Veneration for their Birth-days, as we might prove by a great number of Examples. Several of which are in Ovid's Elegies, in the Pseudolus of Plautus, in Horace; and, what is more considerable on Account of the Author's Merit, in Virgil, Eclogue 3.

Phyllida mitte mihi, meus est natalis, Iola.

Defer thy Work, and put not then to Sea. This Translation is general. The Original tells us what particular Times and Seasons the Lover shou'd avoid, as the Calends of March.

----- Sive Calenda

Quas Venerem Marti continuasse juvat.

Ovid, in his *Fastis*, gives us the Reasons why the Roman Women highly reverenc'd the Calends of March. And at that Time Gallants never fail'd to send their Mistresses Presents. See the last Epigram of the 5th Book of Martial.

*Ut vaga nunc certa discurrunt undique pompa
Perque vias Urbis munera, perque domos.*

Ovid speaks of the *Cirques* being adorn'd with Statues, *sive erit ornatus*; &c. The Decorations of the Theatres were all magnificent, as we may see in the 3d Book of this Work.

Aurea quae pendent ornato signa Theatro.

Pliny in the 3d Chapter of his 7th Book writes, that Pompey enrich'd his Theater with rare and costly Statues, among which there was one in particular which represented *Eurychis*, who after the Death of twenty of her Children, leap'd into the Funeral Pile. This Woman was a Native of *Tralles* in *Lydia*, and had brought thirty five Sons and Daughters into the World.

Regum Opes. The Wealth of Kings, that is, the Kings of *Aegypt*; whose stately *Obelisks* had been brought to *Rome* to adorn the *Cirques*. *Pleiades*, *Hadus*, &c. The Constellation of the Goat, which another Constellation, call'd *Auriga*, carries on its Shoulders; it rises in the Month of *October*. *Virgil* in the first Book of his *Georgicks* writes thus of it,

*Præterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis,
Hædorumque dies servandi, & lucidus anguis.*

To break a Jewish Sabbath, &c. The Feast of the Seventh-Day among the Jews, instituted by *Moses*, was celebrated on *Saturday*. The *Saturnalia* were Days of Joy and Pleasure. *Ovid* says, *Culta Palæstina Septima Festa viro*; and we may perceive the Jews were very numerous at *Rome*, by *Ovid's* taking so much notice of them. *Palæstino viro* must mean *Moses*. *Palæstine* was a Province joining to *Syria*, which, according to *Pliny*, took its Name from *Pallaste*, its Capital; but, 'tis certain, the Name of that City is not much known in the Jewish Histories, at least, not to be a Place of so much Importance as to deserve the Name of a Capital, which was *Jerusalem*.

Nor when the Romans were at *Allia slain*. That was a very unfortunate Day for the People of *Rome*, their Army being cut in pieces by the *Gauls* near

NOTES on the First Book. 61

the River *Allia*, the 15th of the Calends of *August*, in the Year of the City 363.

When Bribes and Presents must be sent of Course. On the Mistress's Birth-Day: these Presents were commonly *Cakes*; and therefore the Poet makes use of the Phrase *Natalis libo*, as well as in his *Amorum*.

*Quum tibi deficient poscendi munera Causa,
Natalem libo restificare tuum.*

But we find the Ladies were not satisfy'd with Cakes only, they wanted Pendants for their Ears; and the way to get them is much the same in the Gallant World now as in *Ovid's* Days.

They often Borrow what they never Pay. Our Translator follows the general Reading of this Verse, *reddenda dari*: Whereas in some Editions 'tis *Utenda dari*, but 'tis not so good as the other. There are few Coquets who will lose any thing for want of asking; they borrow what they never intend to restore; and this Jilting Humour is so lively painted here by the Poet, that one would think he had liv'd in another Reign than that of *Augustus's*.

By Letters, not by Words, thy Love begin. The Word in the Original is *Cera*; for the Ancients us'd to write on a sort of Leaves or Plates of several kinds plaster'd over with Wax, before the Invention of Paper was found out, at least of such Paper as ours; for 'tis well known they had the Leaves of a certain Plant call'd *Papyrus*, which were brought from *Egypt*. 'Tis true the Ancients had other ways of writing, as on Skins call'd *Charta*, and that comes nearer our Paper; but our Paper is of another Species, and the *Cera* of the Ancients was quite different from the *Charta*. *Ovid* sometimes uses the Word *Cera*, and sometimes *Charta*, indifferently. As for the use of their Skins, such as our Parchment,

'twas above 400 Years before Herodotus's Time, as that Historian mentions in one of his Books; and the way of dressing it as we do came from the City of Pergamum.

Cydippe by a Letter was betray'd. This was a beautiful young Lady of the Isle of Delos, with whom Acontius, of the Island of Ceas, falling in Love, upon seeing her in the Temple of Diana, and not daring to declare his Passion, he contriv'd a Way to write to her, on a Golden Apple, the two Verses which are cited in Cydippe's Epistle; where is to be seen what happen'd afterwards, and on what account Cydippe was oblig'd to entertain Acontius as he desir'd.

Learn Eloquence, &c. Ovid says, learn the Belles Lettres; *Disce bonas Artes*; of which, indeed, Eloquence is the Mistress. The Poet means by it, not only this Art, but all the other fit for a Man of Quality to study; and the Roman Nobility were all educated in these Studies; by which Advantage the Court of Augustus became so polite.

But in thy Letter hide thy moving Arts;

Affect not to be thought a Man of Parts: That is, don't let your Wit get the better of your Passion; nor, as a Modern Poet did, court your Mistress with Metaphysics. The Text, in some Editions, is *ce-
ra tua*, in thy Letters; and in others, particularly Elzevir's, *voces tuae*, your Talk. The Version is the most natural Reading, considering what went before. These Verses, and those that come after, give us a lively Idea of the excellent Taste of the Ancients, as well in Familiar and Gallant, as in Philosophical or Political Epistles. Ovid advises his Lover to avoid affected Learning, too many Figures, and every thing that looks like Art; for that is always suspected in the Affairs of Love. Could

any one give better Advice on this Occasion? Those who would write Love-Letters should not seek after Flourishes, nor use sounding Words, as some of the Moderns have done, both in our own and our Neighbours Tongues. 'Tis true, the French, by imitating *Voiture*, have acquir'd a natural way of writings, which very few English Authors have attain'd. Yet we would by no means insinuate that their Genius is superior to the English; but their Humour and their Language assist them in this matter, and they have abundance of very agreeable Letters. My Author goes farther, and says, *I may say we come very near the Gusto of the Ancients, I mean such as write always with Genius and Judgment, and not such as want both the one and the other, whose Number is very great.*

In time the Steer will to the Yoke submit. Ovid has this Simile more than once or twice, in these three Books; yet he gives it a new turn always, by joining new Similes with it; and the same Method he observes with others.

Water is soft, and Marble hard; and yet

We see soft Water thro' hard Marble eat. Lucretius makes use of the same Simile in his 1st Book: *Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat, &c.* And in another he says,

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

Mean time, if she be carry'd in her Chair. 'Tis not easie to ascertain what sort of Things the Chairs or Litters were; in which the Roman Ladies were carry'd; there's great Reason to believe they were like our Sedans or common Chairs, for we read that the *Liburnians* and *Syrians*, strong lusty Fellows, were employ'd in carrying them.

But dress not like a Fop, nor curl your Hair,
 Nor with a Pumice make your Body bare. For it
 seems the Beaus were not so well received by the
 Ladies in Ovid's Time, as the Men of Wit and
 Worth. *Tempora mutantur.* A Fop now-a-days
 makes his way as easie as a Man of Merit did in
 his. As to this curling or rather twisting of the
 Hair, *Martial* speaks of it, talking of the *Sicam-*
brians; Crinibus in nudum tortis venere Sicambri. The
 use of the Pumice-stone is very ancient: The *Ro-*
mans pluck'd up their Hair with it, and the Book-
 binders now smoothe their Covers with it. The soft
 effeminate Fellows, such as *Cybele's* Eunuchs, made
 use of it oftner than other Men. The Peasants, in
 some Parts of England, take off their Beards with
 it, instead of a Razor.

And free your Armpits from the Ram and Goat.
 In this Expression, which is *Ovid's* in the main, the
Romans bore with an Idea that perhaps the Delica-
 cy of the Moderns will be offended with. The
 Smell of a Ram or Goat is very rank, and from
 those Animals the Proverb came, *The Ram lives un-*
der his Armpits, to express a nasty Smell. Thus
Horace,

An gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis.

And *Catullus*, in his 27th Epigram, *Si cui jure bono*
sacer alarum obstitit hircus. And in the 71st,

Ladit te quadam fabula, quo tibi fertur
Vallis sub alarum trux habitare caper.

Which is a very troublesome Business.

Now *Bacchus* calls me to his jolly Rites. Wine is fa-
 vourable to Lovers, inspiring them at once with
 Boldness and Vigour. Upon this, *Propertius*, in the

NOTES on the First Book. 65

17th Elegy of his 3d Book, which is almost entirely on this Subject, writes,

Per te junguntur, per te solvantur amantes:

Tu vitium ex animo dilue Bacche meo.

And Ovid himself, in the 2d Book of his *Remedy of Love*,

Vina parant animos Veneri, nisi plurima sumas, &c.

Fair Ariadne wander'd on the Shore. The Poet tells what happen'd to Ariadne after Theseus had forsaken her: Bacchus came, comforted and marry'd her. He speaks of it also in the 8th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, in the 3d of his *de Fastis*, and in his Epistle from Ariadne to Theseus. Catullus does the same in his Poem of the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and in that of Berenice's Hair. Propertius mentions it in his 17th Elegy, Book 3. Philostratus in his Paintings; and several others. For I only name such as come into my Memory, or that I have before me, and omit a great many out of design, because I should be tedious in quoting all that have treated of this Story. The same I may say for my self on other Occasions. The Island *Dia*, mention'd by Ovid, but omitted in the Translation, is near Crete, as Ptolemy observes; and Pliny says it abounded so with Vines, that it was call'd *Dionysiade*. Others name it *Little Sicily*, or *Calliopa*. 'Tis 75 Miles round, and, as it is said, half as big again as *Paros*. 'Twas afterward call'd *Naxos*, from the Name of a King who reign'd there, and was the Son of *Polemon*.

The sounding Cymbals, &c. Cymbals, Drums, little Bells and Pipes were Bacchus and Mother Cybele's Consort, as Propertius says, Elegy 17, Book 3.

Silenus on his Ass. The nursing Father and Pedagogue of Bacchus; with whom Ovid makes merry here, as also in several Places of his *de Fastis*, in the 1st, 3d, and 6th Books. See Virgil's *Silenus*, Eclogue 6.

66 NOTES on the First Book.

The Satyr laugh. Ovid calls them light Satyrs; and the Translator, a few Lines before, sending Satyrs, from their speed in running. Pliny, who tells us more than we believe, says there was a Race of them in the East-Indies that had four Feet, but that they ran only with two; that they had human Faces like Men; and that 'twas impossible to catch them unless they were old or sick. St. Jerome makes mention of a Satyr that appear'd to St. Anthony when he was going to visit Paul the Hermit. But the Saint and the Naturalist are in this case of equal Authority.

By swift Tygers drawn. Others say *Onces*, or wild Cats call'd *Lynxes*. Thus Statius in his *Thebaid*:

*Promover; effrena dextra lavaque sequuntur
Lynce, & uida mero lambunt retinacula Tigres.*

'Tis said Tygers and Lynxes drew Bacchus's Car, because those two sorts of Animals are wonderful Lovers of Wine, and eat Grapes. Solinus gives the Reason for it.

Shout at the Sight, and sing the nuptial Song. It was an ancient Custom to sing Hymns of Joy at Weddings; which Hymns were call'd *Epithalamiums*, or *Hymenians*, from a certain Athenian nam'd *Hymen*, who, as *Servius* reports, deliver'd Maids from a terrible Trouble, for which thy us'd to invoke him when they marry'd, as the God who eas'd them of the Burthen of their Maidenheads. *Le Libérateur de leur Virginité*, as my French Author has it; and whether 'tis more a Slavery or a Burthen, let the Satyrists determine. *Catullus* says *Hymen* was the Son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. The *Ence* mention'd by *Ovid* to express their shouting was like our *Huzza*. All the Vowels must be distinctly pronounc'd; for the *U* after the *B* is not a Consonant, as some imagine; but the Word must be read, *By U, O, E.*

NOTES on the First Book. 67

But thou, when flowing Cups. The Poet's Directions how the Lover should behave himself at Table, are very considerable in the Affair he is speaking of.

In liquid purple Letters. Spill some Wine, and write her Name. This is not worthy the Roman Elegance in all things: And, as a late Commentator observes upon this Occasion, they could have no Table-cloth; for otherwise *Ovid's* Advice is not feasible.

Thy Service ev'n the Husband must attend. This and the Verses that follow shew that *Ovid* did not mean very honestly, and the Decree of the Senate was obtain'd against him for this Crime, as 'tis pretended, because 'twas strictly forbidden by the Roman Laws to corrupt marry'd Women, to prevent the Abuses which might happen in Succession, and the injuring another Man, in taking from him what only belongs to himself. For which Reason this Poet says afterwards,

Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.

Drink to a certain Pitch, &c. Inde Procurator, &c. which is rather paraphras'd than translated. He gives Directions how to avoid drinking too much, by baulking the Glass, or making as if you drunk more than you did. The French Commentator reads it *Propinator*, one that tastes the Wine: *Procurator* gives another Idea.

Eurytion justly fell. *Eurythus* or *Eurytion* was one of the Centaurs at *Pirithous's* Wedding, who got so drunk that he attempted to ravish *Hippodamia* the Bride; but *Theseus* knock'd him down with a Bow, and made him bring his Wine up again with Blood. *Ovid* describes it in his 2d Book of *Metamorphoses*; and *Propertius*, Book 2, Elegy 33.

Tu' quoque ô Eurytion vino Centaure peristi.

And call him happy who is in her Grace. In Latin, *Et bene dic domina, bene, cum quo dormiet illa.* Make Vows for your Mistress's Happiness, and even for his who lyes with her. This *bene dic* is thus interpreted by some Authors, and seems to take in the Sense of the Poet.

Lay Bashfulness, that Rustick Virtue, by. Modesty is a Vice, when it hinders us from doing anything that is profitable to us; and the Misfortune is, it generally comes upon us unseasonably, and when it should not. When it should, we commonly miss it; and when we do not want it, 'tis impertinent.

No Rules of Rhetorick here I need afford. He talks of Modesty, and says, if the Lover banishes it, he has no occasion for Eloquence; for Love and Fortune favour the bold. *Audacem forsque Venusque juvant;* which daily Experience shows to be an eternal Truth.

Praise the proud Peacock, &c. Juno's Bird, whose Beauty Pliny elegantly describes. You find it also in the 1st Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, towards the End. Hortensius the Orator was the first Roman who kill'd a Peacock to eat it, and afterwards 'twas one of their nicest Dishes.

Not that they live above like lazy Drones. Speaking of the Gods according to the Stoicks Opinion, which, contrary to the Epicureans, asserted that the Deities concern'd themselves in the Affairs of this World.

'Tis a prophane and a deceitful Kind. In the Original, *ex magna parte prophanum sunt genus.* This is a very severe Reflection on the Sex, and 'tis hoped, whatever it might be in Ovid's Time, the Scandal will not stick now. The Ancients call'd every

thing that was not holy prophane, as much as to say *porro a phano*, far from the Temple and Piety. The Translator has given it us literally, and what he adds of his own softens the Original a little. My French Author thinks the *prophanum* here is to be taken in the same Sense with that in Horace's known Ode, *Odi prophanum vulgus & arceo*; but we would rather understand it only as oppos'd to Holy, and then every thing that is not holy cannot be term'd Wicked. We would bring off the Poet as well as we could, and let him answer for it, if it is not done compleatly.

Inform'd the King. *Busiris* King of *Egypt*, Son of *Neptune* and *Libya*, whose Story is told at large by *Herodotus*, and in the 4th Book of *Seneca's* Natural Questions; as is also that of *Phalaris*, Tyrant of *Sicily*, and *Perillus*, who invented the Brazen Bull for that Tyrant; an Invention to put poor Wretches to a cruel Death, and by a just Judgment of Heaven the Inventor was the first who made Tryal of it.

Fair Phoebe, and her Sister, did prefer
To their dull Mates the noble Ravisher. *Phoebe* and *Ilara* were two Daughters of *Lencippus*, both famous for their Beauty. Their Father promis'd 'em in Marriage to *Idas* and *Lyncus*, but *Castor* and *Pollux* stole them away from him. *Idas* and *Lyncus* pursuing the Ravishers, *Castor* fell by the hand of *Lyncus*, and *Lyncus* was himself slain by *Pollux*: *Idas* running upon the latter, to revenge the Death of his Companion, was struck to the Ground by Thunder at *Pollux's* Feet; which *Ovid* has elegantly describ'd in his *de Fastis*.

The nobler Pallas. *Minerva* or *Pallas* was not only the Goddess of Arms, but of Arts and Manufactures. The Poet means, he has learn'd of her enough to

Spin, let him now learn of her the more glorious Exercises of Arms.

None of the Nymphs, &c. The ancient Heroines, *betwixt Heracles*, as *Iope* one of *Asopus's* twelve Daughters, *Europa*, *Danae*, *Antiope*, *Semele*, *Io*, *Callisto*, *Alcmena*, *Main*, *Elisbe*, and several others, whom *Jupiter* was in Love with, and by whom he had Children.

Orion wander'd in the Woods for Love. *Orion* fell in Love with the Nymph *Lyce*, some name her *Lyce*, from a *Lyne*, a wild Beast so call'd, which is *Merula's* Interpretation. But tho' who this *Lyce* was is not very well known, yet 'tis not likely that *Orion* should be so passionately enamour'd of a wild Beast; and 'tis very probable he might be so charm'd with a beautiful Damsel.

Tis *Peleus*, *Patroclus*, &c. *Patroclus*, Son of *Menelaus*, and Grand-Son of *Atræus*, who having kill'd *Echionymus*, Son of *Amphidamas*, was banish'd his Country, and came to *Phthia*, where he remain'd with *Peleus*, *Achilles's* Father, his Kinsman. By this means he contracted a strict Friendship with *Achilles*, and accompany'd him to the Siege of *Troy*, where he was kill'd.

Nor *Pylades* *Hermione* embrac'd. *Hermione*, Daughter of *Menelaus* and *Hellen*, who marry'd her Cousin-German *Orestes*. *Pylades* was her Husband's Friend, and therefore he would not offer to corrupt his Wife. This Prince was the Son of *Spyrius* King of *Phthia*.

All things are not produc'd in any Soil. This is one of *Ovid's* happy ways of making use of common Similes; and this and others are brought in here, to shew a Lover must comport himself variously, according to the various Humours of Women.

NOTES on the First Book. 71

And as for Fishes, some with Darts are struck.
This gives us a various Idea, and livelily expresses the Author's Thought, that Women are to be caught several ways.

But here 'tis time to rest my self and you. To cast Anchor, as *Ovid* says ; *Hic teneat nostras anchora jacta rates* ; as one arriv'd at a Port, where tho' he is not to stay long, he intends to refresh himself : For we cannot understand any thing more by it ; since, to continue the Simile, he pursues his Voyage in the next Book.



OVID's



Sam. Gribelin Jun. Sculp.



OVID'S
A R T of L O V E.
B O O K II.



NOW *Pæan* sing! now Wreaths pre-
 pare!

And with repeated *Tôs* fill the Air:
 The Prey is fall'n in my successful
 Toils,

My artful Nets inclose the lovely
 Spoils.

My Numbers now, ye smiling Lovers, crown;
 And make your Poet deathless in Renown:
 With lasting Fame my Verse shall be enroll'd,
 And I prefer'd to all the Bards of old.
 Thus *Paris* from the warlike *Spartans* bore
 Their ravish'd Bride, to *Ida's* distant Shore:
 Victorious *Pelops* thus in Triumph drove
 The vanquish'd Maid, and thus enjoy'd his Love.

Stay, eager Youth! your Barque's but under Sail;
 The distant Port requires a prosp'rous Gale.

'Tis not enough the yielding Beauty's found, 15
 And with my Aid your artful Passion crown'd :
 The Conquests our successful Conduct gain'd,
 With Art must be secur'd, by Arts maintain'd.
 The Glory's more to guard, than win the Prize ;
 There all the Toil and threatening Danger lyes. 20
 If ever, *Cupid*, now indulgent prove ;
 O *Venus* ! aid ; thou charming Queen of Love !
 Kind *Erato*, let thy auspicious Name
 Inspire the Work, and raise my gen'rous Flame.
 The Labour's great ! a Method I design 25
 For Love ; and will the fetter'd God confine :
 The God that roves the spacious World around,
 In ev'ry Clime, and distant Region found ;
 Active and light, his Wings elude our Guard,
 And to confine a Deity is hard. 30
 His Guest from flight *Minos* inclos'd around,
 Yet he with Wings a daring Passage found.
 Thus *Dadalus* her Off-spring first confin'd,
 Who, with a Bull, in lewd Embraces join'd :
 Her teeming Womb the horrid Crime confess'd ; 35
 Big with a human Bull, half Man, half Beast.
 Said he, Just *Minos*, best of human kind,
 Thy Mercy let a prostrate Exile find :
 By Fates compell'd my Native Shoars to fly,
 Permit me, where I durst not live, to die. 40
 Inlarge my Son, if you neglect my Tears,
 And show Compassion to his blooming Years :
 Let not the Youth a long Confinement mourn,
 Oh free the Son, or let his Sire return !
 Thus he implor'd, but still implor'd in vain, 45
 Nor could the Freedom that he sought, obtain.
 Convinc'd at length ; Now, *Dadalus*, he cry'd,
 Here's Subject for thy Art that's yet untry'd.
Minos the Earth commands, and guards the Sea,
 No Pass the Land affords, the Deep no Way. 50

Book II. OVID'S *Art of Love.* 77

Heav'ns only free, we'll Heav'ns auspicious height
 Attempt to pass, where kinder Fates invite;
 Favour, ye Powers above, my daring Flight!
 Misfortunes oft prove to Invention kind,
 Instruct our Wit, and aid the lab'ring Mind:
 For who can credit Men, in wild Despair,
 Should force a Passage thro' the yielding Air?
 Feathers for Wings design'd the Artist chose,
 And bound with Thread his forming Pinions close:
 With temper'd Wax the pointed Ends he wrought,
 And to Perfection his new Labours brought.
 The finish'd Wings his smiling Off-spring views,
 Admires the Work, not conscious of their Use:
 To whom the Father said, Observe aright,
 Observe, my Son, these Instruments of Flight.
 In vain the Tyrant our Escape retards,
 The Heav'ns he cannot, all but Heav'n he guards:
 Tho' Earth and Seas elude thy Father's Care,
 These Wings shall waft us through the spacious Air.
 Nor shall my Son Celestial Signs survey,
 Far from the radiant Virgin take your Way:
 Or where *Bootes* the chill'd North commands,
 And with his Fauchion dread *Orion* stands;
 I'll go before, me still retain in sight,
 Where-e'er I lead, securely make your Flight.
 For should we upward soar too near the Sun,
 Dissolv'd with Heat, the liquid Wax will run:
 Or near the Seas an humbler Flight maintain,
 Our Plumes will suffer by the steaming Main.
 A Medium keep, the Winds observe aright;
 The Winds will aid your advantageous Flight.
 He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
 As careful Birds instruct their tender Young:
 The spreading Wings then to his Shoulders bound,
 His Body poiz'd, and rais'd him from the Ground.
 Prepar'd for Flight, his aged Arms embrace
 The tender Youth, whilst Tears o'erflow his Face.

A Hill there was, from whence the anxious Pair
 Essay'd their Wings, and forth they launch'd in Air:
 Now his expanded Plumes the Artist plies, 80
 Regards his Son, and leads along the Skies;
 Pleas'd with the Novelty of flight, the Boy
 Bounds in the Air, and upward springs with Joy.
 The Angler views them from the distant Strand,
 And quits the Labours of his trembling Hand. 95
Samos they pass, and *Naxos* in their flight,
 And *Delos*, with *Apollo's* Presence bright.
 Now on their right *Lebinthos* Shores they found,
 For fruitful Lakes and shady Groves renown'd.
 When the aspiring Boy forgot his Fears, 100
 Rash with hot Youth and unexperienc'd Years:
 Upwards he soar'd, maintain'd a lofty Stroke,
 And his directing Father's Way forsook.
 The Wax, of Heat impatient, melted run,
 Nor could his Wings sustain that Blaze of Sun. 105
 From Heav'n he views the fatal Depths below,
 Whilst killing Fears prevent the distant Blow.
 His struggling Arms now no Assistance find,
 Nor poize the Body, nor receive the Wind.
 Falling, his Father he implores in vain, 110
 To aid his Flight, and sinking Limbs sustain;
 His Name invokes, 'till the expiring Sound
 Far in the Floods with *Icarus* was drown'd.
 The Parent mourns, a Parent now no more,
 And seeks the absent Youth on ev'ry Shore: 115
 Where's my lov'd Son, my *Icarus*! he cries;
 Say in what distant Region of the Skies,
 Or faithless Clime the youthful Wand'rer flies! }
 Then view'd his Pinions scatter'd o'er the Stream,
 The Shore his Bones receiv'd, the Waves his Name. 120
Minos with Walls attempted to detain
 His flying Guests, but did attempt in vain:
 Yet the wing'd God shall to our Rules submit,
 And *Cupid* yield to more prevailing Wit.

Theſſalian Arts in vain raſh Lovers uſe, 125
 In vain with Drugs the ſcornful Maid abuſe:
 The ſkillfull'ſt Notions ineffectual prove,
 Uſeleſs are Magick Remedies in Love.
 Could Charms prevail, *Circe* had prov'd her Art,
 And fond *Medea* fix'd her *Jaſon's* Heart. 130
 Nor tempt with Philters the diſdainful Dame;
 They Rage inſpire, create a frantick Flame:
 Abſtain from Guilt, all vicious Arts remove,
 And make your *Paſſion* worthy of her Love.
 Diſtruſt your empty Form and boateſt Face, 135
 The Nymph ingage a thouſand nobler Ways:
 To fix her vanquiſh'd Heart intirely thine,
 Accompliſh'd Graces to your Native join.
 Beauty's but frail, a Charm that ſoon decays,
 Its Luſtre fades as rolling Years increaſe, 140 }
 And Age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd Face.
 This Truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd Lilly ſhows,
 And Prickles that ſurvive the faded Roſe.
 Learn, lovely Boy, be with Inſtruction wiſe!
 Beauty and Youth miſ-ſpent are paſt Advice. 145
 Then cultivate thy Mind with Wit and Fame,
 Thoſe laſting Charms ſurvive the Fun'ral Flame.

With Arts and Sciences your Breſt improve,
 Of high Import are Languages in Love:
 The ſam'd *Ulyſſes* was not Fair nor Young, 150
 But eloquent and charming with his Tongue:
 And yet for him contending Beauties ſtrove,
 And ev'ry Sea-Nymph ſought the Hero's Love.
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her Shores,
 And with fond Waves detain'd his haſty Oars. 155
 Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd *Ilium's* Fate,
 Making him oft the wondrous Tale relate:
 Which with ſuch Grace his florid Tongue could frame,
 The Story ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.

Now standing on the Shores, Again declare, 160
Calypso cry'd, your fam'd Exploits in War.
 He with a Wand, a slender Wand he bore,
 Delineates ev'ry Action on the Shore.
 Here's *Troy*, says he, then draws the Walls in Sand,
 There *Simois* flows, here my Battalions stand. 165
 A Field there was, (and then describes the Field,)
 Where *Dolon*, with Rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
 Just thus intrench'd imagine *Rhesus* lyes,
 And here we make his warlike Steeds our Prize.
 Much he describ'd, when a destructive Wave 170
 Wash'd off the slender *Troy*, and rolling gave
 To *Rhesus* and his Tents one common Grave. }
 Long with Delight his charming Tongue she heard,
 The well-rai'd Passion in her Looks appear'd:
 The Goddess weeps to view his spreading Sails, 175
 So much a Soldier with the Sex prevails.
 Distrust thy Form, fond Youth, and learn to know,
 There's more requir'd in Love than empty Show.
 With just Disdain she treats the haughty Mind,
 'Tis Complaisance that makes a Beauty kind. 180
 The Hawk we hate that always lives in Arms,
 The raging Wolf that ev'ry Flock alarms:
 But the mild Swallow none with Toils infects,
 And none the soft *Chaucian* Bird molests.
 Debates avoid, and rude Contention shun; 185
 A Woman's with submissive Language won.
 Let the Wife rail, and injur'd Husband swear,
 Such Freedoms are allow'd the marry'd Pair:
 Discord and Strife to Nuptial Beds belong,
 The Portion justifies a clam'rous Tongue. 190
 With tender Vows the yielding Maid endear,
 And let her only Sighs and Wishes hear.
 Contrive with Words and Actions to delight,
 Still charm her Ear, and still oblige her Sight.

I no Instructions to the Rich impart, 195
 He needs not, *that presents*, my useless Art:
 The giving Lover's handsome, valiant, wife,
 His happy Fortune is above Advice.
 I to the Needy sing; thro' Poor, I love,
 And, wanting Wealth, with melting Language move.
 His Honour forms a stubborn Damsel's Door; 201
 I'm cautious to affront, because I'm poor:
 With pleasing Arts I court, with Arts possess;
 Or if I'm bounteous, 'tis in Promises.
 Inrag'd, I ruff'd once *Corinna's* Hair, 205
 Long was I banish'd by the injur'd Fair;
 Long mournful Nights for this consum'd alone,
 Nor could my Tears the furious Maid atone.
 Weeping, she vow'd a Suit of Point I tore;
 Falsly she vow'd, but I must purchase more. 210
 Make not your guilty Master's Crime your own,
 But by my Punishment my Error shun.
 Indecent Fury from her Sight remove,
 No Passion let your Mistress know, but Love.

Yet if the haughty Nymph's unkind, and coy, 215
 Or shuns your Sight; have Patience, and enjoy.
 By slow Degrees we bend the stubborn Bough;
 What Force resists, with Art will pliant grow.
 In vain we stem a Torrent's rapid Force,
 But swim with Ease, complying with its Course. 220
 By gentler Arts we Savage Beasts reclaim,
 And Lyons, Bulls, and furious Tygers tame.
 Fiercely *Atlanta* o'er the Forest rov'd,
 Cruel and wild, and yet at last she lov'd.
Melanon long deplor'd his hopeless Flame, 225
 And weeping, in the Woods pursu'd the scornful Dame:
 On his submissive Neck her Toils he wore,
 And with his Mistress chao'd the dreadful Boar.
 Arm'd to the Woods I bid you not repair,
 Nor follow over Hills the Savage Fair. 230

My soft Injunctions less severe you'll find,
 Easie to learn, and fram'd to ev'ry Mind.
 Her Wishes never, nor her Will withstand;
 Submit, you conquer; serve, and you'll command.
 Her Words approve, deny what she denies, 235
 Like where she likes, and where she scorns, despise.
 Laugh when she smiles; when sad, dissolve in Tears;
 Let ev'ry Gesture sympathize with hers.
 If she delights, as Women will, in Play,
 Her Stakes return, your ready Losings pay. 240
 When she's at Cards, or rattling Dice she throws,
 Connive at Cheats, and generously lose.
 A smiling Winner let the Nymph remain,
 Let your pleas'd Mistress every Conquest gain
 In Heat, with an Umbrello ready stand; 45
 When walking, offer your officious Hand:
 Her trembling Hands, tho' you sustain the Cold,
 Cherish, and to your warmer Bosom hold.
 Think no inferior Office a Disgrace,
 No Action, that a Mistress gains, is base. 250
 The Hero that eluded *Juno's* Spight,
 And ev'ry Monster overcame in Fight;
 That past so many bloody Labours o'er,
 And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose Weight he bore;
 Amidst *Ionian* Damsels carding stands, 255
 And grasps the Distaff with obedient Hands;
 In all Commands the haughty Dame obeys:
 And who disdains to act like *Hercules*?
 If she's at Law, be sure commend the Laws,
 Solicit with the Judge, or plead her Cause. 260
 With Patience at the Assignment wait,
 Early appear, attend her coming late.
 Whene'er she wants a Messenger, away,
 And her Commands with flying Feet obey.
 When late from Supper she's returning home, 265
 And calls her Servant, as a Servant come,

She for the Country Air retires from Town;
You want a Coach, or Horse, why foot it down:
Let not the sultry Season of the Year,
The falling Snows, or constant Rains deter. 270
Love is a Warfare, and ignoble Sloth
Seems equally contemptible in both:
In both are Watchings, Duels, anxious Cares,
The Soldier thus, and thus the Lover fares; [shakes,
With Rain he's drench'd, with piercing Tempests
And on the colder Earth his Lodging takes. 276
Fame says that *Phæbus* kept *Admetus*' Herd;
And coarsly in an humble Cottage far'd:
No servile Offices the God deny'd;
Learn this ye Lovers, and renounce your Pride. 280

When all Access is to your Mistress hard,
When ev'ry Door's secur'd, and Window barr'd;
The Roof untile, some desp'rate Passage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh how she'll clasp you when the Danger's o'er, 285
And value your deserving Passion more.
Thus thro' the boist'rous Seas *Leander* mov'd,
Not to possess, but show how much he lov'd.

Nor blushing think how low you condescend
To court her Maids, and make each Slave your Friend:
Each by their Names familiarly salute, 290
And beg them to promote your am'rous Suit.
Perhaps a Bribe's requir'd; your Bounty show,
And from your slender Fortunes part bestow.
A double Bribe the Chamber-maid secures, 295
And when the Favourite's gain'd, the Fair is yours.
She'll add, to ev'ry thing you do, a Grace,
And watch the wanton Hours, and time her Praise.
When Servants merry make, and feast and play,
Then give her something to keep Holiday. 300

Retain 'em ev'ry one, the Porter most,
And Her who nightly guards the happy Coast.

I no profuse nor costly Gifts commend,
But chuse and time it well, whate'er you send.
Provide the Product of the early Year, 305
And let your Boy the rural Present bear:
Tell her 'twas fresh, and from your Manor brought,
Tho' stale, and in the Suburb Market bought.
The first ripe Cluster let your Mistress eat,
With Chestnuts, Melons, and fair Peaches treat: 310
Some larger Fish, or choicer Fowl present:
They recommend your Passion, where they're sent.
'Tis with these Arts the childless Miser's caught,
Thus future Legacies are basely bought:
But may his Name with Infamy be curst, 315
That practis'd them on Love, and Women first.

In tender Sonnets most your Flame rehearse,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by Verse?
Women a wealthy treating Fool admire,
Applaud your Wit, but costly Gifts require. 320
This is the Golden Age, all worship Gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty sold.
Should *Homer* come with his harmonious Train,
And not present, *Homer's* turn'd out again.
Some of the Sex have Sense, their Number's small, 326
Most ignorant, yet vain Pretenders all:
Flatter alike, smooth empty Stanza's send,
They seldom Sense, but Sound and Rime commend.
Should you with Art compose each polish'd Line,
And make her, like your Numbers, all divine: 335
Yet she'll a Treat, or worthless Toy prefer
To all th' immortal Poet's boasted Care.

But he that coves to retain her Heart,
Let him apply his Flattery with Art:

With lasting Raptures on her Beauty gaze,
 And make her Form the Subject of his Praise;
 Purple commend, when she's in Purple dress'd;
 In Scarlet, swear she looks in Scarlet best:
 Array'd in Gold, her graceful Mein adore,
 Vowing those Eyes transcend the sparkling Oar.
 With Prudence place each Complement aright,
 Tho' clad in Gripe, let homely Grape delight.
 In sorted Colours, praise a vary'd Dress;
 In Night-cloaths, or Commode, let either please.
 Or when she combs, or when she curls her Hair,
 Commend her curious Art and gallant Air.
 Singing, her Voice, dancing, her Step admire,
 Applaud when she desists, and still desire:
 Let all her Words and Actions Wonder raise,
 View her with Raptures, and with Raptures praise.
 Fierce as *Medusa* tho' your Mistress prove,
 These Arts will teach the stubborn Beauty Love.

Be cautious lest you over-act your Part,
 And temper your Hypocrisy with Art:
 Let no false Action give your Words the Lie,
 For undeceiv'd, she's ever after shy.
 In *Autumn* oft, when the luxurious Year
 Purples the Grape, and shows the Vintage near;
 When sultry Heats, when colder Blasts arise,
 And Bodies languish with inconstant Skies:
 If virious Heav'n infects her tender Veins,
 And in her tainted Blood some Fever reigns;
 Then your kind Vows, your pious Care bestow,
 The Blessings you expect to reap, then sow.
 Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd Disease,
 But with your ready Hand contrive to please:
 Weep in her Sight, then fonder Kisses give,
 And let her burning Lips your Tears receive.
 Much for her Safety vow, but louder speak,
 Let the Nymph hear the lavish Vows you make.

As Health returns, so let your Joys appear,
 Oft smile with Hope, and oft confess your Fear.
 This in her Breast remains, these pleasing Charms
 Secure a Passage to her grateful Arms.
 Reach nothing nauseous to her Taste or Sight, 375
 Officious only when you most delight :
 Nor bitter Draughts, nor hated Med'cines give;
 Let her from Rivals what she loaths receive.

Those prosp'rous Winds that launch'd our Bark from
 When out at Sea, assist its Course no more : [Shore,
 Time will your Knowledge in our Art improve, 381
 Give Strength and Vigour to your forming Love.
 The dreadful Bull was but a Calf, when young ;
 The lofty Oak but from an Acorn sprung :
 From narrow Springs the noblest Currents flow, 383
 But swell their Floods, and spread 'em as they go.
 Be conversant with Love, no Toils refuse,
 And conquer all Fatigues with frequent Use.
 Still let her hear your Sighs, your Passion view,
 And Night and Day the flying Maid pursue. 390
 Then pause a while; by fallow Fields we gain ;
 A thirsty Soil receives the welcome Rain.
 Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon blest'd,
 His Absence wounded most her raging Breast :
 Thus his chaste Confort for Ulysses burn'd, 395
 And Laodamia thus her absent Husband mourn'd.
 With Speed return, you're ruin'd by Delays,
 Some happy Youth may soon supply your place.
 When Sparta's Prince was from his Helen gone,
 Cou'd Helen be content to lye alone? 400
 She in his Bed receiv'd her am'rous Guest,
 And nightly clasp'd him to her panting Breast.
 Unthinking Cuckold, to a Proverb blind !
 What, trust a Beau and a Fair Wife behind !
 Let furious Hawks thy trembling Turtles keep, 405
 And to the Mountain Wolves commit thy Sheep :

Helen is guiltless, and her Lover's Crime
 But what your self would act another time.
 The Youth was pressing, the dull Husband gone,
 Let ev'ry Woman make the Case her own: 410
 Who cou'd a Prince, by *Venus* sent, refuse?
 The Cuckold's Negligence is her Excuse.

But not the foaming Boar whom Spears surround,
 Revenging on the Dogs his Mortal Wound,
 Nor Lioness, whose Young receives the Breast, 415
 Nor Viper by unwary Footsteps prest;
 Nor Drunkard by th' *Aonian* God possess'd,
 Transcend the Woman's Rage, by Fury led,
 To find a Rival in her injur'd Bed.
 With Fire and Sword she flies, the frantick Dame 420
 Disdains the Thoughts of Tenderness or Shame.
 Her Off-spring's Blood inrag'd *Medea* spilt,
 A cruel Mother, for the Father's Guilt.
 And *Progne*'s unrelenting Fury proves,
 That dire Revenge pursues neglected Loves: 425
 Where sacred Ties of Honour are destroy'd,
 Such Errors cautious Lovers must avoid.
 Think not my Precepts Constancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler's my Design.
 At large enjoy, conceal your Passion well, 430
 Nor use the Modish Vanity to tell:
 Avoid presenting of suspected Toys,
 Nor to an Hour confine your vary'd Joys:
 Desert the Shades you did frequent before,
 Nor make them conscious to a new Amour. 435
 The Nymph, when she betrays, disdains your Guilt,
 And by such Falshood taught, she learns to Jilt.
 While with a Wife *Atrides* liv'd content,
 Their Loves were mutual, and she innocent
 But when inflam'd with ev'ry charming Face, 440
 Her Lewdness still maintain'd an equal Pace,

Chryses, as *Fame* had told her, pray'd in vain,
 Nor could by Gifts his Captive Girl obtain :
 Mournful *Briseis*, thy Complaints she heard,
 And how his Lust the tedious War deferr'd. 445
 This tamely heard, but with Resentment view'd
 The Victor by his beauteous Slave subdu'd :
 With Rage she saw her own neglected Charms,
 And took *Aegisthus* to her injur'd Arms.
 To Lust and Shame by his Example led, 450
 Who durst so openly prophane her Bed.

What you conceal, her more observing Eye
 Perhaps betrays : with Oaths the Fact deny,
 And boldly give her Jealousie the Lie;
 Not too submissive seem, nor over kind; 455
 These are the Symptoms of a guilty Mind :
 But no Caresses, no Indearments spare,
 Enjoyment pacifies the angry Fair.

There are, that strong provoking Poisons praise,
 And Nature with pernicious Med'cines raise : 460
 Nor Drugs, nor Herbs will what you fancy prove,
 And I pronounce them pois'nous all in Love.
 Some Pepper bruis'd with Seeds of Nettles join,
 And Clary steep in Bowls of mellow Wine :
Venus is most averse to forc'd Delights, 465
 Extorted Flames pollute her genial Rites
 With Fistles spawn thy feeble Nerves recruit,
 And with *Eryngo's* hor Salacious Root :
 The Goddess worship'd by th' *Erycian* Swains,
Megara's white Shallot, so faint, disdains, 470
 New Eggs they take, and Honey's liquid Juice,
 And Leaves and Apples of the Pine infuse.
 Prescribe no more, my Muse, nor Med'cines give,
 Beauty and Youth need no Provocative,

You that conceal'd your secret Crimes before, 475
 Proclaim them now, now publish each Amour.
 Nor tax me with Inconstancy; we find
 The driving Bark requires a veering Wind:
 Now Northern Blasts we court, now Southern Gales,
 And ev'ry Point befriends our shifted Sails. 480
 Thus Chariot-Drivers with a flowing Rein
 Direct their Steeds, then curb them in again.
 Indulgence oft corrupts the faithless Dame,
 Secure from Rivals she neglects your Flame:
 The Mind without Variety is cloy'd, 485
 And nauseates Pleasures it has long enjoy'd.
 But as a Fire, whose wasted Strength declines,
 Converts to Ashes, and but faintly shines;
 When Sulphur's brought, the spreading Flames return,
 And glowing Embers with fresh Fury burn: 490
 A Rival thus th' ungrateful Maid reclaims,
 Revives Desire, and feeds her dying Flames.
 Oft make her jealous, give your Fondness o'er,
 And tease her often with some new Amour.
 Happy, thrice happy Youth, with Pleasures blest, 495
 Too great, too exquisite to be express!
 That view'st the Anguish of her jealous Breast.
 Whene'er thy Guilt the frighted Beauty knows,
 She swoons; her Voice, and then her Colour goes.
 Oft would my furious Nymph, in burning rage, 500
 Assault my Locks, and with her Nails engage;
 Then how she'd weep, what piercing Glances cast!
 And vow to hate the perjur'd Wretch at last.
 Let not your Mistress long your Falshood mourn,
 Neglected Fondness will to Fury turn. 505
 But kindly clasp her in your Arms again,
 And on your Breast her drooping Head sustain:
 Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her Tears enjoy,
 And with Excess of Bliss her Rage destroy.
 Let her a while lament, a while complain, 510
 Then die with Pleasure as she dy'd with Pain.

Enjoyment cures her with its powerful Charms,
She'll sign a Pardon in your active Arms.

First Nature lay an undigested Mass,
Heaven, Earth and Ocean wore one common Face: 515
Then vaulted Heav'n was fram'd, Waves Earth inclos'd,
And *Chaos* was in beauteous Forms dispos'd;
The Beasts inhabit Woods, the Birds the Air,
And to their Floods the scaly Frie repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain Place, 520
On Rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd Race:
Caves were their Houses, Herbs their Food and Bed,
Whilst each a Savage from the other fled.
Love first disarm'd the Fierceness of their Mind,
And in one Bed the Men and Women join'd. 525
The Youth was eager, but unskill'd in Joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd Virgin coy:
They knew no Courtship, no Instructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and blest the pleasing Wound.
The Birds with Consorts propagate their kind, 530
And sporting Fish their sinny Beauties find:
In am'rous Folds the wanton Serpents twine,
And Dogs with their salacious Females join.
The lustly Bull delights his frisking Dames,
And more lascivious Goat her Male inflames. 535
Mares furious grow with Love, their bound'rys force,
Plunging thro' Waves to meet the neighing Horse.
Go on, brave Youth, thy gen'rous Vigour try,
To the resenting Maid this Charm apply:
Love's soft'ning Pleasures ev'ry Grief remove, 540
There's nothing that can make your Peace like Love.
From Drugs and Philters no Redress you'll find,
But Nature with your Mistress will be kind.
The Love that's unconstrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's Art was false, but mine is sure. 545

Whilst thus I sung, inflam'd with nobler Fire,
I heard the great *Apollo's* tuneful Lyre:
His Hand a Branch of spreading Laurel bore,
And on his Head a Laurel Wreath he wore;
Around he cast diffusive Rays of Light, 550
Confessing all the God to human Sight.
Thou Master of lascivious Arts, he said,
To my frequented Fane thy Pupils lead:
And there inscrib'd in Characters of Gold,
This celebrated Sentence you'll behold. 555
First know your self; who to himself is known,
Shall love with Conduct, and his Wishes crown.
Where Nature has a handsome Face bestow'd,
Or graceful Shape, let both be often show'd:
Let Men of Wit and Humour Silence shun, 560
The Artist sing, and Soldier bluster on:
Of long Harangues ye Eloquent take heed,
Nor thy damn'd Works thou teasing Poet read.
Thus *Phaebus* spake: A just Obedience give,
And these Injunctions from a God receive. 565

I Mysteries unfold; to my Advice
Attend, ye vulgar Lovers, and grow wise.
The thriving Grain in Harvest often fails,
Oft prosp'rous Winds turn adverse to our Sails:
Few are the Pleasures, tho' the Toils are great; 570
With Patience must submissive Lovers wait.
What Hares on *Athos*, Bees on *Hybla* feed,
Or Berries on the circling Ivy breed?
As Shells on sandy Shores, as Stars above,
So num'rous are the sure Fatigues of Love. 575
The Lady's gone Abroad, you're told; tho' seen,
Distrust your Eyes, believe her not within.
Her Lodgings on the promis'd Night are close,
Resent it not, but on the Earth repose.
Her Maid will cry with an insulting Tone, 580
What makes you saunter here? you Sot be gone.

With moving Words the cruel Nymph intreat,
And place your Garland on the bolstred Gate.

Why do I light and vulgar Precepts use?
A nobler Subject now inspires my Muse: 585
Approaching Joys I sing, ye Youths draw near,
Listen ye happy Lovers, and give Ear:
The Labour's great, and daring is my Song,
Labours and great Attempts to Love belong.
As from the sacred Oracles of *Jove*, 595
Receive these grand mysterious Truths in Love.
Look down when she the raging Spark invites,
Nor touch the conscious Tablets when she writes.
Appear not jealous, tho' she's much from home, 605
Let her at Pleasure go, unquestion'd come.
This crafty Husbands to their Wives permit,
And learn, when she's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own Frailties modestly confess;
And blushing, give those Precepts I transgress. 600
Shall I, with Patience, the known Signal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy Rival there!
What, tamely suffer the provoking Wrong,
And be afraid to use my Hands or Tongue!
Corinna's Husband kiss'd her in my sight; 605
I beat the saucy Fool, and seiz'd my Right.
I, like a Fury, for my Nymph engage,
And like a Mad-man, when I miss her, rage.
My Passion still prevails, convinc'd I yield;
He that submits to this, is better skill'd. 610

Expose not, tho' you find her guilty Flame,
Lest she abandon Modesty and Shame:
Conceal her Faults, no secret Crimes upbraid;
Nothing's so fond as a suspected Maid.
Discover'd Love increases with Despair, 615
When both alike the Guilt and Scandal share:

All Sense of Modesty they lose in time,
Whilst each encourages the other's Crime.

In Heav'n this Story's fam'd above the rest,
Amongst th' immortal Drolls a standing Jest: 620
How *Vulcan* two transgressing Lovers caught,
And ev'ry God a pleas'd Spectator brought.
Great *Mars* for *Venus* felt a guilty Flame,
Neglected War, and own'd a Lover's Name:
To his Desires the Queen of Love inclin'd; 625
No Nymph in Heav'n's so willing, none so kind.
Oft the lascivious Fair, with scornful Pride,
Would *Vulcan's* Foot, and sooty Hands deride:
Yet both with Decency their Passion bore,
And modestly conceal'd the close Amour. 630
But by the Sun betray'd in their Embrace,
(For what escapes the Sun's observing Rays?)
He told th' affronted God of his Disgrace.
Ah foolish Sun! and much unskill'd in Love,
Thou hast an ill Example set above! 635
Never a fair offending Nymph betray,
She'll gratefully oblige you ev'ry way:
The crafty Spouse around his Bed prepares
Nets that deceive the Eye, and secret Snares:
A Journey feigns, the impatient Lovers met, 640
And naked were expos'd in *Vulcan's* Net.
The Gods deride the Criminals in Chains,
And scarce from Tears the Queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her Hands conceal her guilty Face,
She wants that Cover for another Place. 645
To surly *Mars* a gay Spectator said,
Why so uneasy in that envy'd Bed?
On me transfer your Chains; I'll freely come
For your Release, and suffer in your room.
At length, kind *Neptune*, freed by thy Desires, 650
Mars goes for *Cyeto*, to *Paphos* she retires,
Their Loves augmented with revengeful Fires;

Now conversant with Infamy and Shame,
 They set no Bounds to their licentious Flame.
 But honest *Vulcan*, what was thy Pretence, 655
 To act so much unlike a God of Sense?
 They sin in Publick, you the Shame repent,
 Convinc'd that Loves increase with Punishment.
 Tho' in your Power, a Rival ne'er expose,
 Never his intercepted Joys disclose: 660
 This I command, *Venus* commands the same,
 Who hates the Snares she once sustain'd with Shame.

What impious Wretch will *Ceres*' Rites expose,
 Or *Juno*'s solemn Mysteries disclose!
 His witty Torments *Tantalus* deserves, 665
 That thirsts in Waves, and viewing Banquets starves.
 But *Venus* most in Secrecy delights;
 Away ye Bablers from her silent Rites!
 No Pomp her Mysteries attends, no Noise,
 No sounding Brass proclaims the latent Joys! 670
 With folded Arms the happy Pair possess,
 Nor should the fond betraying Tongue confess }
 Those Raptures, which no Language can express.
 When naked *Venus* casts her Robes aside,
 The Parts obscene her Hands extended hide: 675
 No Girl on propagating Beasts will gaze,
 But hangs her Head, and turns away her Face.
 We darken'd Beds and Doors for Love provide;
 What Nature cannot, decent Habits hide:
 Love Darkness courts, at most a glim'ring Light, 680
 To raise our Joys, and just oblige the Sight.
 E'er happy Men beneath the Roof were laid,
 When Oaks provided them with Food and Shade;
 Some gloomy Cave receiv'd the wanton Pair,
 For Light too modest, and unshaded Air! 685
 From publick View they decently retir'd,
 And secretly perform'd what Love inspir'd.

Book II. OVID's *Art of Love*.

95

Now scarce a modish Fop about the Town, [done,
But boasts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas
They taste no Pleasure, relish no Delight, 690
'Till they recount what pass'd the happy Night.

But Men of Honour always thought it base,
To prostitute each kinder Nymph's Embrace:

To blast her Fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furnish Scandal for a lewd Lampoon. 695

And here I must some guilty Arts accuse,

And disingenuous Shifts that Lovers use,

To wrong the Chaste, and Innocent abuse. }

When long repuls'd, they find their Courtship vain,
Her Character with Infamy they stain: 700

Deny'd her Person, they debauch her Fame,

And brand her Innocence with publick Shame.

Go, jealous Fool, the injur'd Beauty guard,

Let ev'ry Door be lock'd, and Window barr'd!

The suff'ring Nymph remains expos'd to Wrong, 705

Her Name's a Prostitute to ev'ry Tongue;

For Malice will with Joy the Lie receive,

Report, and what it wishes true, believe.

With Care conceal whate'er Defects you find,

To all her Faults seem like a Lover blind. 710

Naked *Andromeda* when *Persæus* view'd,

He saw her Faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.

Andromache was tall, yet some report

Her *Hector* was so blind, he thought her short.

At first what's nauseous, lessens by degrees, 715

Young Loves are nice, and difficult to please.

The Infant Plant that bears a tender Rind,

Reels to and fro with ev'ry Breath of Wind:

But shooting upward to a Tree at last,

It stems the Storm, and braves the strongest Blast. 720

Time will Defects and Blemishes inear,

And make them lovely to your Eyes appear:

Unusual Scents at first may give Offence;
 Time reconciles them to the vanquish'd Sense.
 Her Vices soften with some kinder Phrase; 725
 If she is swarthy as the Negro's Face, [praise.
 Call it a graceful Brown, and that Complexion
 The ruddy Lass must be like *Venus* fair,
 Or like *Minerva* that has yellow Hair.
 If pale and meagre, praise her Shape and Youth, 730
 Active when small, when gross she's plump and smooth.
 Ev'ry Excess by soft'ning Terms disguise,
 And in some neighb'ring Virtue hide each Vice.

Nor ask her Age, consult no Register,
 Under whose Reign she's born, or what's the Year!
 If fading Youth chequers her Hair with white, 736
 Experience makes her perfect in Delight;
 In her Embrace sublimer Joys are found,
 A fruitful Soil, and cultivated Ground!
 The Hours enjoy whilst Youth and Pleasures last, 740
 Age hurries on, and Death pursues too fast.
 Or plough the Seas, or cultivate the Land,
 Or wield the Sword in thy advent'rous Hand:
 Or much in Love thy nervous Strength employ,
 Embrace the Fair, the grateful Maid enjoy; 745
 Pleasure and Wealth reward thy pleasing Pains,
 The Labour's great, but greater far the Gains.
 Add their Experience in Affairs of Love,
 For Years and Practice do alike improve:
 Their Arts repair the Injuries of Time, 750
 And still preserve them in their charming Prime;
 In vary'd Ways they act the Pleasure o'er,
 Not pictur'd Postures can instruct you more.
 They want no Courtship to provoke Delight,
 But meet your Warmth with eager Appetite: 755
 Give me Enjoyment, when the willing Dame
 Glows with Desires, and burns with equal Flame.

I love to hear the soft transporting Joys,
 The frequent Sighs, the tender murm'ring Voice:
 To see her Eyes with vary'd Pleasures move, 760
 And all the Nymph confess the Power of Love.
 Nature's not thus indulgent to the Young.
 These Joys alone to riper Years belong:
 Who Youth enjoys, drinks crude unready Wine,
 Let Age your Girl and sprightly Juice refine, 765
 Mellow their Sweets, and make the Taste divine.
 To *Helen* who'd *Hermione* prefer,
 Or *Gorge* think beyond her Mother fair:
 But he that oovers the experienc'd Dame,
 Shall crown his Joys, and triumph in his Flame. 770

One conscious Bed receives the happy Pair:
 Retire, my Muse; the Door demands thy Care.
 What charming Words, what tender Things are said,
 What Language flows without thy useless Aid!
 There shall the roving Hand Employment find, 775
 Inspire new Flames, and make ev'n Virgins kind.
 Thus *Hector* did *Andromache* delight,
Hector in Love victorious, as in Fight.
 When weary from the Field *Achilles* came,
 Thus with Delays he rais'd *Briseis*' Flame. 780
 Ah, could those Arms, those fatal Hands delight!
 Inspire kind Thoughts, and raise thy Appetite!
 Could'st thou, fond Maid, be charm'd with his Embrace,
 Stain'd with the Blood of half thy royal Race?

Nor yet with Speed the fleeting Pleasures waste, 785
 Still moderate your Love's impetuous Haste:
 The bashful Virgin, tho' appearing coy,
 Detains your Hand, and hugs the proffer'd Joy.
 Then view her Eyes with humid Lustre bright,
 Sparkling with Rage, and trembling with Delight:
 Her kind Complaints, her melting Accents hear, 791
 The Eye she charms, and wounds the list'ning Ear.

Deser not then the clasping Nymph's Embrace,
 But with her Love maintain an equal Pace;
 Raise to her Heights the Transports of your Soul,
 And fly united to the happy Goal. 796
 Observe these Precepts when with Leisure blest,
 No threatening Fears your private Hours molest;
 When Danger's near, your active Force employ,
 And urge with eager Speed the hasty Joy. 800
 Then ply your Oars, then practise this Advice,
 And strain, with Whip and Spur, to gain the Prize.

The Work's compleat, triumphant Palms prepare,
 With flow'ry Wreaths adorn my flowing Hair.
 As to the Greeks was Podalirius' Art, 805
 To heal with Med'cines the afflicted Part:
 Nestor's Advice, Achilles' Arms in Field,
 Automedon for Chariot-driving skill'd;
 As Calchas cou'd explain the mystick Bird,
 And Telamon cou'd wield the brandish'd Sword: 810
 Such to the Town my fam'd Instructions prove,
 So much am I renown'd for Arts of Love.
 Me ev'ry Youth shall praise, extoll my Name,
 And o'er the Globe diffuse my lasting Fame.
 ¶ Arms provide against the scornful Fair, 815
 Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the War.
 Whatever Youth shall with my Aid o'ercome,
 And lead his Amazon in Triumph home;
 Let him that conquers, and enjoys the Dame,
 In Gratitude for his instructed Flame, 820
 Inscribe the Spoils with my auspicious Name, }

The tender Girls my Precepts next demand,
 Them I commit to a more skilful Hand.

The End of the Second Book.

NOTES

On the SECOND BOOK of *OVID's Art of LOVE.*



AND none the soft Chaonian Bird molests. *Quasque colat turres Chaonis ales habet.* The Chaonian Bird is the Dove. *Ovid* makes use of the Particular for the General. *Chaonia* is part of *Epirus*, so call'd from the Fate of *Chaon* a Trojan, as *Virgil* says in his 3d *Aeneid*:

*Qui chaonias cognomine Campos,
Chaoniamque omnem, Trojano a Chaone dixit.*

There was a Temple of *Dodonian Jupiter*, where Doves dispens'd the sacred Oracles with human Voices. *Propertius* speaks of these Doves in the 9th Elegy of his first Book:

Non me Chaonia vincant in amore columbae.

In the Forest of *Dodona* in *Epirus*, not far from the Temple, there were Doves that prophecy'd. From whence, says *Servius*, comes the Fable, that *Peliades*, in the *Thessalian* Tongue, signifies *Prophet*

100. NOTES on the Second Book.

and Dove: which he grounds on this Verse of the 9th Eclogue of Virgil:

Chaonias dicunt aquila veniente columbas.

And thence certainly the same Virgil says elsewhere,

Atque habita Graiis oracula quercus.

Pausanias, in his *Mythology*, reports, That these Doves gave Answers from the Dodonean Oaks. But Herodotus, in his *Eurpe*, writes, That these Doves were prophesying Women: Upon which Baronius observes abundance of Things, too long to be inserted here.

He needs not, that Presents, my useless Art: That is, Riches will do all things, and Interest easily gains a Woman's Heart, because the Sex is generally covetous.

And Lions, &c. In some Editions, *his Tumbidosque Leones*; in some, *Numidosque Leones*; the former does as well as the latter. For 'tis certain, no Creature is so stately and fierce as a Lion; who, when he's hunted by Dogs and Huntsmen in the open Field, seems to despise his Pursuers, and flies slowly from them, but when he's in the Woods, and thinks his Shame may be sav'd by Flight, he runs with great Speed to avoid them. The first that ever tam'd a Lion, was a Noble Carthaginian, whose Name was Hanno; and he was condemn'd for that very Reason: The Carthaginians not thinking their Liberty cou'd be secure, while a Person liv'd who was able to tame so fierce an Animal.

Fiercely Atlanta o'er the Forest rov'd. The Poet makes use of the Example of Atlanta, to show there's nothing so wild, but may be made gentle. He speaks of her in the 3d Book:

Milanon humeris Atlanta crura ferebat.

NOTES on the Second Book. 101

And in the 2d Elegy of the 3d Book of his *Amorum*:

Talia Milanion Atalanta crura fugacis

Optavit manibus sustinuisse suis.

And Propertius says the same thing in other Words in his first Elegy:

Milanion nullo fugiendo, Talle, labores,

Servitium dura contrudit Jussidos.

And what follows relates entirely to the same thing. The Ancients wrote *Melanion*; and not *Milanion*: And by *Jassidos* is meant *Atalanta*, Daughter of *Jassus* as *Apollodorus* writes in his 3d Book. There were two *Atalantas*: She who is spoken of here, whom the Poet calls *Nemesis*; that is, of *Arcadian*; and another who was so famous at the Races. *Parthenopeus* was the Son of the *Arcadian Atalanta*, the youngest and handsomest of the seven Captains who were in the War of *Thebes*. See what *Sextus* writes upon this Subject in several places of his *Theatrum*. *Helenus* and *Melanion* were in Love with this *Atalanta*; but *Melanion* only enjoy'd her, as *Propertius* observes in the before-cited Verses.

When she's at Cards, or rolling Dice she throws, *Seu ludet, numerosque manu jactabit eburnos*. *Merula* explains these *numeros eburnos* thus: *Testeras quæ alio nomina quædã talia, græcè νεστρος appellamus*; which, properly speaking, are Dice, or things made like Dice, of cubical Figures, with different Numbers mark'd upon each Cube. We must own however, that there's nothing more difficult than to explain the ancient Gaming, especially to make it any way agree with the Modern. There was a sort of Dice among the Romans which they call'd *Taliæ*; and *Ovid* makes mention of them in this place.

*Sen jacies talos, vitæ ne parva sequatur,
Damnosi facito stent tibi sape Canes.*

Pliny describes the *Talus* thus: *Rectus est in Articulo pedis Ventre eminens in Vertebra ligatus.* The Greek call'd it *Astragal*; and Pliny gives those that play'd with it, the Name of *Astragalizontes*. Plato, in his *Phædo*, writes, That *Themis*, who was an old Persian God, invented it, as well as computing by Numbers, Geometry and Astronomy. On the contrary *Herodotus* affirms, the *Lydians* were the first Inventors of this, and several other sorts of Gaming, as Dice and Billiards, &c. By *Ovid's Damnosi Canes*, Dangerous Dogs, we must understand a Dice that had the Figure of a Dog on one of its Cubes, and it serv'd instead of an Ace with us: On the other Cubes were represented Vultures, and one had the Figure of *Venus* upon it, and was as good as 7. Two others were call'd *Chius* & *Senio*; this went for four, and the other for three: But the Play is quite out of use. The Dog always lost, and therefore 'tis call'd *Damnosa*; But the *Senio* was lucky; as *Isidorus* observes on the Word *Tessera*. And *Persius* in his 3d *Satyr* writes thus:

---- *Quid dexter senio ferret,
Seire erat in voto; damnosa Canicula quantum
Raderet; angusta collo non fallier orca.*

Martial, in the 1st Epigram of his 13th Book, touches on the same thing:

Senio nec nostrum cum cane quassat eluv.

And *Propertius* in his 9th Elegy, Book the 4th:

*Et mihi per Talos Venerem quarente secundos
Damnosi semper subsluere Canes.*

NOTES on the Second Book. 103

Ovid in the 11th Book of his *Tristibus* :

*Quid valeant Tali; quo possis plurima jactu
Figere, damnosos effugasque Canes.*

To this Purpose writes *Delrio*, in his Comment on the mad *Hercules* of *Seneca*, p. 243. *Junius* in the 4th Chapter of his 11th Book. *Swinebius* in the 27th Book. *Casaubon* upon *Suetonius*, p. 152. n. 24. *Raderus* upon the 11th and 12th Epigram of the 4th Book of *Martial*.

Ovid speaks of another Play in use among the Romans.

Sive Latrocinii sub imagine Calculus ibit.

The *Latrocinii Calculus* has been translated *Chefs*. The *Calculus* of the Ancients is certainly the same thing; which they call also *Latrones Pelces*, to play with like our Men. They had a diminutive for them, *Latrunculi*, and the vulgar call'd this Play *Scacchus*, or *Seachis* *Chefs*. *Polydorus*, in his Book of the In-ventors of things, Chapter the 13th, treats of this Mat-ter. And that admirable Poet, *Ferome Vida*, calls this Play *Scacchis*. We find in *Cicero*, *Quintilian*, and the *Plinies*, That the Ladies and Persons of Quality us'd this Game very much: And the great *Pliny* e-ven reports, There were Monkeys that play'd at *Chefs*. The Men were made of Glass, precious Stones, or other Materials of different Colours, that they might not be confounded one with ano-ther. Upon which our Poet writes,

Fac pereat vitrea miles ab hoste tuus.

And *Martial*, in the 26th Epigram of his 14th Book;

*Insidiosum si ludis bella Latronum,
Gemmens iste tibi Miles & Hostis erit.*

104 NOTES on the Second Book.

That is, one on one side, and the other on the other; but nevertheless of different Colours, as I have hinted. *Lucan* says the same thing in his Poem to *Piso*; *Vitreo pugnantur milite bella*: And again,

*Callidior modo tabula variatur aperta
Calculus, & vitreo peraguntur milite bella.*

Petronius says,

Calculus in tabula nobile ducit opus.

And that they were made of Silver and Gold. *Prosper*, in his Treatise of the Glory of the Saints, writes, There were some white and some red. *Candidos & purpureos*, alluding, without doubt, to playing at Chess. *Martial*, in the 18th Epigram of his 12th Book, paints this Matter very lively.

*Hæc mihi bisseño numeratur tessera puncto;
Calculus hic gemino discolor hoste perit.*

And in the 34th Epigram of the 12th Book:

*Et si calculus omnis huc & illuc
Diversus bicolorque digeratur,
Vincet candida turba nigriorem.*

And in the 4th Book of the old Epigrams cited by *Savaronius*:

*Discolor ancipiti sub jactu calculus adstat,
Decertantque simul candidus atque provens.*

Sidonius Apollinarius, in the 12th Epistle of his 8th Book to *Trigotius*, speaks of it very distinctly, writing thus to his Friend; *hic te adificatus calcitis thorax, hic tabula calculus strata bicoloribus, hic tessera frequens eboratis resultatura Pyrgorum gradibus expellitur.* Several have observ'd that this Play was a Representation of War, and that *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*

learn'd the Military Art by playing at Chess. For many learned Men have made no difficulty to suppose that the Game of Chess, which *Jerome Vida*, whom I have mention'd, wrote an excellent Poem upon, was the same which the Ancients call'd *Batmancula's*; if I may be allow'd to use that Word which *Calceagnus* has learnedly made out in the Book he wrote *de ludis talorum, assestorum, & calculorum*. We must not forget what *Martial* says to *Paulus* in the 7th Epigram of the 7th Book:

*Sic vincas Noviumque Publiumque
Mandris, & vitreo latrone Clausis:*

Sic Palmam tibi detrigona nuda

Uncta dei favor arbiter Corona.

Which also is a good Image of a Game at Chess. By these Pieces of Glass spoken of here, as well as in *Ovid*, some think the Colour of the Men are only meant, being bluish; or rather of a Sea-green Colour, as *Bullinger* remarks in his Treatise of the Cinque, Chapter 43. The foregoing Observations on Chess, and other Roman Plays, are taken almost entirely from the French; and the Author has explain'd the Original with equal Learning and Clearness.

In heat, with an Umbrella ready stand. *Ovid* says, *ipse tunc distincta suis umbracula virgis*; and our Word Umbrella comes near the Latin *Umbris*; the French has no relation to it, *Parasol* being not at all to be made out of *Umbracula*, from *Umbra*, Shade; but the French comes from a Spanish Word, signifying to defend one from the Sun. This is noted to shew that in some things we take our Words directly from the Latin, before they have pass'd thro' the hands of the French, which however is very rare. Upon the same Occasion *Martial* writes in the 10th Epigram of his 14th Book:

207 *Accipe qua nimias vincant umbracula soles,
Sic licet & ventus, te tua vela regent.*

They were commonly in use at the Theatres or in Walks, to keep off the heat of the Sun, the Rain; and the Wind. Sometimes they were made of Feathers; for, according to most Commentators, by *Virgis* here we must understand Feathers, sow'd or otherwise fasten'd together. *Ovid* advises the Lover not only to hold an Umbrella over his Mistress, but to descend to meaner Offices, to pull off or put on her Shoes or Slippers.

Et tenero soleam deme, vel adde pedi.

The Word *Solea* implies here any thing that is worn on the Leg and Foot, tho' in particular it means only a Pair of Slippers.

And grasp the Distaff with obedient Hands: Speaking of *Hercules*, who for the Love of *Omphale* us'd the Distaff and Basket, according to the Fashion of the *Ionian* Damsels: Upon which *Terence*, in his *Eunuch*, Act the 5th, Scene 8, makes *Thraso* say, *qui minus, quam Hercules servivis Omphale* & to shew there's no Valour so great, but may be conquer'd by the Delights of Love.

And well deserv'd that Heav'n whose weight he bore; speaking still of *Hercules*: Who having learn'd Astrology of *Atlas* King of *Mauritania*, as *Diodorus* says, the Poets feign'd he help'd the same *Atlas* to bear up the Sky.

If she's at Law. *Iussus adesse foro.* The Forum was the Place where the Judges sat to hear Causes; and answers to our *Westminster-Hall*, &c.

Fame says that *Phœbus* kept *Admetus*' Herd. That was, after he was degraded of his Divinity, for the Death of the *Cyclops*: Upon which he fled to *Thessa-*

ly, and submitted to keep *Admetus* the King's Sheep. *Macrobius* interprets this Fable by the Sun's pregnant all the Productions of the Earth. While *Apollo* was a Shepherd, he fell in Love with *Isis*, a Daughter of *Macareus* and the Nymph *Oenone*; others write he was enamour'd of *Alceste*, Daughter of *Pelias* and Wife to *Admetus*.

Thus thro' the boist'rous Seas *Leander* mov'd. The Fable of *Hero* and *Leander* is as well known as any in *Ovid*, he treats of it in his Epistles; we find it also in *Museus's* Poem, and in *Martial's* Epigrams.

When Servants merry make, &c. This has Allusion to a Festival celebrated at *Rome* by the Servants, in remembrance of a great piece of Service their Predecessors had done the *Romans*, soon after the Invasion of the *Gauls*; the time of celebrating it was in *July*. 'Twas done in Honour of *Juno Caprotina*, according to *Macrobius* in his *Saturnalia*, Book 1, Chap. 11: The Free Maidens and Servants, says the same Author, sacrific'd on that Day to *Juno*, under a wild Fig-tree, call'd in *Latin* *Caprificus*, in Memory of that complaisant Virtue which inspir'd the Servant Maids to expose themselves to the Lust and Revenge of the Enemy, for the Preservation of the Publick Honour. For after the *Gauls* had taken the City, and were driven out again, when things were restor'd to their former Order, the neighbouring Nations, believing the *Romans* were very much weaken'd by the late Invasion, Siege, and Sack; took hold of that Opportunity to invade them, chusing *Posthumius Livinus* of *Fidenes* for their Chief, and demanded of the Senate, That if they would preserve their City and Authority, they should send them their Wives and Daughters. The Senators taking the Matter into Consideration; could not tell what Answer to return. They knew their own Weakness, and

108 NOTES on the Second Book.

the Strength of their Enemies; and in this uncertainty a Servant Maid call'd *Tutela* or *Philotis*, offer'd to go with some other Maids of the same Condition to the Enemy. This Proposal was generally lik'd, and accordingly the Maids were dress'd like the Wives of Senators, and the Daughters of Free Citizens, and went weeping to put themselves into the Hands of the Invaders. *Livius* order'd them to be dispers'd into several Quarters; and as they had agreed among themselves, they tempted their new Husbands to drink, pretending that Day ought to be celebrated as a Festival; and when they were almost dead drunk, they gave the Romans a Signal from the Top of a Fig-tree to fall on. The latter were encamp'd not far off, and at this Signal they assaulted and easily master'd the Enemy's Camp, putting most of them to the Sword. The Senate, to reward this important Service, order'd that the Servants should be made Free, that they should have Portions paid them out of the Publick Treasury, and allow'd them to wear the Ornaments they had taken. The Day on which this happy Expedition was executed, was call'd the *Caprotine Nones*, from the wild Fig-tree *Caprificus*, from whence the Signal was given to the Romans to sally out and gain so glorious a Victory, in remembrance of which Action the Servants sacrific'd every Year under this or some other Fig-tree. *Plutarch* relates the same Story in the Life of *Camillus*.

The State, and in the Suburb Market bought. This gives us a better Idea of *Ovid's* Thought than a literal Translation would have done. He speaks of the Fruits sold in the Holy-street, or *Via Sacra*, as *Varro* writes in his Treatise of Country Affairs, and *Propertius* in the 24th Elegy of the 11th Book.

Quaque nitent sacra villa dona via,

And Ovid himself, in the 8th Elegy of his 1st Book *Amorum*, says;

Munera praterea videat, qua miserit alter;

Si tibi nil dederit, sacra roganda via est.

And we find the same in an Epigram upon the *Priapus's*:

Hac quacunque tibi posui vernacula pomae,

De sacra nulli dixeris esse via.

This Street was call'd *Holy* because 'twas the Place where *Romulus* and *Tatius* enter'd into an Alliance.

With Chestnuts, Melons, &c. In Ovid 'tis, with Chestnuts which *Amaryllis* loves. *Macrobius* in the 18th Chapter of his 8th Book calls them *Heracleis-quas*, according to *Oppian*, whom he honours with the Title of Learned, and who speaks of them in the Book he says he wrote of wild Trees. *Virgil* mentions these Chestnuts in his first Eclogue.

Castaneasque nucei mea quas Amaryllis amabat.

And when Ovid wrote these Verses,

Afferas aut Uvas, aut quas Amaryllis amabat:

At nunc Castaneas, nunc amat illa. Nucei.

It seems very probable he had seen that Eclogue, and remember'd *Amaryllis's* Chestnuts. He speaks of other Nuts also, of which *Macrobius* in the above-mention'd Place names several sorts, and the Passage is very curious.

Some larger Fish or choicer Fowl presents. Ovid names the Bird, *Turdoque licet missaque corona*. The *Turdus*

FIG NOTES on the Second Book.

were our Thrushes, and *Martial* thought them one of the finest Dishes that could come to a Table.

Inter aves, turdus, si quis me iudice certet.

They were sent in Bunches made up in the Shape of a Crown; and to shew how much the same Poet valu'd them, I will repeat this little Epigram.

Texta rosis fortasse tibi, vel divite nardo;

At mihi de turdis facta Corona placet.

'Tis with this Art the Childless Miser's caught; Thus future Legacies are basely bought. The Translation very well expresses the Meaning of the Original, and *Juvenal* has said enough on this Subject in his Satyr, when he falls upon such as flatter the Rich, in hopes of being put in their Wills for good Legacies.

But who, alas! of late are mov'd by Verse. In the Original the Expression is a little more significant. Indeed what *Ovid* complains of in his time, may with much more Reason be exclaim'd against now; for the Muses are not only neglected but despis'd: However, the Poets are reveng'd of those that despise them, by believing there are more who do it out of Ignorance and Envy, than out of real Contempt; for such a one must be a Monster, insensible of Harmony and Wit, Reason and Eloquence. But 'tis too true that Learning of all sorts is not in that Esteem which it was in *Augustus's* Days; and if there are a few Men who write good Books, there are fewer still who read them. Nor are we singular in our Fortune in England, since the French Author makes the same Complaint, and we doubt not 'tis generally all over the World; for if *Ovid* had Reason to say this in the politest Court and Age that ever was known, 'tis no wonder the Ages in their

NOTES on the Second Book. III

Depravity should give much more occasion for such a Scandal. What the Poet writes of the little Esteem Verse was in, is very agreeable, and one may see he speaks from the Abundance of his Heart. Who is there who cannot as heartily join with him?

Purple commend. 'Tis Tyrian Purple in the Original, that being the finest Dye. It took its Name from an Island called Tyre, which afterwards by the Magnificence of Alexander the Great was join'd to the Continent, for 'twas very near before. Ovid mentions a particular Robe which the Lover was to praise, *Gausapa si sumpsit, gausapa sumpta proba.* The French Author Translates *Gausapa a Cymar*; 'twas a Winter Gown and furr'd, of which Martial says,

Is mihi candor inest, villorum gratia tanta est,

Ut me vel modica sumere messe velis.

Or when she combs, or when she curls her Hair. We may perceive that either the Ladies were not so nice in managing their Hair before their Lovers, in Ovid's Time; or, that the Ladies he speaks of, were not the nicest. They curl'd their Hair with a Bodkin, and sometimes with a hot Iron, as in our Days; but they shew'd more of it, than 'tis the Fashion with the Modern Ladies.

The next Care Ovid recommends to the Lover, is the Complaisance he is to observe towards his Mistress when she is sick; and the Poet here sacrifices his Delicacy to his Tenderness.

Think nothing nauseous in her loath'd Disease,

But with your ready hand contrive to please.

Weep in her Sight, then fonder Kisses give,

And let her burning Lips your Tears receive.

Et sicca Lacrymas combibat ora tuas. But there is one Passage which could not so elegantly be express'd

THE NOTES on the Second Book.

in English, *Lustrum annuū est unguē locumque*, alluding to a Ceremony practis'd by the Romans of purifying the Beds: an Office which belong'd to the Nurse. And this was done with Sulphur and Eggs: a sort of Religious Worship, when Vows were made for the Health and Rest of the Patient. Apuleius, in the first Book of his *Golden Ass*, makes mention of a like Purification: so does *Juvénal*:

--- Metuque jubet Septembris, & auri.

Adventum, nisi se centum lustraveris ovīs.

And *Propertius*, Elegy 9, Book 4:

Terque meum tetigit sulphuris igne caput.

For the Number of Three was always Mysterious; and as to the Sulphur of which he speaks here, as well as *Ovid*, it was thought to have great Virtue in Purifications. Upon which see the 15th Chapter of the 35th Book of *Pliny*. *Ovid*, in the 4th Book de *Fastis*. *Tibullus*, Elegy 5, Book 1. And *Quintus* upon this Verse in the 6th *Æneid*:

Alia panduntur inanes, &c.

The Dreadful Bull. This and the following Similes are taken from Country Affairs, which have an agreeable Affect on this Occasion, when the Poet speaks of the Tendency of every living thing to Love.

When Sparta's Prince. *Menelaus* was then absent in *Crete*, whither he and his Brother *Agamemnon* went to divide the Estate left them by their Father *Atreus*.

Nor Drunkard by th' Aonian God possess. *Aonia* is taken here for *Bœotia*, of which *Thebes* was the Capital, where *Bacchus* was born; and the Fury that transports People when they are drunk, is re-

ry well compar'd to that of wild Beasts, and Vipers.

Her Off-spring's Blood enrag'd Medea spits. Medea, to be reveng'd of Jason for his Inconstancy, murder'd her own Children after they had liv'd together 10 Years with Creon, King of Corinth: She did this when Jason left her to marry Creusa; or, as Diodorus names her, Glauca, the King's Daughter: From thence she fled to Thebes; and thence to Aegeus, King of Athens, who banish'd her. Some Authors write that she burnt Jason and Creusa, by setting their Palace on Fire. What is more certain, is, that Euripides has written a very fine Tragedy on this Subject; and 'tis said Ovid did the same.

And Progne's unrelenting Fury proves. Progne, Wife of Tereus, King of Thrace, who kill'd her own Daughters, and presented them to her Husband, because he had ravish'd her Sister Philomela. The Fable is reported at large in the 6th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

While with a Wife Atrides liv'd content. Agamemnon, Son of Atreus, whose Wife Ovid thinks would not have been so impudent, if he himself had been constant, and had not ravish'd Briseis and Cassandra. See the 1st Book of Homer's *Iliads*, Ovid's *Heroical Epistles*, and Seneca's *Agamemnon*. Briseis was the Daughter of the King of Lyrnessi, a City on the Frontiers of Troas, over-against Lesbos.

And took Egisthus to her injur'd Arms. Egisthus, the Son of Thyestes and Pelopias, his own Daughter, kill'd his Uncle Atreus, and his Son Agamemnon, whose Wife Clytemnestra he had debauch'd; and was himself kill'd by her Son Orestes, to revenge the death of Agamemnon his Father.

Some Pepper bruis'd; with Seeds of Nettles join;
And Clary steep. This makes the Sense of the Author plain, by the infamous Use of such Draughts.

114 NOTES on the Second Book.

Ovid calls it *Saturea*, or Savoury. Others give it the Term of *Satureia*; and Pliny and Columella of *Thymbra*, because it tasted very much of *Thyme*. Some imagine 'twas call'd *Saturea* of *Satyrs*; others derive it from *Saturitate*. The Quality of this Plant is very hot, according to the several Observations of *Dioscorides*, and his Commentator *Mathiolus*. *Martial* also mentions it:

*Sed nil eruca faciunt bulbique salaces,
Improba nec profunt jam saturea tibi.*

As for the Pepper, its Nature is hot and dry, and mix'd with Nettle and Linseed is good for the Pain in the Side; 'tis proper to add Hyssop also, according to Pliny's Observation.

The Goddess worship'd by th' Erycian Swains,

Megara's white Shallot, so fam'd, disdains. Mount *Eryx* in *Sicily* was so call'd from *Eryx*, a Son of *Venus*; who having taken a certain King call'd *Bula* to her Arms, had this Child by him. He built a Temple here to his Mother, when he arriv'd to Man's Estate, who from thence had the Name of *Erycinian*, or *Erycina*: We have made bold to use the Word *Erycian* of *Eryx* for the sake of the Measure. *Venus Erycina*, or *Erycinian*, is often met with in the Writings of the Ancient Poets; as in the 5th *Eneid*:

Tunc vicina Astris Erycino in vertice sedes.

We have translated *Candidus Alcathei qui mittitur urbe Pelasga*, *Megara's white Shallot*, as *Mernula* and *Myeillus* interpret it. *Alcatheus*, Son of *Pelops*, gave *Megara* the Name of *Alcatheos*; for he returning from *Elis* after the Death of *Nisus*, his Father-in-Law, King of *Megara*, succeeded him, and built a Fort, which he call'd by his own Name; as *Pausanias* in:

NOTES on the Second Book. II

his *Atticks* witnesses. But here *Ovid* certainly speaks of a Bulbous Plant that grew in the Territory of *Megara*, which had a hot Quality, and provok'd to Lust; as all the Naturalists confess, and among others *Columella*.

*Spargite quaque vires acunt, armantque Puellas:
Jam Megaris veniant genitalia semina Bulbi
Et quæ sicca legit Getulis obruta globis.*

Which also gave occasion to this Epigram of *Mar-tial*:

*Quum sit anus conjuncta, & sint tibi mortua membra;
Nil aliud, bulbis quam satur esse potes.*

Now Eggs they take. Especially Hens and Partridges, which, as *Almanzor* teaches, are wonderfully Provocative. *Pliny* says they are very nourishing, if not eaten to Excess. *Horace*, Satyr 4. Book 1. prefers your longish Eggs to those that are round.

And Honey's liquid Juice. The Poet says, Honey of *Hymetta*, from a Hill in *Attica*, where Flowern grew continually, and excellent Honey was made, as *Strabo* witnesses, as well as *Pliny* and several others. The Honey of *Hybla* in *Sicily* was also in great Esteem. That of *Narbonne* in *France*, and *Hampshire* in *England*, has as good a Name as the *Hymetian* or *Hyblean* Honey. The Kernels of the Pine-apple and Pistachos are mention'd by the Author, as Provocatives; and *Pliny* observes, they strengthen the Reins. *Martial* writes of the Pine-apples,

*Poma sumus Cybeles, procul hinc discede Viator;
Ne cadat in miserum nostra ruina caput.*

First Nature lay an undigested Mass. The following Verses are almost the same with the beginning of his

116 NOTES on the Second Book.

Metamorphoses; and the only Fault of this Poet seems to be his using the same Thought too frequently. In which he is the more faulty, because we may see plainly he was of an abounding Genius. His undigested Mass is what we call *Chaos*; but not according to the Opinion of some Persons, who, as *Diodorus* reports, said the World was uncreated and uncorruptible, and that Mankind had no Origine. Not to enter into that Dispute, it appears very probable, that the great and principal Parts of which the World is compos'd, let it be made when it will, are as young and vigorous as ever. The Sun, the Stars, the Earth, the Seas, Fire and Air, are not weary of their Labour, and pregnate continually with the Vicissitudes which have been in all Times observ'd.

Machaon's Art, &c. An admirable Physician, of whom *Homer* speaks in the 2d *Iliad*. And *Diodorus* writes, that *Æsculapius* left two Sons, who were both Physicians, and as famous as himself, *Machaon* and *Podalirius*, who accompany'd *Agamemnon* to the Siege of *Troy*, and cur'd Wounds almost to a Miracle.

First know your self. This was a Saying of *Chilo* the *Lacedæmonian*, who was one of the seven wise Men of *Greece*. *Pliny* mentions him; and this Saying was so highly esteem'd, that 'twas written in Letters of Gold in the Temple at *Delphos*, *nosce te quemque*. But, according to *Juvenal*, it came from Heaven; as well as that other Too much of nothing; to which he adds, *Comisumque aris alieni ac litis esse miseriam*.

What Haras on Athos, Boes on Hybla seek. *Athos* is a Mountain in *Macedonia*, or *Thrace*, according to *Stephanus*; which *Xerxes*, as *Pliny* tells us, divided 1500 Paces from the Continent; 'tis so high, that

NOTES on the Second Book 117

its Top is above the Region of the Clouds. Herodotus speaks of it in his 4th Book, and Strabo in his Sylva.

---Ingenti cultorem proximis umbra
Vestit. Aethon, nemorumque obscurat imagine pontum.

Our Poet says here, this Mountain was full of Hares of some sort or other; for there are several kinds of them. *Hyblæ* or *Hybla*, in Sicily, has been spoken of before, *Tamylus* informs us, it took its Name from a King call'd *Hybla*, and that 'twas afterward nam'd *Algora*; there were abundance of Bees in the Country about it, and thence it became so famous for Honey, as *Ovid* takes notice more than once;

What makes you fainter here? &c. There is a very difficult Passage in the Original, omitted therefore in the Translation.

Effugere hinc non est quare tibi possit amica

Discre, Non omni tempore sensus abest.

It shou'd be, says the French Translator, *Sensus abest*, and not *Sensus abest*. *Morula* reads them thus,

Effugere hinc non est quare tibi possit amica

Discre, non omni tempore sensus abest.

Others read *adest*, and others *abest*; 'Tis obscure every way, and there seems to be an Error in the Text. The Commentators generally puzzle the Cause, when they endeavour to explain it, so 'tis left as 'twas found, without espousing one Opinion or another.

For what escapes the Sun's observing Rays? The Sun sees all things, and nothing can avoid being seen by

118 NOTES on the Second Book.

it, any more than it can dispense with being warmed by it. *Virgil*, at the end of his *Georgicks*, Book the 1st, says,

Falsum quis dicere solem audeat ?

A Journey feigns. To *Lemnos*, as the Poet says, an Island in the *Aegean Sea*, over-against Mount *Athos*, according to *Pliny*. *Ephastia* and *Myrine* were two Cities in it, in ancient Times, whither, during the Solstice, the Mountain us'd to send its Shade. 'Twas in this Isle that *Vulcan* fell, when his Father *Jupiter* Aung him from Heaven; and he thence became a Cripple, as we find in *Valerius Flaccus*, Book 11.

To *Paphos* she retires. *Paphos* is a City in *Cyprus*, sometimes call'd *Paphos*, sometimes *Palapaphos*, or ancient *Paphos*. 'Twas consecrated to *Venus*; and she was, for that reason, nam'd *Paphian* and *Palapaphian Venus*. *Ovid* gives her also the Name of *Diona*, who was the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, and begat *Venus* by *Jupiter*, wherefore she goes by that Nymph her Mother's Name.

Never his intercepted Joys disclose. He means intercepting a Rival's Letter, and discovering the Contents. To intercept Letters, and divulge a Secret, was a Crime punishable by the Laws, by Banishment, or Interdiction of Fire and Water, by which was understood Exile.

What impious Wretch will Ceres' Rites expose. This is a Simile, and shews us, 'twas not lawful to reveal the Mysteries of *Ceres*. *Macrobius* in the 11th Chapter of his 1st Book upon *Scipio's Dream*, writes, That the Philosopher *Numenius*, being too curious to know the Secrets of hidden Things, incur'd the Wrath of the Gods, by divulging the *Eleusinian Mysteries*, which were the same with those of *Ceres*.

NOTES on the Second Book. 119

Or Juno's solemn Mysteries, &c. In Latin *Magna-que Thracia sacra reperta Samo? Samos in Thrace, or Samothrace*, where the sacred Mysteries of Ceres were celebrated, as *Diodorus* writes in his 6th Book. *Samothrace* was an Island, call'd before that *Dardania*. A Queen of the *Amazons*, whose Name was *Myrrha*, having conquer'd several Islands, was in danger of perishing in a Storm; out of which escaping, she vow'd a Sacrifice to the Mother of the Gods, and arriv'd in this Island, which was then desert. Here she was warn'd, in a Dream, to consecrate it to that Goddess, which she did, built a Temple, and celebrated Feasts in her Honour, calling the Island by the Name of *Samothrace*. Some Historians however write, that it was at first call'd *Samos* by the People of the Country, and afterwards *Samothrace* by the *Thracians*, who came to inhabit it.

His witty Torments Tantalus deserves. He proves by the Example of *Tantalus*, that no Man should reveal Secrets. *Tantalus*, so *Diodorus* tells us, was the Son of *Jupiter* and the Nymph *Plota*, equally Rich and Renown'd. He dwelt in *Paphlagonia*, and was favour'd by the Gods for the Dignity of his Birth; but having been told some of their Secrets, and divulging them to Mortals, he was thrown into Hell for his Crime, where his Punishment was what *Ovid* tells us,

*Poma pater Pelopis præsentia quarit; & idem
Semper eget liquidis, semper abundat aquis.*

And *Tibullus*,

*Tantalus est illic, & circum stagna, sed acrem
Jamjam poturi deseris unda sitim.*

'Tis easie to see that by the Fable of *Tantalus*, the Ancients meant Misers, whose Desires after Riches

120 NOTES on the Second Book.

are inflexible; and 'tis in this Sense *Horace* takes notice of it in his first Satyr to *Mecenas*.

But boasts with whom, &c. And who is there so ignorant as not to know, the Fops of our Age are exactly like those in *Ovid's*.

*Naked Andromeda when Perseus view'd,
He saw her Faults, &c.* That is, she was Black, as this Poet elsewhere says,

Andromede patria fusca colore sua.

She was Swarthy, or had not a good Skin and Complexion, yet *Beneus* lik'd her, deliver'd her from the Sea Monster, and Marry'd her. This Fable every body knows.

Andromache was tall. The Poet means she was very tall, and so much that 'twas rather a Disadvantage than a Beauty, yet *Hector* thought she was of a moderate height. This Princess was the Daughter of *Priam* King of *Troes*, and *Hector's* Wife. *Ovid* is not the only Author who takes notice of her Tallness. *Juvenal* in his 6th Satyr, wherein he rallies a Lady in his time, who dress'd her Head very high, says she affect'd to have the Air of *Andromache*.

If she is Swarthy. Blacker than Illyrian Pitch, says *Ovid*, by which we find *Illyria* was famous for it. The Greeks call'd the People who liv'd above *Macedonia* and *Thrace*, as far as *Chaonia* and *Thesprotus* to the *Danube*, *Illyrians*, according to *Appian*; which Name was giv'n them from *Illyrius* the Son of *Polyphemus* and *Galatea*.

Not pictur'd Postures, &c. He speaks of obscene Pictures representing Nudities, and different Postures, such as *Carraccio's* and *Aretin's* in latter Days. For there were as bad in old Times compos'd by *Elephantis*, from which *Tiberius* took the Figures that were

NOTES on the Second Book. 121

were Painted in his Bed-Chamber and Closet. There is an Ancient Epigram that mentions some such Picture, which a certain *Lalagus* presented to the God of the *Hellepont*.

*Obsternas rigido Deo tabellas
Ducens ex Elephantidos libellis,
Das donum Lalagus, rogatque sentes
Si pictas opus edat figuras.*

There are too many of these infamous Paintings in our own Time, and 'tis pity the use of Snuff has given occasion to introduce them into some Companies, where such things should be held in Detestation. Enough of this Bestiality.

Give me Enjoyment, &c. From this and the following Verses we may perceive our Poet abhor'd the Gallantry too much practis'd among the *Romans* then, and *Italians* now, as well as in the Eastern Countries.

Indeed we find nothing like it in all his Writings, which can hardly be said of any of his Contemporary Poets, or scarcely in one of their Authors at all, before or after him, 'till the *Romans* embraced Christianity. He says, 'tis true, he is only less touch'd with that Beastly Passion; but by that is to be understood he was not touch'd at all.

Retire, my Muse, &c. *Ovid*, who was advanc'd a little too far, checks his Muse, and bids her give back. 'Tis certain he ought to have stopp'd here; but he could not forbear telling what he had in his Head. He, however, says but a little, and 'tis not necessary to explain it: The Subject is too well known already. If our Moralizing was convenient at any time, it must be now, for fear our Imagination should out-run the Poet's. As *Ovid* tells his Muse here, so every Man should tell himself,

322 NOTES on the Second Book.

even in the most Excellent Things; when we are arrived at a certain Point, we should abstain from saying any more, we should enjoy the Charms of Philosophy retir'd, and by our selves; for as the way of the World is now, 'tis scandalous in some Companies to talk of it, and there are Men even so stupid, as always to turn it into Ridicule. I shall be glad if my Author's Arguments have the effect he pretends to on this Occasion.

As Calchas could explain the Mystick Bird. As he could observe the Flights of Birds, or the Entrails of Beasts. Calchas was the Son of Thestor, as Homer writes in his first Iliad, famous for his Skill in the Art of Divination, which he learnt of Apollo. He accompanied the Greeks to the Siege of Troy, tho' he was himself a Trojan, if we may believe *Distys Cretensis*; but, says he, 'twas by Apollo's Order. And *Servius* informs us, that finding *Mopsus* excell'd him in his own Art, he dy'd of Grief. Ovid, from this, and several other Examples, shews us he was perfectly Master of the Art of Love.

And lead his Amazon in Triumph home. This he speaks by way of Metaphor for some Lady hard to be overcome, as if all Lovers were Warriors: From whence he says a little before that Love is a sort of Warfare; and in an Epistle, which he wrote to Atticus, in his Books de Ponto,

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido:

Attico, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

OVID's

re
y-
i-
ay
n-
fo
all
&

he
ls
lo-
in
lo.
oy,
ve
Dr-
tus
ef.
ws

he
ard
ys:
s a
ote

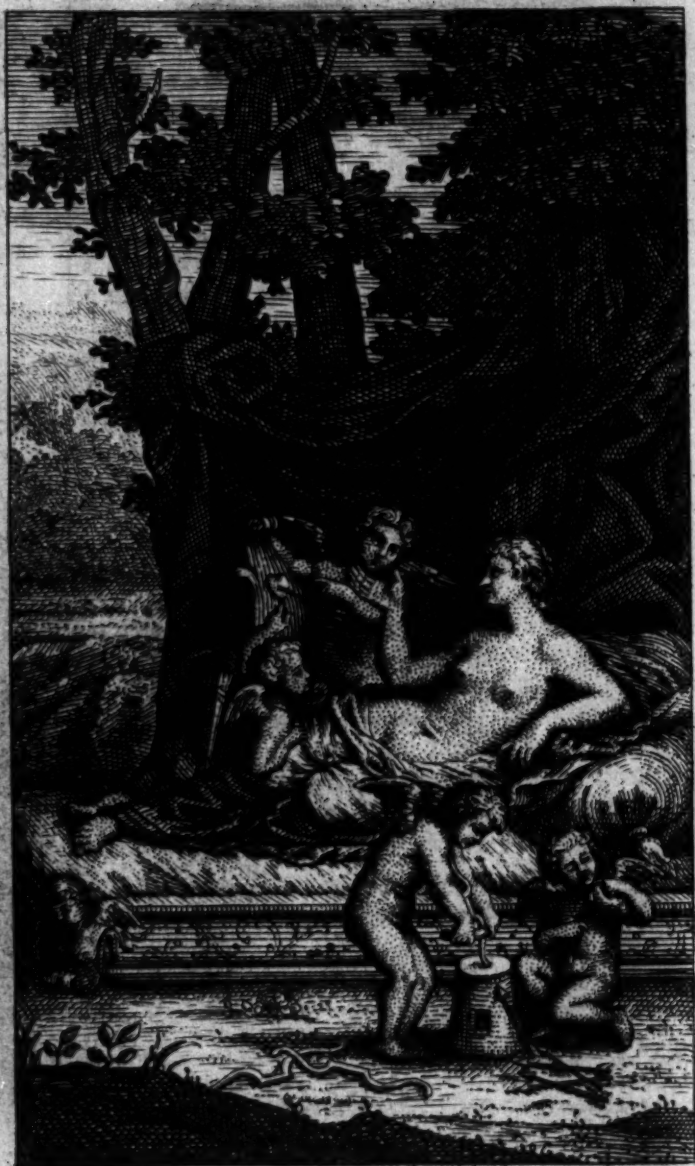
:

's

22



[Faint, illegible text or markings at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.]



F. Albane inv: Sam. Gribelin Junior Sculp
Book 3.



OVID'S
ART of LOVE.

BOOK III.

Translated by Mr. CONGREVE.



THE Men are arm'd, and for the Fight
prepare ;

And now we must instruct and arm the
Fair.

Both Sexes, well appointed, take the
Field,

And mighty Love determine which shall yield.

Man were ignoble, when, thus arm'd, to show

Unequal Force against a naked Foe:

No Glory from such Conquest can be gain'd.

And Odds are always by the Brave disdain'd.

114 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

But, some exclaim, what Frensic rules your Mind?
 Would you encrease the Craft of Woman-kind? 10
 Teach them new Wiles and Arts! As well you may
 Instruct a Snake to bite, or Wolf to prey.
 But sure too hard a Censure they pursue,
 Who charge on all, the Failings of a few.
 Examine, first, impartially each Pair, 15
 Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
 If *Menelaus*, and the King of Men,
 With Justice, of their Sister-Wives complain;
 If false *Eriphyle* forsook her Faith,
 And for Reward procur'd her Husband's Death; 20
Penelope was Loyal still; and Chaste,
 Tho' twenty Years her Lord in Absence pass'd.
 Reflect how *Laodamia's* Truth was try'd,
 Who, tho' in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Pride, }
 To share her Husband's Fate, untimely dy'd. 25
 Think how *Alceste's* Piety was prov'd,
 Who lost her Life, to save the Man she lov'd.
 Receive me, *Capaneus*, *Evadne* cry'd;
 Nor Death it self our Nuptials shall divide:
 To join thy Ashes, pleas'd I shall expire. 30
 She said, and leap'd amidst the Fun'ral Fire.
 Virtue her self a Goddess we confess,
 Both Female in her Name and in her Dress;
 No wonder then, if to her Sex inclin'd,
 She cultivates with Care a Female Mind. 35
 But these exalted Souls exceed the Reach
 Of that soft Art, which I pretend to teach.
 My tender Barque requires a gentle Gale,
 A little Wind will fill a little Sail. 39
 Of sportful Loves I sing, and shew what Ways
 The willing Nymph must use, her Bliss to raise, }
 And how to captivate the Man she'd please.
 Woman is soft, and of a tender Heart,
 Apt to receive, and to retain Love's Dart:

Book III. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 125

Man has a Breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false; and, if you search with Care,
You'll find less Fraud imputed to the Fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Crisus Partner of his Bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown Shore,
Thy Absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
If then the wild Inhabitants of Air
Forbore her tender lovely Limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy Care.
Enquire the Cause, and let Demophoon tell,
Why Phyllis by a Fare untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd Day,
She sought th' appointed Shore, and view'd the Sea:
Her Fall the fading Trees consent to mourn,
And shed their Leaves round her lamented Urn.

The Prince so far for Piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee forlorn, and languishing with Grief,
His Sword alone he left, thy last Relief.
Ye ruin'd Nymphs, shall I the Cause impart
Of all your Woes? 'Twas want of needful Art.
Love, of it self, too quickly will expire;
But pow'rful Art perpetuates Desire.
Women had yet their Ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this Art by Venus been reveal'd.

Before my Sight the Cyprian Goddess shone,
And thus she said; What have poor Women done?
Why is that weak, defenceless Sex expos'd;
On ev'ry Side, by Men well-arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the Men instructed by thy Muse,
Nor must she now to teach the Sex refuse.
The Bard who injur'd Helen in his Song,
Recanted after, and redress'd the Wrong.

And you, if on my Favour you depend, 39
 The Cause of Women, while you live, defend.
 This said, a Myrtle Sprig, which Berries bore,
 She gave me (for a Myrtle Wreath she wore.)
 The Gift receiv'd, my Sense enlighten'd grew,
 And from her Presence Inspiration drew. 85
 Attend, ye Nymphs, by Wedlock unconfin'd,
 And hear my Precepts, while she prompts my Mind.
 Ev'n now, in Bloom of Youth, and Beauty's Prime,
 Beware of coming Age, nor waste your Time:
 Now, while you may, and rip'ning Years invite, 90
 Enjoy the seasonable, sweet Delight:
 For rolling Years, like stealing Waters, glide;
 Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing Tide:
 Think not, *hereafter* will the Loss repay;
 For ev'ry Morrow will the Taste decay, 95
 And leave less Relish than the former Day.
 I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd Thorn,
 The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn.
 With fragrant Wreaths I thence have deck'd my Head.
 And see, how leaf-less now, and how decay'd! 100
 And you, who now the Love-sick Youth reject,
 Will prove, in Age, what Pains attend Neglect.
 None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,
 Nor wake, to fire your Street with Morning Flow'rs.
 Then nightly Knockings at your Doors will cease, 105
 Whose noiseless Hammer, then, may rust in Peace.

Alas, how soon a clear Complexion fades!
 How soon a wrinkled Skin plump Flesh invades!
 And what avails it, tho' the Fair one swears
 She from her Infancy had some grey Hairs? 110
 She grows all hoary in a few more Years,
 And then the venerable Truth appears.
 The Snake his Skin, the Deer his Horns may cast,
 And both renew their Youth and Vigour pass'd:

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 127

But no Receipt can Human-kind relieve, 115
 Doom'd to decrepit Age, without Reprieve.
 Then crop the Flow'r which yet invites your Eye;
 And which, ungather'd, on its Stalk must die.
 Besides, the tender Sex is form'd to bear,
 And frequent Births too soon will Youth impair:
 Continual Harvest wears the fruitful Field, 125
 And Earth it self decays, too often till'd.
 Thou didst not, *Cynthia*, scorn the *Latmian* Swain;
 Nor thou, *Aurora*, *Cephalus* disdain;
 The *Paphian* Queen, who, for *Adonis*' Fate, 125
 So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
 Has not been found inexorable since;
 Witness *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan* Prince.
 Then take Example, Mortals, from above,
 And like Immortals live, and like 'em love. 130
 Refuse not those Delights which Men require,
 Nor let your Lovers languish with Desire.
 False tho' they prove, what Loss can you sustain?
 Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
 Tho' constant Use, ev'n Flint and Steel impairs; 135
 What you employ no Diminution fears.
 Who would, to light a Torch, their Torch deny?
 Or who can dread drinking an Ocean dry?
 Still Women lose, you cry, if Men obtain:
 What do they lose, that's worthy to retain? 140
 Think not this said to prostitute the Sex,
 But undeceive whom needless Fears perplex.

Thus far a gentle Breeze supplies our Sail,
 Now launch'd to Sea, we ask a brisker Gale. 144
 And, first, we treat of Dress: The well-dress'd Vine
 Produces plumpest Grapes; and richest Wine;
 And plenteous Crops of golden Grain are found,
 Alone, to grace well-cultivated Ground.
 Beauty's the Gift of Gods, the Sex's Pride!
 Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd? 150

Art helps a Face; a Face, tho' heav'nly fair,
 May quickly fade for want of needful Care.
 In ancient Days, if Women slighted Dress,
 Then Men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
 If *Hector's* Spouse was clad in stubborn Stuff, 155
 A Soldier's Wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample Breast, provides
 Seven lusty Bulls, and tanns their sturdy Hides;
 And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
 And yet his Wife not elegantly dress'd? 160
 With rude Simplicity *Rome* first was built,
 Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt,
 This Capitol with that of Old compare;
 Some other *Jove* you'd think was worshipp'd there.
 That lofty Pile where *Senates* dictate Law, 165
 When *Tatius* reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with Straw:
 And where *Apollo's* Fane resplendent stands,
 Was heretofore a Tract of Pasture-Lands.
 Let ancient Manners other Men delight;
 But me the Modern please, as more Polite. 170
 Not, that Materials now in Gold are wrought,
 And distant Shores for Orient Pearls are sought:
 Nor for, that Hills exhaust their Marble Veins,
 And Structures rise whose Bulk the Sea restrains:
 But, that the World is civiliz'd of late, 175
 And polish'd from the Rust of former Date.
 Let not the Nymph with Pendants load her Ear,
 Nor in Embroid'ry, or Brocade, appear;
 Too rich a Dress may sometimes check Desire,
 And Cleanliness more animate Love's Fire. 180
 The Hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a Grace,
 And much become, or mis-become the Face.
 What suits your Features, of your Glass enquire,
 For no one Rule is fix'd for Head-Attire.
 A Face too long shou'd part and flat the Hair, 185
 Left, upwad comb'd, the Length too much appear:

So *Laodamia* dress'd. A Face too round
 Shou'd show the Ears, and with a Tour be crown'd,
 On either Shoulder, one, her Locks displays;
 Adorn'd like *Phæbus*, when he sings his Lays:
 Another, all her Tresses ties behind;
 So dress'd, *Diana* hunts the fearful Hind,
 Dishevell'd Locks most graceful are to some;
 Others, the binding Fillets more become:
 Some plat, like spiral Shells, their braded Hair,
 Others, the loose and waving Curl prefer.
 But, to recount the several Dresses worn,
 Which artfully each sev'ral Face adorn,
 Were endless, as to tell the Leaves on Trees,
 The Beasts on *Alpine* Hills, or *Hybla's* Bees.
 Many there are, who seem to slight all Care,
 And with a pleasing Negligence ensnare;
 Whole Mornings, oft, in such a Dress are spent,
 And all is Art, that looks like Accident,
 With such Disorder *Venus* was grac'd,
 When great *Alcides* first the Nymph embrac'd.
 So *Ariadne* came to *Bacchus*' Bed,
 When with the Conquerour from *Crete* she fled.

Nature, indulgent to the Sex, repays
 The Losses they sustain, by various ways.
 Men ill supply those Hairs they shed in Age,
 Lost, like Autumnal Leaves, when North-winds rage.
 Women, with Juice of Herbs, grey Locks disguise,
 And Art gives Colour which with Nature vye;
 The well-wove Tourns they wear, their own are thought;
 But only are their own, as what they've bought.
 Nor need they blush to buy Heads ready dress'd,
 And chuse, at publick Shops, what suits 'em best.

Costly Apparel let the Fair one fly,
 Enrich'd with Gold, or with the *Tyrian* Dye.

What Folly must in such Expence appear,
 When more becoming Colours are less dear?
 One, with a Dye is ting'd of lovely Blue,
 Such as, thro' Air serene, the Sky we view.
 With yellow Lustre see another spread, 225
 As if the Golden Fleece compos'd the Thread.
 Some, of the Sea-green Wave the Cast display;
 With this, the Nymphs their beauteous Forms array:
 And some, the Saffron Hue will well adorn;
 Such is the Mantle of the blushing Morn. 230
 Of Myrtle-berries, one, the Tincture shows;
 In this, of Amethysts, the Purple glows,
 And, that, more imitates the paler Rose. }
 Nor *Thracian* Cranes forget, whose sil'ry Plumes
 Give Patterns, which employ the mimick Looms. 235
 Nor Almond, nor the Chestnut Dye disclaim,
 Nor others, which from Wax derive their Name.
 As Fields you find, with various Flow'rs o'erspread,
 When Vineyards bud, and Winter's Frost is fled;
 So various are the Colours you may try, 240
 Of which, the thirsty Wooll imbibes the Dye.
 Try every one, what best becomes you, wear;
 For no Complexion all alike can bear.
 If fair the Skin, black may become it best,
 In black the lovely fair *Briséis* drefs'd: 245
 If brown the Nymph, let her be cloath'd in white,
Andromeda so charm'd the wond'ring Sight.
 Too I need not warn you of too pow'rful Smells,
 Which, sometimes Health, or kindly Heat expels.
 Nor, from your tender Legs to pluck with Care
 The casual Growth of all unseemly Hair. 251
 Tho' not to Nymphs of *Caucasus* I Sing,
 Nor such who taste remote the *Mysian* Spring;
 Yet, let me warn you, that, thro' no Neglect,
 You let your Teeth disclose the least Defect. 255

You know the Use of *white* to make you fair,
 And how, with *red*, lost Colour to repair;
 Imperfect Eye-brows you by Art can mend,
 And Skin, when wanting, o'er a Scar extend.
 Nor need the Fair one be ashamed, who tries,
 By Art, to add new Lustre to her Eyes;

A little Book I've made, but with great Care,
 How to preserve the Face, and how repair.
 In that, the Nymphs, by Time or Chance annoy'd,
 May see, what Pains to please 'em I've employ'd;
 But, still beware, that from your Lover's Eye
 You keep conceal'd the Med'cines you apply:
 Tho' Art assists, yet must that Art be hid,
 Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
 Who would not take Offence, to see a Face
 All dabb'd, and dripping with the melted Grease?
 And tho' your Unguents bear th' *Athenian* Name,
 The Wool's unsav'ry Scent is still the same.
 Marrow of Stags, nor your *Pomatus* try,
 Nor clean your furry Teeth, when Men are by;
 For many things, when done, afford Delight,
 Which yet, while doing, may offend the Sight.
 Even *Myro's* Statues, which for Art surpass
 All others, once were but a shapeless Mass;
 Rude was that Gold which now in Rings is worn,
 As once the Robe you wear was Wool unshorn.
 Think, how that Stone rough in the Quarry grew,
 Which, now, a perfect *Venus* shews to View.
 While we suppose you sleep, repair your Face,
 Lock'd from Observers, in some secret Place;
 Add the last Hand, before your selves you show;
 Your need of Art, why should your Lover know?
 For, many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
 And few of strict Enquiry bear the Test.
 Those Figures which in Theatres are seen,
 Gilded without, are common Wood within.

But no Spectators are allow'd to pry,
'Till all is finish'd, which allures the Eye.

Yet, I must own, it oft affords Delight
To have the Fair one comb her Hair in sight; 295
To view the flowing Honours of her Head
Fall on her Neck, and o'er her Shoulders spread.
But let her look, that she with Care avoid
All fierful Humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish Haste, 300
All that her Woman does; who does her best.
I hate a Vixen, that her Maid assails,
And scratches, with her Bodkin, or her Nails;
While the poor Girl in Blood and Tears must mourn,
And her Heart curses, what her Hands adorn. 305

Let her who has no Hair, or has but some,
Plant Centinels before her Dressing-room;
Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress,
Where all the Male-kind are debarr'd Access.

'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a Tale devis'd) 310
A Lady at her Toilet once surpriz'd;
Who starting, snatch'd in haste the Tour she wore,
And in her hurry plac'd the hinder Part before.
But on our Foes fall ev'ry such Disgrace,
Or barb'rous Beauties of the *Parthian Race*. 315
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a Horn
The lofty Hart, whom Branches best adorn,
A Leaf-less Tree, or an unverdant Mead;
And as ungraceful is a hair-less Head.

But think not, these Instructions are design'd 320
For first-rate Beauties, of the finish'd Kind;
Not to a *Semele*, or *Leda* bright,
Nor an *Europa*, these my Rules I write;

Nor the fair *Helen* do I teach; whose Charms
 Stirr'd up *Atrides*, and all *Greece*, to Arms: 325
 Thee to regain, well was that War begun,
 And *Paris* well defended what he won;
 What Lover, or what Husband, would not fight
 In such a Cause, where both are in the right?

The Croud I teach, some homely, and some fair;
 But of the former Sort the larger Share. 331
 The handsome least require the Help of Art,
 Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's Part,
 When calm the Sea, at ease the Pilot lyes,
 But all his Skill exerts when Storms arise. 335

Faults in your Person, or your Face, correct;
 And few are seen that have not some Defect.
 The Nymph too short, her Seat should seldom quit,
 Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
 And when extended on her Couch she lyes, 340
 Let Length of Petticoats conceal her Size. [chuse,
 The Lean, of thick-wrought Stuff her Cloaths should
 And fuller made, than what the Plumper use.
 If Pale, let her the Crimson Juice apply;
 If Swarthy, to the *Phryian* Varnish fly. 345
 A Leg too lank, tight Garters still must wear;
 Nor should an ill-shap'd Foot be ever bare.
 Round Shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least;
 And lacing strait, confines too full a Breast.
 Whose Fingers are too fat, and Nails too coarse, 350
 Should always shun much Gesture in Discourse.
 And you, whose Breath is touch'd, this Caution take,
 Nor fasting, nor too near another, speak.
 Let not the Nymph with Laughter much abound,
 Whose Teeth are black, uneven, or unsound. 355
 You'd hardly think how much on this depends,
 And how a Laugh, or spoils a Face, or mends.

Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your Gums,
 And lose the Dimple which the Cheek becomes.
 Nor let your Sides too strong Concussions shake, 360
 Lest you the softness of the Sex forsake.
 In some, Distortions quite the Face disguise;
 Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
 In one, too hoarse a Voice we hear betray'd,
 Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd. 365

What cannot Art attain! Many, with ease,
 Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
 Others, thro' Affectation, lisp, and find,
 In Imperfection, Charms to catch Mankind.
 Neglect no Means which may promote your Ends; 370
 Now learn what way of Walking recommends.
 Too Masculine a Motion shocks the Sight;
 But Female Grace allures with strange Delight.
 One has an artful Swing and Jut behind,
 Which helps her Coats to catch the swelling Wind; 375
 Swell'd with the wanton Wind, they loosely flow,
 And ev'ry Step and graceful Motion show.
 Another, like an *Umbrian's* sturdy Spouse,
 Strides all the Space her Petticoat allows.
 Between Extreams, in this, a Mean adjust, 380
 Nor shew too nice a Gate, nor too robust.

If snowy white your Neck, you still should wear
 That, and the Shoulder of the left Arm, bare.
 Such Sights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous Heart,
 And make me pant to kiss the naked Part. 385

Sirens, tho' Monsters of the stormy Main,
 Can Ships, when under Sail, with Songs, detain:
 Scarce could *Ulysses* by his Friends be bound,
 When first he listen'd to the charming Sound.
 Singing insinuates: Learn, all ye Maids; 390
 Oft, when a Face forbids, a Voice persuades.

Whether on Theatres loud Strains we hear,
 Or in Ruelles some soft Egyptian Air,
 Well shall she sing, of whom I make my Choice,
 And with her Lute accompany her Voice.
 The Rocks were stir'd, the Beasts to listen staid,
 When on his Lyre melodious *Orpheus* play'd;
 Even *Cerberus* and Hell that Sound obey'd,
 And Stones officious were, thy Walls to raise,
 O *Thebes*, attracted by *Amphion's* Lays.
 The Dolphin, dumb it self, thy Voice admir'd,
 And was, *Arion*, by thy Songs inspir'd.

Of sweet *Callimachus* the Works rehearse,
 And read *Philetas* and *Anacreon's* Verse.
 Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve;
 But softest *Sappho* best instructs to Love.
 Propertius; Gallus, and Tibullus read,
 And let *Varro*ian Verse to these succeed.
 Then mighty *Mars's* Work with Care peruse;
 Of all the *Latian* Bards the noblest Muse.
 Even I, 'tis possible, in After-days,
 May scape Oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
 My labour'd Lines, some Readers may approve,
 Since I've instructed either Sex in Love.
 Whatever Book you read of this soft Art,
 Read with a Lover's Voice, and Lover's Heart.

Tender Epistles too, by me are fram'd,
 A Work before unthought of, and unnam'd.
 Such was your sacred Will, O tuneful Nine!
 Such thine, *Apollo*, and *Lycaus*, thine!

Still unaccomplish'd may the Maid be thought,
 Who gracefully to Dance was never taught:
 That active Dancing may to Love engage,
 Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage.

136 OVID'S *Art of Love.* Book III.

Of some odd Trifles I'm asham'd to tell, 425
 Tho' it becomes the Sex to trifle well;
 To raffle prettily, or sur a Dye,
 Implies both Cunning and Dexterity.
 Nor is't amiss at Chess to be expert, 429
 For Games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
 Learn ev'ry Game, you'll find it prove of Use;
 Parties begun at Play, may Love produce.
 But easier 'tis to learn how Bets to lay,
 Than how to keep your Temper while you play.
 Unguarded then, each Breast is open laid, 436
 And while the Head's intent, the Heart's betray'd.
 Then base Desire of Guin, then Rage appears,
 Quarrels and Brawls arise, and anxious Fears;
 Then Clamours and Revellings reach the Sky,
 While losing Gamesters all the Gods despise. 440
 Then horrid Oaths are utter'd ev'ry Cast;
 They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay weep at last,
 Good Jove avert such shameful Faults as these,
 From every Nymph whose Heart's inclin'd to please.
 Soft Recreations fit the Female-kind; 445
 Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd:
 To wield the Sword, and hurl the pointed Spear;
 To stop, or turn the Steed, in full Career.

Tho' Martial Fields ill suit your tender Frames,
 Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid Streams; 450
 Yet when Sol's burning Wheels from Leo drive,
 And at the glowing Virgin's Sign arrive,
 'Tis both allow'd and fit, you should repair
 To pleasant Walks, and breathe refreshing Air.
 To Pompey's Gardens, or the shady Groves 455
 Which Caesar honours, and which Phabus Loves:
 Phabus, who sunk the proud Egyptian Fleet,
 And made Augustus' Victory compleat.
 Or seek those Shades, where Monuments of Fame
 Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's Name; 460

Or, where *Agrippa* first adorn'd the Ground,
When he with Naval Victory was crown'd,
To *Isis*' Fane, to Theatres resort;
And in the *Circus* see the noble Sport.
In ev'ry publick Place, by turns, be shown; 463
In vain you're Fair, while you remain unknown,
Should you, in singing, *Thamyras* transcend;
Your Voice unheard, who could your Skill commend?
Had not *Apelles* drawn the Sea-born Queen,
Her Beauties, still, beneath the Waves had been. 470

Poets inspir'd, write only for a Name,
And think their Labours well repay'd with Fame.
In former Days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care;
Majestick Awe was in the Name allow'd, 471
And, they, with rich Possessions were endow'd,
Ennius with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd,
And, next his own, the Poet's Statue plac'd.
But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem,
And all their Learning's thought an idle Dream. 476
Still, there's a Pleasure, that proceeds from Praise:
What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise,
But that he sung his *Iliad*'s deathless Lays? }

Who cou'd have been of *Danae*'s Charms assur'd,
Had she grown old, within her Tow'r immur'd?
This, as a Rule, let ev'ry Nymph pursue, 486
That 'tis her Int'rest oft to come in View.

A hungry Wolf at all the Herd will run,
In hopes, thro' many, to make sure of one.
So, let the Fair the gazing Croud assail, 492
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In ev'ry Place to please, be all her Thought;
Where, sometimes, least we think, the Fish is caught,

138 OVID's *Art of Love*. Book III.

Sometimes, all Day, we hunt the tedious Foil,
Anon, the Stag himself shall seek the Toil. 495

How cou'd *Andromeda* once doubt Relief,
Whose Charms were heighten'd and adorn'd by Grief?
The widow'd Fair, who sees her Lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new Desire, }
And *Hymen's* Torch re-light with fun'ral Fire. }

Beware of Men who are too sprucely dress'd; 502
And look, you fly with speed a Fop profess'd.
Such Tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull Story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove, 509
And never fix'd, are Fugitives in Love.
Such flutt'ring things all Women sure should hate,
Light, as themselves, and more Effeminate.
Believe me; all I say is for your Good;
Had *Præm* been believ'd, *Troy* still had stood. 510

Many, with base Designs, will Passion feign,
Who know no Love, but sordid Love of Gain.
But let not powder'd Heads nor essenc'd Hair,
Your well-believing, easie Hearts ensnare.
Rich Cloaths are oft by common Sharpers worn, 515
And Diamond Rings fellonious Hands adorn.
So, may your Lover burn with fierce Desire
Your Jewels to enjoy, and best Attire.
Poor *Chloe* robb'd, runs crying thro' the Streets;
And as she runs, Give me my own repeats. 520
How often, *Venus*, hast thou heard such Cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy *Appian* Votaries?
Some so notorious are, their very Name
Must ev'ry Nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by Ills which others have destroy'd, 525
And faithless Men with constant Care avoid.

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 139

Trust not a *Theseus*, fair *Athenian* Maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting Gods betray'd.
And thou, *Demophoon*, Heir to *Theseus*' Crimes,
Has lost thy Credit to all future Times. 130

Promise for Promise, equally afford,
But once a Contract made, keep well your Word.
For, she for any Act of Hell is fit,
And undismay'd may Sacrilege commit;
With impious Hands cou'd quench the Vestal Fire,
Poison her Husband, in her Arms, for Hire, 136
Who, first, to take a Lover's Gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his Claim denies.

But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly Horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended Course. 140

If Love Epistles, tender Lines impart,
And *Billet-doux* are sent, to sound your Heart,
Let all such Letters, by a faithful Maid,
Or Confident, be secretly convey'd.
Soon from the Words you'll judge, if read with Care,
When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere. 146
E'er in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, encrease Desire:
Not let the pressing Youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude Disdain. 150
Now let his Hopes, now let his Fears encrease,
But by degrees, let Fear to Hope give place.

Before avoid set Phrases, when you write,
The usual way of Speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzl'd Lover vex'd, 155
To read a Letter with hard Words perplex'd!
A Still too coarse takes from a handsome Face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.

But since (tho' Chastity be not your Care)
 You from your Husband still wou'd hide th' Affair,
 Write to no Stranger 'till his Truth be try'd; 361
 Nor in a foolish Messenger confide.
 What Agonies that Woman undergoes,
 Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to expose;
 Who rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd, 363
 And lives for ever to that Dread enslav'd!
 Such Treachery can never be surpass'd,
 For those Discov'ries, sute as Light'ning, blast.
 Might I advise, Fraud shou'd with Fraud be paid;
 Let Arms repel all who with Arms invade. 370

But since your Letters may be brought to Light,
 What if in sev'ral Hands you learn'd to write?
 My Curse on him who first the Sex betray'd,
 And this Advice so necessary made.
 Nor let your Pocket-Book two Hands contain, 375
 First rub your Lover's out, then write again.
 Still one Contrivance more remains behind,
 Which you may use as a convenient Blind;
 As if to Women writ, your Letters frame, 379
 And let your Friend, to you subscribe a Female Name.

Now, greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,
 And clap on all the Sail the Barque can bear.
 Let no rude Passions in your Looks find place;
 For Fury will deform the finest Face:
 It swells the Lips, and blackens all the Veins, 385
 While in the Eye a Gorgon Horror reigns.

When on her Flute divine *Minerva* play'd,
 And in a Fountain saw the Change it made,
 Swelling her Cheek: She flung it quick aside,
 Nor is thy *Musick* so much worth, she cry'd. 390
 Look in your Glass, when you with Anger glow,
 And you'll confess, you scarce your selves can know,

Book III. OVID'S *Art of Love*. 141

Nor with excessive Pride insult the Sight,
 For gentle Looks alone to Love invite.
 Believe it as a Truth that's daily try'd, 595
 There's nothing more detestable than Pride.
 How have I seen some *Airs* Disgust create,
 " *Like things which by Antipathy we hate!* [paid,
 Let Looks with Looks, and Smiles with Smiles be
 And when your Lover bows, incline your Head. 600
 So, Love preluding, plays at first with Hearts,
 And after wounds with deeper piercing Darts.
 Nor me a melancholly Mistress charms;
 Let sad *Tecmessa* weep in *Ajax's* Arms.
 Let mourning Beauties, sullen Heroes move; 605
 We chearful Men like Gaiety in Love.
 Let *Hector* in *Andromache* delight,
 Who, in bewailing *Troy*, wastes all the Night.
 Had they not both born Children (to be plain)
 I ne'er cou'd think they'd with their Husband's lain.
 I no Idea in my Mind can frame, 611
 That either one or t'other doleful Dame,
 Could toy, cou'd fondle, or cou'd call their Lords
 My Life, my Soul; or speak endearing Words.

Why from Comparisons shou'd I refrain, 615
 Or fear small things by greater to explain?
 Observe what Conduct prudent Gen'als use,
 And how their sev'ral Officers they chuse;
 To one, a Charge of Infantry commit,
 Another, for the Horse, is thought more fit. 620
 So you your sev'ral Lovers shou'd select,
 And, as you find 'em qualify'd, direct.
 The wealthy Lover store of Gold should send;
 The Lawyer shou'd, in Courts, your Cause defend.
 We, who write Verse, with Verse alone shou'd bribe;
 Most apt to Love is all the tuneful Tribe. 625
 By us, your Fame shall thro' the World be blaz'd;
 So *Nemesis*, so *Cynthia's* Name was rais'd.

142 OVID'S *Art of Love*. Book III.

From East to West, *Lycoris*' Praises ring;
 Nor are *Corinna*'s silent, whom we sing. 639
 No Fraud the Poet's sacred Breast can bear;
 Mild are his Manners, and his Heart sincere,
 Nor Wealth he seeks, nor feels Ambition's Fires,
 But shuns the Bar; and Books and Shades requires.
 Too faithfully, alas! we know to Love, 635
 With ease we fix, but we with Pain remove;
 Our softer Studies with our Souls combine,
 And, both, to Tenderness our Hearts incline.
 Be gentle, Virgins, to the Poet's Pray'r,
 The God that fills him, and the Muse revere; 640
 Something Divine is in us, and from Heav'n
 Th' inspiring Spirit can alone be giv'n.
 'Tis Sin, a Price from Poets to exact;
 But 'tis a Sin no Woman fears to act.
 Yet hide, how'er, your Avarice from Sight, 645
 Lest you too soon your new Admirer fright.

As skilful Riders rein, with diff'rent force,
 A new-back'd Courser, and a well-train'd Horse;
 Do you, by diff'rent Management, engage
 The Man in Years, and Youth of greener Age. 650
 This, while the Wiles of Love are yet unknown,
 Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
 With kind Caresses oft indulge the Boy,
 And all the Harvest of his Heart enjoy.
 Alone, thus bless'd, of Rivals most beware; 655
Nor Love, nor Empire, can a Partner bear.
 Men more discreetly love, when more mature,
 And many things, which Youth disdains, endure;
 No Windows break, nor Houses set on Fire,
 Nor tear their own, or Mistresses Attire. 660
 In Youth, the boiling Blood gives Fury vent,
 But Men in Years more calmly Wrongs resent.
 As Wood when green, or as a Torch when wet,
 They slowly burn, but long retain their Heat. 664

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 143

More bright is youthful Flame, but sooner dies;
Then swiftly seize the Joy that swiftly flies.

Thus, all betraying to the beauteous Foe,
How surely to enslave our selves, we show.
To trust a Traitor, you'll no Scruple make,
Who is a Traitor only for your sake. 670

Who yields too soon, will soon her Lover lose;
Wou'd you retain him long? then long refuse.
Oft at your Door make him for Entrance wait,
There let him lye, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with Sweets, Bitters the Taste restore;
Ships, by fair Winds, are sometimes run ashore. 676
Hence springs the Coldness of a marry'd Life,
The Husband, when he pleases, has his Wife.
Bar but your Gate, and let your Porter cry
Here's no Admittance, Sir; I must deny: 680
The very Husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing Inclination to be kind.

Thus far with Foils you've fought; those laid aside,
I, now, sharp Weapons for the Sex provide;
Nor doubt, against my self, to see 'em try'd.

When, first, a Lover you design to charm, 686
Beware, lest Jealousies his Soul allarm;
Make him believe, with all the Skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy Man.
Anon, by due degrees, small Doubts create, 690
And let him fear some Rival's better Fate.
Such little Arts make Love its Vigour hold,
Which else wou'd languish, and too soon grow old.
Then steins the Courser to out-strip the Wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, Suspitions may revive; 696
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.

Yet, one Precaution to this Rule belongs;
 Let us at most suspect, not prove our Wrongs.
 Sometimes, your Lover to incite the more,
 Pretend your Husband's Spies beset the Door: 700
 Tho' free as *Thais*, still affect a Fright;
 For, seeming Danger heightens the Delight.
 Oft let the Youth in thro' your Windows steal;
 Tho' he might enter at the Door as well.
 And, sometimes, let your Maid Surprise pretend, 705
 And beg you, in some Hole to hide your Friend.
 Yet, ever and anon, dispel his Fear,
 And let him taste of Happiness sincere;
 Lest, quite dishearten'd with too much Fatigue,
 He shou'd grow weary of the dull Intrigue. 710

But I forget to tell, how you may try
 Both to evade the Husband, and the Spy.

That Wives shou'd of their Husbands stand in awe,
 Agrees with Justice, Modesty, and Law:
 But, that a Mistress may be lawful Prize, 715
 None, but her Keeper, I am sure, denies.
 For such fair Nymphs, these Precepts are design'd,
 Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing Mind.
 Tho' stuck with *Argus*' Eyes your Keeper were,
 Advis'd by me, you shall elude his Care. 720

When you, to wash or bathe retire from Sight,
 Can he observe what Letters then you write?
 Or, can his Caution against such provide,
 Which, in her Breast, your Confident may hide?
 Can he the Note beneath her Garter view, 725
 Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her Shoe?
 Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her Back undress,
 And, writing on her Skin, your Mind express.
 New Milk, or pointed Spires of Flax, when green,
 Will Ink supply, and Letters mark unseen. 730

Fair

Fair will the Paper show, nor can be read,
'Till all the Writing's with warm Ashes spread.

Acrisius was, with all his Care, betray'd;
And in his Tow'r of Brass a Grandfire made.

Can Spies avail, when you to Plays resort, 733
Or in the Circus view the noble Sport?

Or, can you be to *Isis*' Fane pursu'd,
Or *Cybele*'s, whose Rites all Men exclude?

Tho' watchful Servants to the Bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the Bathing room. 740

Or, when some sudden Sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your Sick-bed a Friend?

False Keys a private Passage may procure,
If not, there are more Ways besides the Door. 744

Sometimes with Wine your watchful Follow'r treat;
When drunk you may with ease his Care defeat:

Or, to prevent too sudden a Surprise,
Prepare a sleeping Draught, to seal his Eyes:

Or let your Maid, still longer time to gain,
An Inclination for his Person feign; 750

With faint Resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent Delays, be won.

But, what need all these various doubtful Wiles,
Since Gold the greatest Vigilance beguiles?

Believe me, Men and Gods with Gifts are pleas'd;
Ev'n angry *Jove* with Off'rings is pleas'd. 756

With Presents Fools and Wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the Husband may be bought.

But let me warn you, when you bribe a Spy,
That you for ever his Connivance buy; 760

Pay him his Price at once, for with such Men
You'll know no End of giving now and then.

H

Once, I remember, I with Cause complain'd
 Of Jealousie occasion'd by a Friend.
 Believe me, Apprehensions of that kind, 765
 Are not alone to our false Sex confin'd.
 Trust not, too far, your She-companion's Truth,
 Lest she sometimes shou'd intercept the Youth:
 The very Confident that lends the Bed,
 May entertain your Lover, in your stead. 770
 Nor keep a Servant with too fair a Face,
 For such I've known supply her Lady's Place.

But, whither do I run with heedless Rage,
 Teaching the Foe unequal War to wage?
 Did ever Bird the Fowler's Net prepare? 775
 Was ever Hound instructed by the Hare?
 But all Self-ends and Int'rest set apart,
 I'll faithfully proceed to teach my Art.
 Defenceless and unarm'd expose my Life,
 And for the *Lemnian* Ladies, whet the Knife. 780

Perpetual Fondness of your Lover feign,
 Nor will you find it hard, Belief to gain;
 Full of himself, he your Design will aid:
 To what we wish, 'tis easie to persuade.
 With dying Eyes, his Face and Form survey, 785
 Then, sigh, and wonder he so long cou'd stay:
 Now drop a Tear, your Sorrows to assuage,
 Anon, reproach him, and pretend to rage.
 Such Proofs as these, will all Distrust remove,
 And make him pity your excessive Love. 790
 Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
How can I let this poor fond Creature die?
 But chiefly, one such fond Behaviour fires,
 Who courts his Glass, and his own Charms admires.
 Proud of the Homage to his Merit done, 795
 He'll think a Goddess might with ease be won.

Book III. OVID's Art of Love. 147

Light Wrongs, be sure, you still with Mildness bear,
Nor strait fly out, when you a Rival fear.
Let not your Passions o'er your Sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly ev'ry idle Tale. 800
Let *Procris*' Fate, a sad Example be
Of what Effects attend Credulity.

Near, where his purple Head *Hymettus* shows
And flow'ring Hills, a sacred Fountain flows,
With soft and verdant Turf the Soil is spread, 805
And sweetly-smelling Shrubs the Ground o'er-shade.
There, Rosemary and Bays their Odours join,
And with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine.
There, Tamarisks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
And Cytisus, and Garden Pines, abound. 810
While thro' the Boughs, soft Winds of *Zephyr* pass,
Tremble the Leaves, and tender tops of Grass.
Hither would *Cephalus* retreat to rest,
When tir'd with Hunting, or with Heat oppress'd:
And, thus, to *Air*, the panting Youth wou'd pray, 815
Come, gentle Aura, come, this Heat allay.
But some Tale-bearing too officious Friend,
By chance, o'er-heard him as he thus complain'd;
Who, with the News to *Procris* quick repair'd,
Repeating Word for Word what she had heard. 820
Soon, as the Name of *Aura* reach'd her Ears,
With Jealousie surpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her rose Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies like Death, supply'd the place;
Pale she appear'd as are the falling Leaves, 825
When first the Vine the Winter's Blast receives.
Of ripen'd Quinces, such the yellow Hue,
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her Swoon, her Robes she tore, 830
Nor her own faultless Face to wound, forbore.
Now, all dishevell'd, to the Wood she flies,
With *Bacchanalian* Fury in her Eyes.

Thither arriv'd; she leaves, below, her Friends;
 And, all alone, the shady Hill ascends.
 What Folly, *Procris*, o'er thy Mind prevail'd? 835
 What Rage, thus, fatally, to lye conceal'd?
 Whoe'er this *Aura* be (such was thy Thought)
 She, now shall in the very Fact be caught.
 Anon, thy Heart repents its rash Designs,
 And now to go, and now to stay inclines: 840
 Thus, Love, with Doubts perplexes still thy Mind,
 And makes thee seek, what thou must dread to find.
 But, still, the Rival's Name rings in thy Ears,
 And more suspicious still the Place appears:
 But more than all, excessive Love deceives, 845
 Which, all it fears too easily believes.

And, now, a Chilness run thro' ev'ry Vein,
 Soon as she saw where *Cephalus* had lain.
 'Twas Noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
 The scorching Ardour of the Mid-day's Sun: 850
 With Water, first, he sprinkled o'er his Face,
 Which glow'd with Heat; then sought his usual Place.
Procris, with anxious but with silent Care,
 View'd him extended, with his Bosom bare; 854
 And heard him, soon, th' accusom'd Words repeat,
Come Zephyr, Aura come, allay this Heat.
 Soon as she found her Error, from the Word,
 Her Colour and her Temper were restor'd.
 With Joy she rose, to clasp him in her Arms:
 But *Cephalus* the rustling Noise alarms; 860
 Some Beast he thinks he in the Bushes hears,
 And strait, his Arrows and his Bow prepares.
 Hold! hold! unhappy Youth! --- I call in vain,
 With thy own Hand thou hast thy *Procris* slain.
Me, me, (she cries) thou'st wounded with thy Dart:
But Cephalus was wont to wound this Heart, 866
Yet, lighter on my Ashes, Earth will lye,
Since, tho' untimely, I unrival'd die!

Book III. OVID's *Art of Love*. 149

*Come, close with thy dear Hand my Eyes in Death,
Jealous of Air, to Air I yield my Breath.* 870

Close to his heavy Heart, her Cheek he laid, [made:
And wash'd, with streaming Tears, the Wound he
At length, the Springs of Life their Currents leave,
And her last Gasps, her Husband's Lips receive.

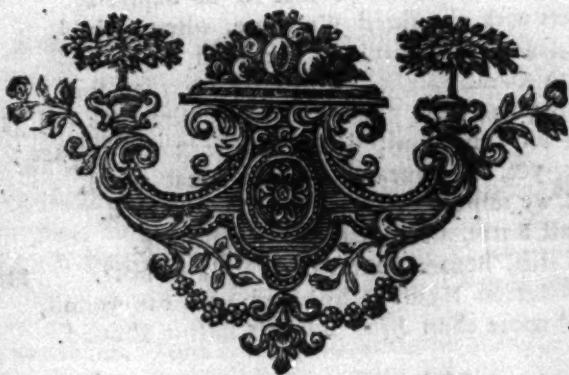
Now to pursue our Voyage we must provide, 875
'Till, safe to Port our weary Bark we guide.

You may expect, perhaps, I now shou'd teach
What Rules, to Treats and Entertainments reach.
Come not the first, invited to a Feast;
Rather, come last, as a more grateful Guest: 880
For, that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the surest Welcome, when arriv'd.
Besides, Complexions of a coarser kind,
From Candle-light, no small Advantage find.
During the time you eat, observe some Grace, 885
Nor let your unwip'd Hands besmear your Face;
Nor, yet, too squeamishly your Meat avoid,
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all Extreames in either kind, beware,
And still, before your Belly's full, forbear. 890
No Glutton Nymph, however Fair, can wound,
Tho' more than *Helen* she in Charms abound.

I own, I think, of Wine the moderate use
More suits the Sex, and sooner finds Excuse;
It warms the Blood, adds Lustre to the Eyes, 895
And Wine and Love have always been Allies.
But, carefully from all Intemp'rance keep,
Nor drink 'till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
For in such Sleeps, Brutalities are done, 899
Which, tho' you loath, you have no Pow'r to shun.

And now th' instructed Nymph from Table led,
Shou'd next be taught, how to behave in Bed.
But Modesty forbids: Nor more, my Muse,
With weary Wings, the labour'd Flight pursues;
Her purple Swans unyok'd, the Chariot leave, 905
And needful Rest (their Journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial Care, my Art I show,
And equal Arms, on either Sex bestow:
While Men and Maids, who by my Rules improve,
Ovid, must own, their Master is in Love. 910



NOTES



NOTES

On the THIRD BOOK of

OVID's Art of LOVE.



*I*F Menelaus, and the King of Men. Agamemnon and Menelaus, two Brothers, marry'd two Sisters, Clytemnestra and Helena, Daughters of Tyndarus King of Lacedaemon: The Story is well known. Both the Sisters prefer'd Gallants to their Husbands Beds; and if Helena had her Paris, Clytemnestra had her *Egistheus*.

If false Eriphyle forsook her Faith. Eriphyle, Daughter of Talaon King of Argos, and Wife of *Amphiaraus*, being covetous of a Gold Chain, which *Venus* had given *Hermione*, and which *Polynice's* Wife had receiv'd as a Present from that unfortunate Prince, he gave it her on condition she oblig'd her Husband to go to the Theban War, in which he knew he would perish; and she prevail'd with him to go. This Princess being thus the Occasion of her Husband's Death, is often represented as an Instance of the Falshood and Vanity of the Sex. The Story is Eloquently told in *Statius Thebais*.

152 NOTES on the Third Book.

Penelope was Loyal. Penelope, Daughter of Icarus and Polycaesta. Her Chastity is often mention'd to the Reputation of the Fair.

To share her Husband's Fate. Proteusilaus, Laodamia's Husband, was the first Greek that was kill'd in the Trojan War, to which he went with 40 Ships; as Homer tells us in his 2d Iliad. When his Wife Laodamia, Acastus's Daughter, heard the News, she passionately desir'd to see his Ghost; which being granted her by the Gods, she embrac'd it so closely that she perish'd in its Embraces. Ovid has written an Epistle from Laodamia to Proteusilaus, and Propertius speaks of her in the 19th Elegy of his 1st Book. Proteusilaus was Grandson of Phylacus, for which reason he is also call'd Phylacides: Phylacus was King of Phylaca in Thessaly, as Apollodorus writes in his 1st Book, and Strabo in his 9th. The Father of Proteusilaus was Iphiclus; and that he was the first Grecian who was kill'd in the Trojan War, we learn in Ovid's Metamorphose.

---Hecforea primus fataliter hasta
Protesilae cadis.---

And Ausonius,

Protesilae tibi nomen sic fata dederunt,
Hostia quod Troja prima futurus eras.

Catullus, in his Elegy to Manlius, gives a History of it after these Verses,

Quam jejuna pium desideret ara cruorem,
Docta est amisso Laodameia viro.

Ovid, in the 6th Elegy of the 1st Book of his Amorum,

Tristia Phylacida Therfres funera vidit.

He speaks also of him in his *Remedy of Love*, and in the 18th Elegy of the 2d Book of his *Anonymum*.

Think how *Alceſtis*' Piety was prov'd. *Alceſtis*, *Admetus*'s Wife, who offer'd to die to lengthen her Husband's Life: She was a *Theſſalian*, and Daughter of *Pelias*. *Admetus* was the Son of *Pheres*; we have ſpoken of him already.

Receive me, *Capaneus*, *Evadne* cry'd. There were three famous Ladies of this Name. The firſt, Daughter of *Neptune* and *Pilanes*, who was bred up on the Banks of the *Euroſas*. The ſecond was Daughter of King *Pelias*, whom *Jafon* gave in Marriage to *Oeneus*, Son of *Cephalus* King of the *Phœceans*; and the third, Daughter of *Iphias*. She marry'd *Capaneus*, who ſignaliz'd himſelf in the *Theban* War, of which the Poet ſpeaks here.

Virtue her ſelf a Goddeſs we confeſs. She was repreſented at *Rome* in a Woman's Habit, and a Temple and Altars were dedicated to her. The Poet vindicates the Sex by this Saying in a very high degree, as if Virtue, by being a Goddeſs, was more the Ladies than the Mens. In the 7th Book of *Livy*'s ſecond *Punic* War, and in *Valerius Maximus*, we find Mention made of a Temple to Virtue, built by *Marcellus*.

Why *Phyllis* by a Fate untimely fell.

Nine times, &c. *Phyllis*, Daughter of *Lycurgus* King of *Thrace*, deſpairing of the Return of *Demophoon* Son of *Theſeus*, to whom ſhe had granted her laſt Favours, was about to hang her ſelf; when, as the Fable ſays, the Gods, in Compaſſion to her, turn'd her to an Almond-tree without Leaves: *Demophoon* ſometime after this returning, went and embrac'd his metamorphos'd Miſtreſs, and the Tree afterwards put forth Leaves, hence called *Φύλλα*, but former-

154 NOTES on the Third Book.

ly Πέραια. Nine times, to shew that she as often went to the Sea-side, expecting to meet him.

The Prince so far, &c. *Aeneas* and *Dido*. The pious Hero excus'd his Falshood by the injunction of the Gods.

The Bard who injur'd Helen. The Poet *Stesichorus*, on whose Lips a Nightingale sung when he was a Child, a sure Prognostick of his being a famous Poet. *Pliny* writes this of him. He wrote a bitter Satyr against *Helen*, for which her Brothers *Castor* and *Pollux* pluckt out his Eyes; but sometime after he was restor'd to his Sight, having recanted in his *Palinodia*, a Poem quite contrary to the former, of which *Horace* speaks in his 27th Epode. *Plato* mentions the same Story in his *Phædo*; but instead of *Sparta*, *Ovid* writes *Therapne*, speaking of *Helen*, for she is said to be born in that Town in *Laconia*, whence she was call'd *Therapnaea*. *Rure Therapnao nata puella*, says this Poet in another place; yet others affirm she was born at *Amyclea* near *Lacedæmon*.

And hear my Precepts while she prompts my Mind. There was no occasion of giving another Turn to the Original, tho' the nearer the Version comes to it, perhaps it would give the more Offence: But if we resum'd the Allegory we have already spoken of, 'tis certain that none can make too much haste to acquire the good Graces of Philosophy and fine Learning; for which, Youth, Genius, and the Strength of Maturity are necessary.

The blooming Rose vy'd with the blushing Morn. Tho' *Ovid* has not gone very far out of the way for this Simile, yet in this place it has a good Effect; as also in another, where he says,

*Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia florent,
Et riget amissa spina relicta rosa.*

NOTES on the Third Book. 155

None, then, will press upon your Midnight Hours,
Nor wake, to strow your Street with Morning Flow'rs.
The Expression is gallant; and we easily comprehend what the Author means by the first Verse. Horace has a Thought very like it, Ode 15. Book 1.

*Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
janua limen.*

When a fair Lady has out-liv'd her Charms, who will be at the Pains of breaking her Windows or Doors out of Rage and Despair? The second Verse alludes to a piece of Gallantry in use among the Roman Lovers, to strow Flowers before the Doors of their Mistresses. Propertius speaks of it more largely in the 6th Elegy of his 1st Book, which begins,

Quæ fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis janua.

Lucretius, in his 4th Book, paints it thus;

*At lacrymans exclusus amator limina sape
Floribus & sertis operit, postesque superbos
Ungit amaracino.*

Ovid himself, in the 6th Elegy of the 1st Book of his *Amorum*,

*At tu non latis detracta corona capillis
Dura super tota limina nocte jace.*

And in his *Remedy of Love*,

*Effice nocturna frangatur janua rixa,
Et tegat ornatas multa corona forēs.*

Tibullus, Elegy 2. Book 2. expresses himself in much the same manner,

136 NOTES on the Third Book.

*Te meminisse decet qua plurima voce peregi
Supplice, cum post florida fersa darem.*

Catullus, in his *Atys*,

Mibi floridis corollis redimita domus erat.

And Virgil, in his 4th *Aeneid*, *Et variis florentia limina fertis*. For the Ancients us'd to hang Garlands at their Doors on several Occasions; but here he speaks only of the Folly of Lovers, and those chiefly who have made too merry before they visit their Mistresses.

Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian Swain; Endymion, with whom, according to that Fable, the Moon fell in Love, and descended to converse with him on Mount *Latmos* in *Caria*; because, as *Blind* says, he was the first who observ'd the Motion of that Planet. There's a very fine Description of it in *Buchanan's Astrological Poem*; and *Ovid* has already spoken of this Fable.

Witness *Harmonia*, and the *Dardan Prince*. *Harmonia* or *Hermione*, Daughter of *Mars* and *Venus*, was marry'd to *Cadmus*. *Diodorus*, who calls her *Harmonia*, makes her the Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Electra*, but agrees that she was *Cadmus's* Wife.

Still Women lose, you cry, &c.

Et tamen ulla viro mulier non expedit, inquit.

Quid, nisi quam sumis, dic mihi perdis aquam?

These Verses are not barely translated to the literal Sense which is conceiv'd to be in them; but paraphras'd according to the Interpretation of *Heinsius*, who seems truly to understand the Text, tho' differing in his Conjecture from *Scaliger* and other Commentators. If any Reader is curious enough to consult the Commentary of *Heinsius*, on this

place; he will find by other Instances cited from *Ovid*, that *aquam sumere* was a Phrase appropriated to a particular Time and Custom among Women. This had not been insisted on here, had it not been the only Passage in this Book, which all other Commentators but *Heinsius* have render'd unintelligible; for otherwise the Verses are not very considerable: And the most which *Ovid* says in this Place, is no more than, if speaking of eating he had said, *Why should any one scruple to use their Hands, when it can cost them nothing but a little Water to wash them afterwards, which is not worth saving?*

If *Hector's* Sponse, &c. *Andromache* is always represented as a plain sort of a Woman; *tunica valentes* here means coarse and thick Stuff, which the Version hits very well.

Seven lusty Bulls. *Ajax's* Shield *Homer* describes in his 7th *Iliad*, and says *Tychius* who made it gave it the Shape of a Tower. *Ovid*, in the 13th Book of his *Metamorphoses*, makes *Ulysses* speak thus of this Shield,

*Qua nisi fecissem, frustra Telamone creatus.
Gestasset lava taurorum tergora septem.*

Virgil, towards the end of the 12th *Aeneid*, describes *Turnus's* Shield in the same manner.

Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt. *Aurea Roma*. Some think he alludes to the Capitol only, which was gilt, but the Version renders the true Meaning of the Original; where the Poet wou'd only say, *Rome* was then Opulent and Magnificent, as indeed it was, especially if compared to *Rome* in *Romulus's* Days, as the Poet intimates.

This Capitol with that of Old compare. The Capitol was a Hill in *Rome*, so call'd from a Man's Head which was found there as the Romans were

158 NOTES on the Third Book.

digging the Foundation of the Temple of *Jupiter*. So *Livy* and *Dionysius* write. It first went by the Name of *Saturnian*, and afterwards by that of *Tarpeian*, from the Name of the Vestal *Tarpeia*, who was crush'd to Death with the weight of the Arms of the *Sabines* that were thrown upon her, after she deliver'd the Place to them on Condition those Arms shou'd be given her. *Tarquin* built a Temple there, which was dedicated by the Consul *Horatius*. This Edifice being, as *Appian* writes, destroy'd in the Civil Wars, *Sylla* rebuilt it, and *Catulus* dedicated it. *Vespasian* restor'd it after he had put an end to the War against the *Vitellians*, or the Party of *Vitellius*: 'Twas not many Years before 'twas burnt, and *Domitian* rebuilt it again, as *Tacitus* reports in his 10th Book.

That lofty Pile where *Senates* dictate Law. *Varro* writes, there were two sorts of Courts in the Capitol; One of the deliberating sacred Matters, and the other for Affairs of State. Both the one and the other were call'd *Curia*, a *Curando*, from the Care that was taken there: One went by the Name of *Hostilia*, from *Hostilius*, the fourth King of *Rome*; and before this were the *Rostra*; which took their Name from the Heads of Ships that were hung up there, as may be seen in the 8th Book of *Livy*, and here was the Tribunal for the Pleaders. *Pedanius* observes it join'd the Court of which *Ovid* speaks.

And where *Apollo's* Fane resulgent stands. Meaning the Temple *Augustus* built near his Palace, and joining to the famous Library of Greek and Latin Books, which *Propertius* so well describes, Book 2. Elegy 31. and *Ovid* mentions in the 1st Book of this Treatise.

159

NOTES on the Third Book. 915

But, to recount the several Dresses worn. By this we perceive the Roman Ladies were as fond of Fashions, as the French, or the English, too much their Imitators. See *Plautus* in his *Epidicus*, Act 2. Scene. 11. *Quid ista qua vestī quotannis nomina invenimus nova.*

With such Disorder *Iole* was grac'd. *Iole*, Daughter of *Eurytus* King of *Oechalia*, and *Hercules's* Wife. He took her from her Father by force, because the King wou'd not consent to it when he return'd from *Etolia*, where he had marry'd *Deianira*. This Story is made sufficiently known by the first Act of *Seneca's Hercules* upon Mount *Oeta*.

Men ill supply those Hairs, &c. Whereas *Pliny* observes that Women rarely shed their Hair, Eunuchs not at all; and no Body, if we may believe him, *ante Veneris usum*, neither on the hind-part of the Heads, nor about their Temples and Ears; for there is no Animal that turns Bald, except Man. Those that are naturally bald, cannot be said to turn so.

Women, with Juice of Herbs, &c. They dy'd their Hair with the Juice of Herbs, according to the Fashion of the *Germans*, who make use of certain Herbs to black their Hair, or dye them of any other Colour, to disguise their Age, and appear young. *Tibullus* writes thus of it.

*Tum studium forma est, coma quum mutatur, ut annos
Dissimulet viridi cortice tincta nucis.*

The *Gauls* made use of an Herb which is call'd *Guesde* or *Wood*, as *Casar* reports in the 3d Book of his *Commentaries*.

Or with the *Tyrian Dye*. The *Tyrian Scarlet* was the finest Dye in the World, preferable to that of *Amylea* near *Sparta*, tho' that was also excellent,

160 NOTES on the Third Book.

This Scarlet is often confounded with Purple, of which there were two Sorts, one of a Pomegranate Colour, as the *African*, and the other of the reddish Scarlet, as the *Tyrian*. *Tibullus* speaks of them distinctly,

*Illa selectos certent præbere colores,
Africa puniceum, purpureumque Tyros.*

As if the *Golden Fleece*, &c. The Colour like that of *Phryxus's Ram*. He was the Son of *Arhamas* King of *Thebes*, and to avoid the anger of *Ino*, his Mother-in-Law, fled with his Sister *Helle* upon a Ram with a *Golden Fleece*. His Sister tumbling into the Sea, gave it the Name of *Hellespont*, but he arriving at *Colchos* sacrific'd the Ram to *Mars*, who plac'd it in the *Zodiack*, and hung up his *Golden Fleece* in the Temple, consecrating it to *Mars* under the keeping of a Dragon. *Nephelæ*, his Mother, gave him this *Golden Ram*, which *Eusebius* interprets to be a Ship call'd the *Ram*, with the Figure of that Animal represented in the Stern.

Of *Amethysts*, the Purple glows, &c. This Colour some call *Violet*, and others erroneously *Hyacinthus*. *Martial* writes thus of the *Amethyst* Colour;

*Ebria Sidonia cum sim de sanguine concha,
Non video quare sobria lana vocer.*

And Book 1. Epig. 97.

*Qui coccinatos non putat viros esse,
Amethystinasque mulierum vocat vestes, &c.*

As much as to say fine Scarlet.

Nor *Almond*, nor the *Chestnut Dye* disclaim. He alludes to this Verse of *Virgil*, *Castaneasque nuci, mea quas Amaryllis amabas.*

NOTES on the Third Book. 161

Tho' not to Nymphs of Caucasus I sing. *Caucasus* is a Mountain, which stretches it self from the *East-Indies* to Mount *Taurus*, and goes by several Names, according as 'tis inhabited by several Nations; but being always cover'd with Snow in some Places, 'tis call'd *Caucasus*, which in the Oriental signifies White, as *Ptolemy* witnesses.

A little Book I've made. He means his Book *de Medicamine Faciei*, of which we have but a Fragment, and what we have is by some Criticks thought not to be genuine, tho' generally the Learned think the contrary.

Even Myro's Statues. *Pliny* writes there were two famous Statuaries of this Name; one a *Lycian*, *Polycletes's* Disciple, who flourish'd in the 87th Olympiad; the other a Native of *Eleuthera*, *Ageladis's* Disciple, who made that admirable Brazen Cow, of which so much is said, and several other Pieces of Sculpture which are mightily prais'd by Antiquity.

Which, now, a perfect Venus, &c. 'Tis thought he means, that *Venus* of which *Pliny* speaks, and which was in *Octavius's* Portico in the Temple of *Jupiter*. See the 36th Book, Chap. 5. where he describes her rising out of the Sea with her Hair still wet, such as *Apelles* painted her.

Or in the Fane of the good Goddess dress, &c. Where no Man was allow'd to enter. This Goddess is the same that the *Greeks* call'd *Gynercia*; she was worshipp'd at *Rome*, and the *Romans* nam'd her *Dryades*, the Wife of *Faunus*. 'Tis of her that *Propertius* speaks, Elegy 10, Book 4.

Interdicta viris metuenda lege piatur,

Qua se summos vindicat ara casa.

Macrobius, in the 12th Chapter of the first Book of his *Saturnalia*, says, this Good Goddess is the same

162 NOTES on the Third Book.

as the Earth; and that others call her *Fame*, *Opis*, *Fauna*, *Semele*, *Hecate* and *Medea*, whose Temple all Mankind were forbidden to enter. *Juvenal* in his 6th Satyr tells us, the Mysteries of this Good Goddess were known; *nota bona secreta Dea*: And *Tibullus* Book 1, Elegy 6, *sacra bona maribus non adunda Dea*. *Plutarch* in the Life of *Cesar* says, She was the Mother of *Midas*, and *Bacchus's* Nurse.

Not to a *Semele*, or *Leda* bright. There are few Fables better known than those of *Semele* or *Leda*. This Poet often makes mention of them. *Semele* was Daughter of *Cadmus*, and Mother of *Bacchus* by *Jupiter*; whom having the Curiosity to enjoy in all his Celestial Majesty, she was burnt by Lightning. *Leda* was the Daughter of *Thestius*, and Mother of *Castor* and *Pollux*, *Clytemnestra* and *Helena*. *Castor* and *Clytemnestra* by her Husband *Tyndarus*, King of *Oebalia*, and *Pollux* and *Helena* by *Jupiter*, who in the shape of a Swan enjoy'd her, as she bath'd in the River *Eurotas*: She was afterwards deliver'd of an Egg, whence they both proceeded.

Nor an *Europa*, these my Rules I write. The *Sidonian Europa*, Daughter of *Agenor*, King of *Phœnicia*; whom *Jupiter* fell in Love with, and ravish'd her in the shape of a Bull: He carry'd her to *Crete*, and she there brought him three Sons, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus* and *Sarpedon*. After that *Asterius* having no Children, marry'd her, adopted *Jupiter's* Sons, and left his Kingdom to them, as *Diodorus* informs us. *Europa* is call'd the *Sidonian*, from the City *Sidon*, built by the *Phœnicians*, and who, according to *Justin*, call'd it *Sidon*, from *Sidone*, which signifies Fish, there being great plenty of it in that City.

Nor thee, fair *Helen*, &c. The Story of *Paris* and *Helen*, and the Trojan War is so common, we shall

NOTES on the Third Book. 163

say no more of it: Nor of *Agamemnon* and *Mene-laus*, Sons of *Atreus*, who were the Chiefs of it.

If *Pale*, let her the *Crimson Juice* apply. The *Vermillion*, *purpureis virgis*. *Merula* is against this Interpretation. Some think it alludes to the *Sandix*, of which *Pliny* speaks in the 6th Chapter of his 35th Book. This is properly *Red Arsenick*, or *Vermillion*; tho' *Virgil*, in his 20th Eclogue, seems to take the *Sandix* for a kind of Herb, when he says,

Sponte sua Sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.

Merula takes it to be the *Vaccinium* mentioned by *Pliny*, as a Shrub growing in *Gaul*, which bears red Flowers proper for dying, such as *Woad* may be. See the 18th Chapter of the 16th Book of *Pliny* upon it.

If *Swarthy*, to the *Pharian Varnish* fly. *Pharos* was a little Island at the Mouth of the *Nile*, near the Port of *Alexandria*, where anciently stood a high stately Tower, reckon'd one of the seven Wonders of the World. *Ptolemy Philadelphus* spent 800 Talents in building it: We read of it in *Cesar's Commentaries*. In this Island were abundance of *Crocodiles*, the Entrails of which were excellent to take off Freckles or Spots in the Face, and whiten the Skin; as *Pliny* observes; *Potes etiam de stercore Crocodili intelligere, quo puella utebantur ad cutis nitorem*. And *Horace* in his 12th Epode,

----- *Nec illi*

jam manet humida creta, colorque

Stercore fuscatus Crocodili.-----

Round Shoulders bolster'd up, &c. *Analekides*, little Bolsters of Flocks. The same Invention is us'd in our Days, both for this defect in Women, and in calv'd Stockings for the Men. And 'tis satisf-

factory to the Curious to know the Fashion is 1800 Years old.

Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy Spouse. The Umbrians inhabited a Country joining to the Apennine Hills, which runs from Savona, on the Coast of Genoa, to the Sicilian Streights. This Nation were reckon'd as Rustick in their Manners, as strong in Bodies, and stout of Heart. The Poet gives us, in an Umbrian Woman, a just Idea of a Modern Peasant's Wife.

Syrens, tho' Monsters, &c. Ovid here advises the Ladies to learn to Sing, and takes his Comparisons from the Syrens, Daughters of Achelous, and the Muse Calliope, or Terpsichore, according to others. They were three in Number, Parthenope, Leucosia and Ligia, half Women and half Fish; one made use of her Voice, another of her Lyre, and another of her Flute. Their Haunt was on the Coasts of Sicily, where they charm'd Voyagers by their Singing, but Ulysses escap'd them. See the 6th and 14th Book of the Metamorphoses. Ovid, instead of Ulysses, says Syphilides, the Son of Syphilus; for that Autolice, Laertes's Wife, and Ulysses's Mother, was debauch'd by Syphilus, and bore Ulysses by him. This Poet in his Metamorphoses, Book 13, makes Ajax say,

--- *Quid sanguine cretus
Sisyphio, furtisque, & fraude simillimus illi,
Inseris Bacida aliena nomina genti?*

Some soft Egyptian Air. Those Airs were a sort of Sarabands, in vogue among the Egyptians and Gades. The Movement was dissolute and provoked to Lust, as one may see by Martial:

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat.

And elsewhere,

NOTES on the Third Book. 165

*Edere lascivos, & Betica crustata gestus,
Et Gaditanis ludere docta modis.*

Something like the Movements with Castanets, of which Juvenal speaks in his 11th Satyr. --- *Audiat ille, Testarum crepitus cum verbis, &c.*

When on his Lyre melodious Orpheus play'd,
Even Cerberus and Hell that Sound obey'd. Orpheus of Mount Rhodope, that is, of Thrace; from whence he is so often call'd Thracicus: For he was a Thracian, Son of Oeagrus and Calliope, as Diodorus writes: He was so skilful in playing upon the Lyre, that 'tis said he drew after him Trees and wild Beasts. From whence Horace in his Letter to the Pisos says,

*Sylvestres homines sacer interpretisque Deorum
Cadibus, & victu fædo deterruit Orpheus,
Diffus ob hoc lenire signes, rapidosque leones.*

As to the Fable of his Descent into Hell, see the end of Virgil's 4th Georgick; the 2d and 3d Chorus of Seneca's Medea; the 3d Chorus of his Hercules on Mount Oeta. For in all these Places 'tis very elegantly describ'd: And some Moderns have treated of it happily.

Oh Thebes, attract'd by Amphion's Lays. He means the Walls of Thebes, built by the Sound of Amphion's Lyre. He was the Son of Jupiter and Antiope, and Brother of Zethus. The two Brothers were famous for the difference of their Humours. Horace in his Art of Poetry, says, of Amphion's building the Walls of Thebes by the Sound of his Lyre,

*Diffus & Amphion Thebana conditor arcis
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & præce blanda
Ducere quò vellet.---*

And Seneca, in the 3d Act of his Oedipus,

---*Manuque sustinet lava Chelym,
Qui saxa dulci traxit Amphion sono.*

And elsewhere,

---*Muros natus Amphion Jove
Struxit canoro saxa modulatu trahens.*

As also in the last Act of his *Thebais*,

---*Poteris has Amphionis
Quassare moles? Nulla quas struxit manus
Stridente tardum machina ducens onus,
Sed convocatus vocis & cithara sono
Per se ipse turres venit in summas lapu.*

Eusebius writes that *Amphion* reign'd at *Thebes*, and made Rocks move with the Sound of his Lyre; for that he was at last hearken'd to by his Subjects, who were a stubborn sort of People: And thus the greatest part of the ancient Fables may be reconcil'd to Truth of History.

And was, *Arion*, &c. *Arion* was a celebrated Musician of Antiquity, of whom *Herodotus*, *Higinus*, *Pliny*, *Solinus*, *Aulus Gellius*, and *Ovid* in the 2d Book of his *Fasti*, make mention; see also the 13th Book of *Strabo*. Some say he was a Poet and Musician of *Lesbos*, and invented *Dithyrambicks* for praise of Wine and *Bacchus*. Having got a great deal of Money, and returning from his Travels home by Sea, the Sailors robb'd him and threw him over-board; when a *Dolphin*, charm'd with his Musick, convey'd him safe to *Peloponessus*; where he procur'd *Periander* to put the Sailors to Death. The Poet, by all these Instances of the Power of Musick, wou'd persuade the Ladies to learn it, as the Version tells us.

And with her Lute accompany her Voice. *Ovid* calls this Instrument *Nablium*, or *Nautium*, which is a

NOTES on the Second Book. 167

Foreign Word, as *Strabo* observes in his 10th Book; and *Suidas* writes, 'tis the *Psalterion*, which is also call'd *Naula*. The Lute answers to it very well.

Of sweet *Callimachus* the Works rehearse. *Callimachus* was a considerable Poet, and, according to *Quintilian*, the first that wrote Elegies in Greek. He was the Son of *Battus*, who built *Cyrene*. For which Reason he is call'd *Battiades*, as in the last Elegy of the first Book of *Ovid's Amorum*.

*Battiades semper toto cantabitur orbe;
Quamvis ingenio non valet, arte valet.*

Propertius in his second Elegy says, he was not swelling or fluid in his Style.

Et non inflati semina Callimachi.

Cyrene, where *Callimachus* liv'd, was in *Africa*; and he was look'd upon to be one of the wittiest and politest Men of his Age.

And read *Philetas* and *Anacreon's Verse*. *Philetas* was a Native of the Island of *Coos* in the *Aegean Sea*; a celebrated Poet and Writer of Elegies, and flourish'd under *Philip* and his Son *Alexander* the Great. *Quintilian* places him among the Elegiack Poets of the Second Order, and indeed he's almost always nam'd with *Callimachus*, as in the beginning of the first Elegy of the 3d Book of *Propertius*;

Callimachi Manes & Coi sacra Phileta,

And our *Ovid*, in his *Remedy of Love*;

Et cum Callimacho tu quoque Coe noces.

Statius also in *Stella's Epithalamium* joins them together.

168 NOTES on the Third Book.

Hunc ipse choro plaudente Philetas

Callimachosque senex.

Ovid calls *Anacreon* the old Man of *Teia*, who lov'd drinking so well: He was a Lyrick Poet, and *Pliny* tells us, he choak'd himself with a Grape-stone as he was drinking. *Horace* sometimes designs him by the *Teian* Muse, as in the 17th Ode of his first Book.

Et fide Teia, dices laborantes in uno

Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.

And in the 14th Epode.

Non aliter Samio dicunt arfisse Bathyllo

Anacreonta Teium.

Terentian Plays may much the Mind improve. He who represents a Father, receiv'd by his Servant *Geta*. He means *Terence*, and his *Phormio* in particular, where *Chremes* and *Demiphon*, two old Men, are deceiv'd by *Geta*. The Ancients us'd to call their Servants by the names of the Countries from whence they came, as *Lydus*, *Syrus*, *Dacus*, from *Lydia*, *Syria* and *Dacia*; so *Geta* comes from the Country of the *Geta*. The French to this Day do the same, and call their Footmen *Champagne*, *le Picard*, *le Gascon*, *le Bourignon*, &c. And *Sir George Ethieridge* in his *Sir Fopling Flutter*, the *Hampshire*, &c. speaking to his Valet, imitates this Custom.

But softest *Sapho* best instructs to Love. *Sapho* is made famous by almost all the Poets of Antiquity, as well as by her own Writings. She was born at *Mitylene*, in the Isle of *Leshos*; and was Contemporary with *Alceus*. She writ nine Books of Elegy, and several Epigrams and Satyrs. The *Saphick* Verses took their Name from her. There's nothing of her Compositions extant, besides a Hymn to *Venus*, and an Ode to a young Girl whom she lov'd. According

NOTES on the Third Book. 169

According to some Authors, she hung her self into the Sea, because *Phaon* neglected her. Her Sentiments were very tender in her Verses; wherefore *Ovid* advises Lovers to read them here, and in his *de Tristibus*, where he says of her,

Lesbia quid docuit Sappho nisi amare puellas?

Propertius, &c. *Sextus Aurelius Propertius* was a Native of *Umbria*, that rude part of *Italy*; so that we find *Genius* and *Politeness* are not confin'd to Places. He was very much esteem'd by *Mecenas*, and his Works are still extant.

Gallus, &c. *Cornelius Gallus Foro-Julienfis*, who translated the *Euphorion* of the *Greeks* into *Latin*, and wrote four Books for a freed Woman of *Volumnius*, with whom he was in Love. *Servius* calls her *Cytheris*. He was the first who commanded in *Egypt* under *Augustus*. He was *Proconsul*, according to *Eusebius*. *Quintilian* says, his Style was rougher than *Propertius* and *Tibullus*. His Conduct in his Government was not much for the Reputation of the *Muses*.

Tibullus. Every Body who is the least acquainted with Antiquity, knows he was one of the finest Wits of the *Augustan* Age, and a Man of Gallantry and Profusion, wasting his Estate, even while he was in his Youth, on his Extravagancies and Pleasures. *Horace* speaks of him as his Friend; and *Ovid* reckons him amongst the best Writers of his Time. What is extant of his Writings justifies, that *Ovid* has not put him out of his Place.

And let *Varro* be Verse. *Publius Terentius Varro Atacinus*, of the Province of *Gallia Narbonensis*, who, when he was thirty five Years old, learn'd *Greek*, and translated *Apollonius Rhodius's* four Books of the Conquest of the *Argonauts*. From whence *Quintilian*

170 NOTES on the Third Book.

calls him the Interpreter of another Man's Writings. He celebrated a Lady whom he lov'd, and whose Name was *Leucadia*, in his Writings, as *Propertius* informs us in the last Elegy of his second Book.

*Hæc quoque profecto ludebat Jæson Varro,
Varro Leucadia maxima flamma sua.*

Some have mistaken *Marcus Terentius Varro*, the Philosopher and Poet, whom *Quintilian* calls the most learned Man of the Romans, for this *Varro*. The Picture of the other was placed in his Life time, as an extraordinary Person, in *Asinius Pollio's* Library.

Witness the well-kept Dancers of the Stage. The Romans were great Encouragers of their Dancers and Mimes; some of them grew very Eminent, as *Roscius Amerinus*, for whom *Cicero* pronounc'd that fine Oration; some of them also grew prodigiously Rich, as *Cloelius Asopus*, of whose Luxury *Pliny* makes mention: And *Horace* in the 3d Satyr of his 2d book, speaks of the Son of this *Asopus*, who swallowed a Pearl of great price in one of his Frolicks.

*Filius Asopi detractam ex aure Merella,
Stallens ut decies solidum exsolveret, aceto
Diluit insignem vacuam.*

And Book the 11th, Epistle the 1st, to *Augustus*, he says of *Roscius's* Father,

Quæ gravis Asopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.

Nor is't amiss at Chess, &c. *Latronum prælia ludent*, is the same which the Version renders Chess; but what the *Tessera Missa* of which we have spoken is, none of the Criticks are clear in; those that come nearest suppose them to be Billiard Balls. *Merula's* Explanation is very obscure: Nor is *Myælla's* much

eleater. The *Lutrum praelia* is with more certainty interpreted to be Chess. Nor is it amiss at Chess to be expert. There's another Play mention'd by the Poet, *Reticuleque*, &c. which none of the Commentators have explain'd clearly; but the *Ternos tapillos* is by all of them agreed to be what we call Merills, a Boyish Game which *Ovid* describes so well, there's no doubt but 'tis the same. The Die spoken of here, is suppos'd to refer to a Game like the Modern Trick-Track.

Nature, for Men, has rougher Sports design'd. Pila, jaculumque, trochique, Armagae, & in gyros ire coactus equus; as Tennis, to flip the Dart, Quoits, Fencing, and ride the great Horse, or manage Horses. Of the Tennis-Ball *Martial* speaks, Book 7, Epigram 31:

Non pila, non follis, non te paganica,

And *Horace*, Book XI, Satyr II:

---Sen pila velox

Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,

Sen te discus agit.

One might make a very large Comment on this Subject. The *Trachi* are said to be Tops which Boys whip. Thus *Acron* upon *Horace* and *Martial*, Epig. 168, Book 14.

Induenda rota est: das nobis ipse munus,

Iste trochus pueris, at mihi cantans erit.

And afterwards,

Garrulus in laxo cur annulus orbe vagatur,

Cedat ut argutis obvia turba trochis.

Upon which *Radenus* writes, the Word *Trochus* is Greek, and so is the Play. That it is a Hoop or

172 NOTES on the Third Book.

Wheel, as the *Lexicon* has it. *Trochus rota genus ad ludum*, and elsewhere *ludendum rota*. See what this Commentator says further. As also *Ammianus Marcellinus*, Book 25. *Turnebus*, Book 27. Chap. 33. *Mercurialis* in his *Gymn.* Book 3. Chap. 6. and *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pila, Discive, Trochive quiescit.*

And Ode 24. Book 3.

*Venarique timet, ludere doctior,
Seu Graco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea.*

As also *Propertius*, Book 3. Eleg. 14.

*Cum pila veloces fallit per brachia jactus
Increpat, & versi clavis adunca trochi.*

And *Martial*, in his 2d Book, lets us know it made a Noise. So that one cannot be certain 'twas Tops or Quoits: But those Plays seem to come nearest to it; the true one is disus'd. We find in *Ammianus*, that when *Julian* the Apostate was at *Paris*, he diverted himself at this Game, which is describ'd by *Turnebus*, and *Mercurialis*. Of the managing the Horse, *Horace* makes mention, Book 1. Ode 8.

*Cur neque militaris
Inter aqualeis equitet; Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora franis.*

'Twas reckon'd a great piece of Horsemanship to make the Horse turn round in gyros. See *Virgil* in his 3d *Georgick*.

*Carpere mox gymnum incipiat, gradibusque sonare
Compositis, sinuque alterna volumina crurum.*

Yet when Sol's burning Wheels from Leo drive. The Sun is the Master Planet, and Leo the fifth Sign in the Zodiack, by Astronomers call'd the House of the Sun, who therein causes the greatest Heats.

And at the glowing Virgin's Sign arrive. Virgo is the 6th Northern Sign of the Zodiack, next to the Autumnal Equinox: By Nature, say the Artists, cold and dry, the House and Exaltation of Mercury. The Poet means the Summer Season, when the Sun passes thro' Cancer, Leo and Virgo. See Hyginus.

To Pompey's Gardens, &c. They were the most noted in Rome, and in the Field of Mars.

Phœbus, who sunk, &c. 'Tis said Phœbus descended at the Battel of Actium, and was present on the Romans side when Augustus beat Mark Antony.

Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's Name. Speaking of Octavia's Portico, which was built near Marcellus's Theatre.

Or, where Agrippa first adorn'd the Ground, When he with Naval Victory was crown'd. Agrippa marry'd Julia, Augustus's Daughter by Scribonia, and his Father-in-Law honour'd him with a Naval Crown after he beat Pompey in Sicily. One of the Porticos in Rome was built or nam'd by Agrippa.

To Isis' Fane, &c. Of this Fane and these Porticos we have spoken in the Notes on the first Book.

Should you, in singing, Thamyra transcend. Thamyra, Son of Philamon, of whom 'tis said, that as he return'd from the City of Ætolia he met with the Muses by the way, and was so proud of his Singing, he fancy'd he could out-do them in that Art; at which the Daughters of Jupiter were so enrag'd, that in Revengé they depriv'd him of the use of his Reason, as Homer writes in his 2d Iliad. Diadormus says, they only took away his Voice, and his Art of

playing on the Lyre. The *Latins* say, they struck him blind.

Had not *Apelles* drawn the *Sea-born Queen*. Every one has heard of *Apelles*, the famous Painter. He was a Native of *Cos*, or as others write of *Ephesus*, and born in the 112th *Olympiad*, about the 422d Year of *Rome*. For his great Skill in his Art he was call'd the Prince of Painters; and so industrious, that *Nulla dies sine linea*, is his known Motto. *Alexander* forbid any Painter but him to draw his Picture. His Master-piece was reckon'd the *Venus* rising out of the Sea, of which *Ovid* speaks, and which the Emperor *Augustus* dedicated in the Temple of his Father, *Julius Caesar*. This Piece was at last ruin'd by Time, and *Nero* put another in its Place, drawn by *Dorotheus*. *Apelles* had begun another *Venus* for the Inhabitants of *Cos*, which would have excell'd the first, but he was hinder'd by Death from finishing it, and after him none had the boldness to put the last hand to it, as *Pliny* informs us. *Merula* cites an excellent Epigram of *Ausonius* on this Subject, which, he says, he found in his time at *Milan*.

Emersam pelagi nuper genialibus undis

Cyprin, Apellei terne laboris opus.

Ut complexa manu madidos salis aquore crines

Humidulis spumas stringit utraque comis.

Jam tibi nos, i pra, Juno, inquit, & innuba Pallas

Cedimus, & forma premia deferimus.

And *Ovid* says elsewhere on this Subject,

Ut Venus artificis labor est & gloria Coi,

Aequos madidas qua premit intire comas.

NOTES on the Third Book. 175

*In former Days, I own, the Poets were
Of Gods and Kings the most peculiar Care. Whatever
they were in old Times, Ovid complains the Case was
alter'd in his.*

But now their Ivy Crowns bear no Esteem, &c. Per-
haps there never was, and never will be an Age,
where some Poets, and those not the worst, will not
have cause to complain with *Ovid*; who liv'd in a
time when Poetry was favour'd with the Protection,
and honour'd with the Example of *Augustus*, *Mace-*
nas, and the Roman Court. That Poets were in E-
steem of old, *Pausanias* endeavours to prove in his
1st Book; where he says, *Anacreon* was very famili-
ar with *Polycrates* Tyrant of *Samos*, that *Æschylus*
and *Simonides* were in favour with *Hiero* King of *Si-*
cily, and *Philoxenus* *Antagoras* of *Rhodes*, and *Aratus*
were highly esteem'd by *Antigonus* Prince of *Mace-*
don. Upon which *Horace* writes in his Art of Poe-
try,

*Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.*

And again,

*Et vita monstrata via est: & gratia Regum
Pieris tentata modis, ludusque repertus.*

Ennius with Honours was by *Scipio* grac'd. *Ennius*
was a Native of *Calabria*, born at *Rudis*, in the sixth
Year of Rome. *Silius* in his 12th Book tells us he
was of *Rudis*;

Miserunt Calabri, Rudia genere vetusta.

He was the first Roman that wrote Annals in Heto-
rick Verse. *Aulus Gellius* says, his Subject was the
Wars of *Italy*, and particularly the 2d *Punic* War,
which he did to Compliment his Patron and Friend
Scipio; who carry'd him with him into *Asia*, and he

176 *NOTES on the Third Book.*

was in *Ætolia* with *Fulvius Nobilior*. He dy'd in the seventieth Year of his Age, having been cruelly afflicted with the Gout, according to *Ensebins*, caus'd by his Intemperance in Wine, which he drank to excess. He was bury'd in *Scipio's Tomb*, in the *Via Appia*, as *Cicero* writes. *Pliny* observes that he had a Statue near *Scipio's*, which shews how highly he was honour'd.

What could the high Renown of *Homer* raise. *Homer's* Name, and the Contention of seven Cities for him, are so well known that there's no need of saying much about it; he was so call'd from his Blindness. He was the most famous of all the *Greek Poets*, but poor to the Extremity of Begging. His *Iliads* and *Odysses* are to this Day in the first Rank of Heroick Poems, and the *Æneids* only dispute with them the Preheminence.

Who could have been of *Danae's* Charms assur'd. *Danae*, Daughter of *Acrisius* King of *Argos*; who having consulted the Oracle, and being told that he should be kill'd by her Son, shut her up in a Brazen Tower to prevent it. But *Jupiter* transforming himself into a Golden Shower, brib'd her Keepers, and got her with Child; which, being born, was the renown'd *Persæus*. Her Father commanded both the Babe and his Mother to be thrown into the Sea; but being fortunately cast Ashoar on one of the Islands call'd *Cyclades*, the King of the Island marry'd the Mother; and *Persæus*, when he was grown up, unwittingly kill'd his Grandfather.

How could *Andromeda*. This Story has been often mention'd in these Books. She was the Daughter of *Cepheus*, King of *Arcadia*, and for her Mother's Pride, in comparing her Beauty to that of the *Nereids*, was expos'd to a horrible Sea-Monster, from whom she was deliver'd by the above-nam'd *Persæus*; which he did to Complement his Father and Friend, who carry'd him with him into *Argos*.

who by a look of *Medusa's* Head turn'd the Monster into a Stone: 'Tis so easie to explain this Fable, and that of *Danae's*, the Reader will do it himself, as he passes them over.

Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood. *Priam*, King of *Troy*, and Father of *Paris*, who stole *Helen*, was for restoring her to the *Greeks* when they demanded her by their Ambassadors; but other Counsels prevailing, the War ensu'd, which ended in the Destruction of *Troy*, and the Death of *Priam*, who was kill'd by *Pyrbus*, Son of *Achilles*, after 40 Years Reign.

But let not powder'd Heads, nor essenc'd Hair. The meaning of the Original is intirely taken in, *Nec coma vos fallat liquida nitidissima Nardo.* The *Nardus* or *Nard* was a Plant brought from *India* or *Syria*, from which a precious Ointment was extracted, and put to the same uses as the modern *Beaux* and *Beauxes* do their Essences.

How often, Venus, hast thou heard such Cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian Votaries? The Temple of *Venus* stood in the *Appian* way, and the gallant Women us'd to frequent it to meet their Sparks.

Trust not a Theseus, &c. *Theseus's* Inconstancy to *Ariadne* has render'd him famous among the Inconstants in Story; and *Demophaon*, his Son, is no less known to have forsaken his *Phyllis*. See *Ovid's* Epistles.

When feign'd a Passion is, and when sincere. The Poet, in his Advice to the Men, has given them the same Caution, when they write Letters; to shew their Passion, and not their Wit, which is a Rule that will last as long as Truth and Reason.

A Style too coarse, &c. This is very delicate, and shews of what Importance 'tis for Beauty to be well bred, if it would be Victorious.

168 NOTES on the Third Book.

Whose Hand the Traitor threatens to dispose. A Lover, who keeps his Mistress's Letters to make his Advantage of them. Would not one think that this was written Yesterday? All this Advice about *Billetts* is agreeable, and very important in the Affair of Gallantry.

When on her Flute divine *Minerva* play'd. *Minerva* playing on her Flute by a River Side, and seeing in the Water what Grimaces it oblig'd her to make, she flung away the Instrument in a Passion, and curst it so much, that he who made use of it afterwards had cause to repent of it, as *Ovid* writes in his *de Fastis*, and in his *Metamorphoses* in the Story of *Marsyas*, who was dead by *Apollo*.

Let sad *Tecmessa*. She was *Ajax's* Captive and his Mistress, by whom he had *Euryfaca*, from whom descended the *Euryfresida*, one of the most noted Families of *Arbeia*.

So *Nemesis*, so *Cynthia's* Name was run'd. *Nemesis* was the Goddess of Justice: *Atrides* built the first Temple to her, and thence she's call'd *Atristea*, as also *Rhamnusia* from her Temple in *Rhamnus* in *Attica*. The Romans invoc'd her before they went to Battel, and return'd her Thanks after Victory, for prevailing them on their Enemies; she had no Latin Name, tho' she was receiv'd into the Capitol. But this *Nemesis* here is thought to be that which *Vibullius* lov'd and celebrated in his Poems; if so, 'tis probable *Cynthia* here is not the Goddess, but some Beauty who went by that Name.

From East to West, *Lycoris* Praises ring; in the Verses of the Poet *Callus*.

Not as *Quinna's*, &c. *Ovid* sung his Mistress by that Name, which is suppos'd to be a *Nom de Guerre* taken from the *Græcian* Poetess, who as we are told won the Prize of Poetry four or five Times

NOTES on the Third Book. 179

from Pindar; however those that say so, own her Beauty contributed much to that Advantage. There were two Corinna's, one a Theban, who wrote Epigrams and Lyrick Poems, and contended with Pindar. The same that Propertius speaks of in his 2d Book, Elegy 3.

Et sua cum antiqua committit scripta Corinna.

The other was a Theſſian, whom ſome call alſo Corinthia. Ovid gave the Name of Corinna to his Miſtreſs, on account of her Beauty and Wit. He ſays of her in another Place,

Moverat ingenium totam cantata per urbem

Nomine non vero dicta Corinna mihi.

The God that fills him, &c. Meaning that Poetick Fury with which Apollo inspires the Bard. Perhaps tis for this Reason that Ennius calls Poets Divine, as Cicero writes in his Oration for *archias*. There cannot be a finer Elogium on Poets and Poſſie than what Ovid writes in this Place.

Not Lays, nor Empire, can a Partner bear. 'Tis a ſort of Proverb, which Lucan in his 1ſt Book expreſſes thus:

Omniſque Poetas

Impatiens Conſortis erit.

Bar but gate Gate. All this is very gallant. In ſome Editions 'tis *Claude Foras*, and in others, *Obſide Foras*, both good alike. But what follows is not ſo, for inſtead of *dicit tibi junior ore*, it muſt be read *dicit nobis junior*, &c. According to *Marſall's* and others Interpretation, the Poet ſhould hinder the Husband. But this Verſion renders it better, making the Advice general; and we underſtand by

180 NOTES on the Third Book.

it, the Ladies must keep out both Lovers and Husband to raise their Passion, apt to be cloy'd when Admittance is too easie.

Tho' free as Thais, &c. He alludes to the *Thais* of Terence in his Eunuch, where she makes as if she had driven *Phadria* out of Doors to receive one *Pamphila*, whom *Thraso* brought her. *Thais* was a Name given to all sort of Women of a lewd Character, who however affect Discretion.

Tho' stuck with Argus' Eyes, &c. The Fable of *Argus* has been spoken of before, he had 100 Eyes, and kept *Io* from *Jupiter* by *Juno's* Order; for which *Mercury* kill'd him by command of his Father *Jove*. To make him amends, *Juno* turn'd him into a Peacock, and plac'd his Eyes in the Tail.

New Milk, &c. *Ovid* shews several ways to write Letters, so that the Writing may not be perceiv'd; as Spires of green Flax, or writing on the Maid's Back. But upon what did they write with Milk, &c. The Poet says, *Pro charta conscia tergam*, which must be something that comes near our Paper. A Note has been already made, p. 61. on this *Charta*.

Acrisius, &c. Father of *Danaë*, whose Story is told before.

Or in the Circus, &c. In the first and second Books, enough is said of Assignations in the Circus, in *Isis* Temple, and *Cybele's*.

Sometimes with Wine, &c. *Ovid* says Spanish Wine, and some take it to be the good, others the bad, for there were of both sorts; the bad was that of *Catalonia*, call'd *Fex Luleana*, as we may read in *Marzial*, Book 1. Epigram 26. *Acanpon tibi fex Luleana petatur*. The good Spanish Wine, according to *Pliny*, was of the growth of *Hispania*, *Terrogana* and *Balearica*. In our Times there's also good Wine made in *Catalonia*, known by the Name of *Barcelo-*

NOTES on the Third Book. 181

na Wine, and by other Names of Places near which the Vineyards are.

And for the Lemnian Ladies, &c. Alluding to those wicked Women, who rose against the Men, and did not spare their own Husbands.

Let Procris' Fate. The Poet here describes at large the Fable of *Procris* and *Cephalus*, of which he also speaks in the 7th Book of his *Metamorphoses*; she was, as he tells us there, the Daughter of *Eriichon*, King of *Athens*.

Fragrant Myrtles, &c. Black Myrtle. 'Twas dedicated to *Venus*. *Cato* makes mention of three Sorts, White, Black, and a third which he calls Con-jugal, because 'twas dedicated for the Ceremonies of Marriage.

And Cytisus, &c. 'Tis a Shrub which fattens Sheep, and Horses prefer it to other Grain; it took its Name from one of the *Cyclades*, where it grew in abundance.

Come, gentle Aura, &c. This is a sort of a Song, and is well render'd, as it is in the Original, on account of the double Meaning *Procris* might take it in, either with respect to her self or the Air. *Cephalus* speaks it. He was the Son of *Mercury*, if 'tis not the same that *Ovid* mentions in his *Metamorphoses*, as the Son of *Atlas*. *Strabo* writes, he was the Son of *Dionæus*, as does *Hyginus* in the 24th Fable. *Mercury* was sometimes call'd *Dionæus*; the Island *Cephalenia* was so nam'd from him. *Dionæus* was King of *Phocis*, and his Son *Cephalus* marry'd *Procris*, but was carry'd away by *Aurora*, who fell in Love with him. She could not prevail upon him to Caress her; yet *Procris* was very jealous of him, and contriving to watch him as he return'd from Hunting, hid her self in the Bushes; *Cephalus* sup-

132 NOTES on the Third Book.

posing it had been a Deer, shot his Dart at it, and kill'd his Wife unawares.

6 Bacchanalian *Fury*. The Priestesses and Priests of *Bacchus*, who celebrated the Festival of that God, did it with the Noise of Shouts, Drums, Timbrels and Cymbals, were crown'd with Ivy, Vine, &c. and carry'd a *Thyrus* or Staff weav'd with it in their Hands; they were frantick and outrageous in their Actions during this Ceremony.

Her Purple Swans unyok'd, &c. To shew that he treats of Love-Affairs, represented by the Swans that are said to draw *Venus's* Car sometimes; tho' Doves are oftneft harness'd on this Occasion. As to Swans, *Ovid* observes in his *Metamorphoses* that they were put to this use.

*Hæta levi curru melius Cythereæ por auræ
Cypriæ: aleripis nondum penetraverit alis.*

And *Statius*,
Amylæos ad frênâ citavit olivos.

They were also dedicated to *Apollo*, who is the proper God of Poësie; so that *Ovid*, as both a Poet and a Lover, might have the Privilege to put Swans to his Car, as Emblems of his being conducted by *Venus* and *Apollo*. Having finish'd his Work, he unyokes, and lets them take their Rest.

Thus, with impartial Care, &c. The Reader has now gone through the *Art of Love*, and 'tis hop'd he has found nothing to shock him. He may look upon this Book as a History of the Manners and Customs of the Antients, not to imitate them, but see *Ovid's* fine Sentiments, his Eloquence, and fruitful Invention, which makes him speak agreeably of every thing.

NOTES on the Third Book. 183

While Men and Maids. Hinting again that he wrote for both Sexes, and claims of both, if they succeed in their Loves, that they should put this Inscription on the Trophy of their Victory, *Naso Magister erat.* We see *Ovid* made no scruple of calling himself *Naso*, though 'twas a Name of Distinction given him for his great Nose, but perhaps not a Name of Contempt, great Noses being more a Beauty among the *Romans* than in our Times.



OVID's



F. Albane inv. Sam^l Gribelin Junior Sculp.

F. 105.



OVID's
Remedy of Love.

BOOK I.

Translated by Mr. TATE.



THE Title of this Book when *Cupid*
spy'd,
Treason! a Plot against our State!
he cry'd.
Why should you thus your loyal Po-
et wrong,
Who in your War has serv'd so well
and long?
So Savage and ill-bred I ne'er can prove,
Like *Diomedes*, to wound the Queen of Love,

Others by this have felt your am'rous Flame,
 I still have been, and still your Martyr am;
 Rules for your Vertues I did late impart,
 Refining Passion, and made Love an Art. 10
 Nor do I now, of that or thee take Leave,
 Nor do's the Muse her former Web unweave.
 Let him, who loves where Love Success may find,
 Spread all his Sails before the prosp'rous Wind;
 But let poor Youths, who Female Scorn endure, 15
 And hopeless burn, repair to me for Cure:
 For why should any worthy Youth destroy
 Himself, because some worthless Nymph is coy?
 Love should be Nature's Friend; let Hemp and Steel
 Hangmen and Heroes use, whose Trade's to kill. 20
 Where fatal it would prove, let Passion cease;
 Nor Love destroy, who should our Race encrease.
 A Child you are, and like a Child should play;
 And gentle as your Years, should be your Sway.
 Keen Arrows, and to wound the hardest Hearts, 25
 You are permitted---but no mortal Darts.
 Let your Step-Father Mars, on Sword and Spear,
 The Crimson Stains of cruel Conquest wear:
 You should your Mother's milder Laws observe,
 Who ne'er did Childless Parent's Grief deserve. 30
 Or if you must employ your wanton Pow'r,
 Teach Youths by Night to force their Mistress' Door:
 How Lovers safe and secretly may meet,
 And subtle Wives the cautious Husband cheat.
 Let now th' excluded Youth the Gate careen, 35
 A thousand wheedling soothing Plains express;
 Then on th' ill-natur'd Timber vent his Spight,
 And to some doleful Tree weep out the Night.
 For Tears, not Blood, Love's Altar should require:
 Love's Torch, design'd to kindle kind Desire, 40
 Must seem profan'd, to light a Fun'ral Fire.
 Thus I.---The God his purple Wings display'd,
 And, Forward, finish your Design, he said,

Book I. OVID'S *Remedy of Love*. 187

To me, ye injur'd Youths, for Help repair,
 Who hopeless languish for some cruel Fair; 45
 I'll now unteach the Art I taught before,
 The Hand that wounded shall your Health restore.
 One Soil can Herbs and poy's'nous Weeds disclose;
 The Nettle oft is Neighbour to the Rose.
 Such was the Cure th' *Arcadian* Hero found; 50
 The *Pelian* Spear, that wounded, made him sound.
 But know, the Rules that I to Men prescribe,
 In like Distress may serve the Female Tribe:
 And when beyond your Sphere my Methods go,
 You may, at least, infer what you should do. 55
 When Flames beyond their useful Bounds aspire,
 'Tis Charity to quench the threatening Fire.
 Nine Visits to the Shore poor *Phyllis* made;
 Had I advis'd, the Tenth she should have paid.
 Nor had *Demophoon*, when return'd from Sea, 60
 For his expected Bride, embrac'd a Tree.
 Nor *Dido*, from her flaming Pile, by Night,
 Discover'd her ingrateful *Trojan's* Flight.
 Nor had that Mother dire Revenge pursu'd,
 Who in her Off-spring's Blood her Hands imbru'd, 65
 Fair *Philomel*, preserv'd from *Terens'* Rapes;
 Her Honour she had kept, and he his Shape.
Pasiphae ne'er had felt such wild Desire:
 Nor *Phadra* suffer'd by incestuous Fire.
 Let me the wanton *Paris* take in Hand, 70
Helen shall be restor'd, and *Troy* shall stand.
 My wholesome Precepts had lewd *Scylla* read,
 The purple Lock had grown on *Nysus'* Head.
 Learn, Youths, from me, to curb the desp'rate Force
 Of Love; and steer, by my Advice, your Course. 75
 By reading me, you first receiv'd your Bane;
 Now, for an Antidote, read me again:
 From scornful Beauties Chains I'll set you free,
 Consent but you to your own Liberty.

188 OVID's *Remedy of Love*. Book I.

Phabus, thou God of Physick and of Verse, 80
Assist the healing Numbers I rehearse;
Direct at once my Med'cines and my Song,
For to thy Care both Provinces belong.

While the soft Passion plays about your Heart, }
Before the tickling Venom turns to Smart, 85 }
Break then (for then you may) the treach'rous Dart:
Tear up the Seeds of the unrooted Ill,
While they are weak, and you have pow'r to kill.
Beware Delay: The tender bladed Grain,
Shot up to Stalk, can stand the Wind and Rain. 90
The Tree, whose Branches now are grown too big
For Hands to bend, was set a slender Twig;
When planted, to your slightest Touch 'twould yield,
But now has fix'd Possession of the Field.
Consider, e'er to Love you give the Reins, 95
If she's a Mistress worth your future Pains.
While yet in Breath, e'er yet your Nerves are broke,
Cast from your gen'rous Neck the shameful Yoke:
Check Love's first Symptoms, the weak Foe surprise,
Who, once entrencht, will all your Arts despise. 100
Think, Wretch, what you hereafter must endure,
What certain Toil, for an uncertain Cure.
Slip not one Minute; who defers to Day,
To morrow will be harden'd in Delay.
'Tis Love's old Practice, still to sooth you on, 105
'Till your Disease gets strength, and 'till your Strength
Rivers small Fountains have, and yet we find [is gone].
Vast Seas, of those small fountain'd Rivers join'd.
Lockt up in Bark poor *Myrrha* ne'er had been,
Had she the Progress of her Crime foreseen: 110
But pleas'd with the soft kindling of Love's Fire,
We, Day by Day, indulge the fond Desire;
'Till like a Serpent it has eat its way,
And uncontroul'd does on our Entrails prey.

Book I. OVID's Remedy of Love. 189

Yet if the proper Season you have pass'd, 115
Tho' hard the Task, I'll use my Skill at last;
Nor see my Patient perish by his Grief,
Because no sooner call'd to his Relief.
When *Philoctetes* first receiv'd his Wound,
The venom'd Part cut off, had sav'd the Sound: 120
Yet he, ev'n after tedious Years of Grief,
Was cur'd, and brought the fainting *Greeks* Relief.
Thus I who charg'd you speedy Means to use,
Will none, in last Extremities, refuse.

Or try to quench the kindling Flames, or stay 125
'Till their spent Fury on its self does prey.
While in its full Career, give scope to Rage,
And circumvent the Force you can't engage.
What Pilot would against the Current strive,
When with a side Course he may safely drive? 130
Distemper'd Minds, distracted with their Grief,
Take all for Foes, who offer them Relief:
But when the first fermenting Smart is o'er,
They suffer you to probe the ripen'd Sore.
'Tis Madness a fond Mother to dissuade 135
From Tears, while on his Hearse her Son is laid:
But when Grief's deluge can no higher swell,
Declining Sorrow you'll with ease repel.
Cures have their Times; the best that can be try'd,
Enflame the Wound, unseas'nably apply'd. 140

If therefore you expect to find Redress,
In the first Place, take leave of Idleness.
'Tis this that kindled first your fond Desire,
'Tis this brings Fuel to the am'rous Fire.
Bar Idleness, you ruin *Cupid's* Game, 145
You blunt his Arrows, and you quench his Flame.
What Wine to Plain-trees, Streams to Poplars prove,
Marshes to Reeds, is Idleness to Love.

Mind Business, if your Passion you'd destroy;
 Secure is he, who can himself employ. 150
 Sleep, Drinking, Gaming, for the Foe make way,
 And to Love's Ambuscade the roving Heart betray.
 The Slothful he seeks out, and makes his Prize
 Surely as he the Man of Business flies.
 Make Business then (no matter what) your Care: 155
 Some dear Friend's Cause may want you at the Bar:
 Or if your Courage tempts you to the Field,
 Love's wanton Arms to rough Campaigns will yield.
 Parthia fresh work for Triumph does afford, 159
 Half conquer'd to your Hand, by Caesar's Sword.
 Cupid's and Parthian Darts at once o'ercome, (home,
 And to your Country's Gods, bring double Trophies
 Your Sword as dreadful will to Love appear,
 As to his Mother the *Aetolian* Spear.
 Th' adul't'rous Lust that did *Agisthus* seize, 165
 And brought on Murder, sprang from wanton Ease:
 For he the only Loiterer remain'd
 At Home, when *Troy's* long War the rest had drain'd.
 He revell'd then at his luxurious Board, 169
 And ne'er embark'd, and ne'er unsheath'd his Sword;
 But while the *Grecians* did for Glory rove,
 He wasted all his idle Hours on Love.

Or Country-work and Tillage can disarm
 Your am'rous Cares, for ev'ry Grief a Charm. 174
 Yoke Oxen, plough the painful Field, you'll find
 The wounded Earth will cure your Love-sick Mind.
 Then trust your Gain to the new-sown'd Soil,
 That with large Interest will require your Toil.
 Behold what kind Returns your Fruit-trees send, 179
 Down to your Hand the burden'd Branches bend.
 Behold a murm'ring Brook through Pastures glide,
 Behold the grazing Sheep on either side;
 While in the Shade, his Pipe the Shepherd tries,
 The watchful Dog his Master's Care supplies.

With loud Complaints another Grove is fill'd, 185
 Of Heifers lowing for their Firstlings kill'd.
 What pleasure 'tis with Smoak of Yew to drive
 The murm'ring Swarm, and seize the loaden Rive.
 All Seasons friendly to the Swain are found; 189
 Autumn with Fruit, with Harvest Summer's crown'd:
 The Spring's adorn'd with Flowers to charm the Eye,
 And Winter Fires the absent Sun supply.
 At certain times you'll see the Vintage full,
 And for your Wine-press may choise Clusters cull.
 At certain times you ponderous Sheafs may bind, 195
 Yet for the Rake leave work enough behind.
 In mellow Ground, your Plants no wat'ring need;
 The thirsty you from neighb'ring Springs may feed.
 Then, Grafting, make old Stocks sprout fresh and green,
 And various Fruits on one proud Branch be seen. 200
 When once these Pleasures have your Mind possess'd,
 Love soon departs, like a neglected Guest.
 Hunt, if the dull Distemper you'd remove:
 Diana will too hard for Venus prove. 204
 Through all her doubling Shifts, the Hare pursue,
 Or spread your Toils upon the Mountain's Brow.
 Ev'n when the Stag's at Bay, provoke his Rage;
 Or with your Spear the foaming Boar engage.
 Thus tir'd, your Rest at Night will prove so deep, 209
 Dreams of your Mistress ne'er will haunt your Sleep.
 'Tis easier work, yet 'twill require your Care,
 The feather'd Game with Bredline to ensnare;
 Or else for Fish your bearded Hook to bait,
 And for your Art's Success with Patience wait. 214
 Through Sports like these you'll steal into Relief,
 And while your Time you cozen, cheat your Grief.

Or Travel, (tho' you find your Fetters strong;)
 Set out betimes; your Journey must be long.
 You'll weep at Thought of her you left behind,
 And halting, to return be oft inclin'd, 220

But how much more unwilling to proceed,
 Compel your Feet to so much greater Speed.
 Advance, let nothing interrupt your Way,
 No Wind nor Weather, nor unlucky Day. 224
 Nor count the Miles you've past, but what remain;
 For loit'ring nigh no fond Pretences feign.
 Nor reckon Time, nor once look back on *Rome*,
 But fly; and, *Parthian* like, by Flight o'ercome.
 You'll call my Ptecepts hard; I grant they are: 229
 But for dear Health who would not Hardship bear.
 When sick, the bitter Potion I have ta'en;
 And, for the Food I fancy'd, begg'd in vain.
 Both Steel and Fire you'll patiently endure,
 And Thirst, more scorching, for your Body's Cure.
 Can you, who thus your earthy Part redeem, 235
 For your immortal Mind have less Esteem;
 Yet, for my Patient's Comfort, I must own,
 When this first Stage he manfully has run,
 The half, the worst half of his Task is done.
 Gall'd with the Yoke, at first the Heifer draws: 240
 The Curb's first Trial frets the Courser's Jaws.
 Perhaps to leave your Father's House you'll mourn;
 Yet go: And think, when tempted to return,
 Your Kindred but the false Pretence is made;
 'Tis Absence from your Mistress does persuade. 245
 When once set out, Diversions you will meet,
 Fair Country Prospects, and Companions sweet.
 Nor only Travel far, but tarry long;
 Nor once look Homewards while your Passion's strong.
 Rebellious Love, if he perceives you halt, 250
 With greater Fury will renew th' Assault.
 Half famish'd Passion will more fiercely prey,
 And all your Labour past be thrown away.

[rove,
 You'll think, when through *Hæmonian* Fields you
 That magick Arts may yield a Cure for Love.

ld

Book I. OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 193

Old Tales, of Witchcraft strange Effects rehearse; 236
 The only Charm I bring is sacred Verse.
 By my Advice, no Jargon shall be read,
 Nor Midnight Hag, blaspheming, raise the dead;
 No standing Crop to other Fields shall range,
 No sick Eclipse the Sun's Complexion change;
 Old Tyber shall his sacred Course retain,
 And Cynthia, unmolested, guide her Wain.
 No suffering Heart to Spells shall be oblig'd,
 Nor Love resign, by sulphur Streams belieg'd, 238
 Think on Medea of all Hopes bereft,
 When fled from Home, and by her Lover left.
 And what did Circe's pow'ful Drugs avail,
 When she beheld Ulysses under Sail? 239
 She try'd her Magick, Charm on Charm renew'd;
 He with a merry Gale his Course pursu'd;
 No Force or Skill the fatal Dart removes;
 She Raves to find the Loves,---but still the Loves.
 To thousand Shapes she could transform Mankind,
 No means to change her hated self could find. 240
 In these soft Terms, to her departing Guest,
 Her Passion (to detain him) was express'd.
 "I now no more (as when I first receiv'd
 "These Hopes and you, by both alike deceiv'd) 241
 "Expect that you with me should pass your Life,
 "No more ambitious to be made your Wife,
 "(Tho' sure my Pedigree you cannot scorn
 "The Daughter of the Sun, a Goddess born)
 "I but entreat you for a time to stay,
 "And urge, for your own sake, the short delay.
 "The Seas are rough, which you have cause to fear;
 "Wait but a friendlier Season of the Year.
 "What haste? This Isle does no new Troy afford,
 "No second Rhesus to employ your Sword. 242
 "Love revels here, with peaceful Myrtle crown'd,
 "And mine the only Heart that feels a painful Wound.

She said, -- His Crew the swelling Sails display,
That bear him and her fruitless Pray'rs away.
In vain to her Enchantments she returns,
Tries All, yet still in hopeless Flames she burns.
For *Circe's* sake, all Lovers I advise,
That Spells, as senseless things, they wou'd despise.

The benefits of Travel I have told,
Which, for sick Minds, the best Relief I hold;
But if, through Business, you must still remain
In Town, and near the Author of your Pain;
Tho' 'tis a dang'rous Neighbourhood, I'll shew
What Methods there the Lover must pursue.
He takes the wisest Course, who from his Heart
Does, by meer Force, wrest out th' offensive Dart;
Resolv'd severely once for all to smart.
A Master of such Courage I'll admit;
Such Patients will no more Advice require.
Who wants this Resolution to be freed
At once, by slower Methods must proceed,
To milder Remedies I'll him direct,
Which yet, in time, will have the wish'd Effect.
Think, 'till the Thought your Indignation move,
What Damage you've receiv'd, by her you Love:
How she has drain'd your Purse; nor yet content,
'Till your Estate's in costly Presents spent,
And you have mortgag'd your last Tenement.
How she did swear, and how he was forgorn;
Nor only false, but treated you with Scorn:
And, since her Avarice has made you poor,
Forc'd you to take your Lodgings at her Door:
Reserv'd to you, but others she'll Care for;
The Fore-man of a Shop shall have Access,
Let these Reflections on your Reason win
From Seeds of Anger, Hatred will begin.
Your Rhet'rick on these Topics should be spent.
Oh that your Wrongs cou'd make you Eloquent!

Book I. OVID'S Remedy of Love. 105

But grieve, and Grief will teach you to enlarge;
And, like an Orator, draw up the Charge.

A certain Nymph did once my Heart encline,
Whose Humour wholly disagreed with mine.
(I, your Physician, my Disease confess)
From my own Prescriptions found Redress.
Her still I represented to my Mind,
With what Defects I could suppose or find;
Oh how ill-shap'd her Legs, how thick and short!
(Tho' neater Limbs did never Nymph support.)
Her Arms, said I, how rawny brown they are!
(Tho' never Ivory Status had so fair.)
How low of Stature! (yet the Nymph was tall.)
Oh for what costly Presents will she call!
What Change of Lovers!—And of all the rest,
I found this Thought strike deepest in my Breast.
Such thin Partitions Good and Ill divide,
That one for t'other may be misapply'd.
Ev'n Truth, and your own Judgment, you must strain,
Those Blemishes you cannot find, to feign:
Call her Blackmoor, if she's but lovely Brown;
Monster, if plump; if slender, Skeleton.
Censure her free Discourse as Confidence;
Her Silence, want of Breeding and good sense.
Discover her blind Side, and put her still
Upon the Task which she performs but ill.
Court her to Sing, if she wants Voice and Ear;
To Dance, if she has neither Shape nor Air:
If Talking misbecomes her, make her talk;
If Walking, then in Matice make her walk.
Commend her Skill when on the Lute she plays,
'Till Vanity her want of Skill betrays.
Take Care, if her large Breasts offend your Eyes,
No Dress do that Deformity disguise:
Ply her with merry Tales of what you will,
To keep her laughing, if her Teeth are ill.

196 OVID's *Remedy of Love*. Book I.

Or if Blear-ey'd, some tragick Story find, 364
 'Till she has read and wept her self quite Blind.
 But one effectual Method you may take:
 Enter her Chamber, e'er she's well awake:
 Her Beauty's Art; Gems, Gold, and rich Attire,
 Make up the Pageant you so much admire;
 In all that specious Figure which you see, 370
 The least, least Part of her own self is she.
 In vain for her you love, amidst such Cost,
 You search; the Mistress in the Dress is lost.
 Take her disrob'd, her real self surprize,
 I'll trust you then, for Cure, to your own Eyes. 375
 (Yet have I known this very Rule to fail,
 And Beauty most, when stript of Art, prevail.)
 Steal to her Closer, her close Tying Place,
 While she makes up her artificial Face,
 All Colours of the Rainbow you'll discern, 380
 Washes and Paints, and what you're sick to learn.
 I now should treat of what may pall Desire,
 And quench, in Love's own Element, the Fire,
 (For all Advantages you ought to make,
 And Arms from Love's own Magazine to take:) 385
 But Modesty forbids, at full extent
 To prosecute this luscious Argument:
 Which, to prevent your Blushes, I shall leave
 For your own Fancy better to conceive.
 For some of late censoriously accuse 390
 My am'rous Liberty, and wanton Muse.
 But Envy did the Wit of *Homer* blame,
 Malice gave obscure *Zeilus* a Name.
 Thus sacrilegious Censure would destroy
 The pious Muse, who did her Art employ 395
 To settle here, the banish'd Gods of *Troy*.
 But you, who at my Freedom take Offence,
 Distinguish right, before you speak your Sense,

Book I: OVID's *Remedy of Love*. 197

Maonian Strains alone can War resound,
 No place is there for Love and Dalliance found. 400
 The Tragick Stile requires a Tale distrest;
 And Comedy subsists of Mirth and Jest.
 The tender Elegy is Love's delight,
 Which to themselves pleas'd Mistresses recite.
 Callimachus would do Achilles wrong;
 Cydippe were no Theme for Homer's Song.
 What mortal Patience could endure to see
Thais presenting chaff *Andromache*?
 Kind *Thais*, (none of *Vesta's* Nuns) supplies
 My Song: with *Thais* all my Bus'ness lyes. 410
 The Actress, if my Muse performs with Art,
 You must commend, tho' you dislike the Part.
 Burst Envy; I've already got a Name;
 And, writing more, shall more advance my Fame.
 Despair not then, for, as I longer live,
 Each Day fresh Fuel for your Spleen shall give.
 Thus Fame's increasing Gale bears me on high,
 While tir'd and groveling on the Ground you lye.
 Soft Elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,
 Not *Virgil* more the *Epick* Strain has grac'd.
 Censure did us to this Digression force;
 Now, Muse, pursue thy interrupted Course.

When first the Nymph admits your Visit, stay,
 And take some other Beauty in your Way;
 More safely thus your Passion you may trust;
 When you approach her Charms with fainter Gust,
 You'll otherwise misconstrue, for Delight,
 The Eagerness of your own Appetite
 Desire does All; the Grotto's cool Retreat,
 And shady Grove, relieve in Summer's Heat. 430
 Warm Fires in Winter: Thirst makes Water sweet.

Now is the Time your Artifice to try,
 Act not so much the Lover as the Spy:

For Vanity makes all the Fair presume
 There's nothing which their Charms can misbecome :
 Take this Occasion her Defects to find,
 When you can fix them deeply in your Mind;
 In the dull Minute of your Discontents,
 (The pensive Mood which sated Love repents,)
 To your sick Thoughts her Blemishes display,
 And, for Aversion, by those means make way.
 These Helps you'll say are trivial; I confess,
 Singly they are, but join'd will have Success.
 By one small Wiper's Bite an Ox is kill'd;
 The Forest Boar by a less Dog is held.
 Unite my Precepts; if a part they fail,
 And by selfless Number you'll prevail.

But different Minds for different Methods call,
 Nor what Cures most, will have Effect on all.
 Ev'n that which makes another's Flame expire,
 Perhaps may prove but Fuel to your Fire.
 For one, disgusted with the Nymph's Undress,
 Grows cold, and weary of her warm Careless.
 Another from his wanton Mistress flies,
 When he his Rival's recent Raptures spies.
 Like warm Desire! And he but little loves,
 Whom ev'ry Trifle shocks, and nothing moves.
 To those I write, (for my Advice they need)
 Whose hardy Passion can unbaulk'd proceed.
 What think you of that Lover, who could lye
 Conscat'd, to see what Custom must deny?
 I to no such indecent means direct,
 Not to be practis'd, tho' of sure Effect.

If to Excess you find your Passion rise,
 I would, at once, two Mistresses advise.
 Divided Care will give your Mind relief;
 What nourish'd One, may starve the Twins of Grief.

Book I. OVID's *Remedy of Love*. 199

Large Rivers, drain'd in many Streams, grow dry :
 Withdraw its Fuel, and the Flame will die.
 What Ship can safely with one Anchor ride? 470
 With sev'ral Cables she can brave the Tide.
 Who can at once two Passions entertain,
 May free himself at Will from either Chain.
 If treated Ill by her whom you adore,
 A kinder Nymph your Freedom must restore. 475
 No sooner *Minos* did fair *Procris* view,
 But Scandal on *Pasiphae's* Fame he threw,
 From his first Charmer soon *Alcmaon* fled,
Callirhoe once admitted to his Bed.
Oenone still had *Paris*' Mistress been, 480
 Had *Paris* faizet *Helen* never seen,
 So *Progne's* Beauty, tho' a Wife, endear'd
 Her *Tereus*, 'till *Philomel* appear'd.
 But I too long on dry Examples dwell:
 Some new Desire your former must expel. 485
 A fruitful Mother with one Child can part,
 (The rest surviving to support her Heart :)
 But she's impatiently of one bereft,
 Who has, alas! no second Comfort left.
 But lest you think that I new Laws decree, 490
 (Tho' proud of the Invention I could be)
 The same long since wise *Agamemnon* saw;
 (What saw he not, who held all *Greece* in Awe?)
 The beauteous Captive to himself he kept;
 Her Father fondly for his Daughter wept. 495
 Why dost thou grieve, old Sot? thy Daughter's blest,
 A royal Whore.---But (to allwage the Pest)
 When with his Mistress he was forc'd to part,
 The prudent Prince ne'er laid the Loss to Heart.
Achilles keeps as fair a Lads as she, 500
 Their Form, their very Names almost agree.
 Let him, said he, resign her by Consent,
 Or he shall feel my Kingly Power's Extent,

200 OVID's *Remedy of Love*. Book I.

If to my Subjects this shall give Offence,
The Name of Monarch is a vain Pretence. 505
Rather than Reign, and have my Love confin'd,
My Throne shall to *Thersites* be resign'd.
He said; and, for a charming Mistress lost,
Repair'd his Sufferings at another's cost.
Do you this Royal Precedent pursue, 510
And quench your former Passion by a New.

If you're a Stranger to the Sex, inquire
Where you may find a Mistress to admire.
To learn their Haunts my Books of Love peruse,
Where from a Swarm of Beauties you may chuse.
But if my Precepts have the least Pretence 516
To Truth, and if I speak *Apollo's* Sense,
Tho' *Aetna's* Fires within your Bosom glow,
Dissemble, and appear more cold than Snow.
In spite of Torture, still from Tears refrain; 520
Laugh when you have most reason to complain.
Nor do I such severe Commands impart,
At once to bid you tear her from your Heart;
But Counterfeit: You'll prove, in the Event,
That careless Lover whom you represent. 525
Oft when the merry Round I would not keep,
I've seem'd to Nod, and, seeming, fall'n Asleep.
I've laugh'd at him who fool'd away his Heart,
Dissembling Passion, 'till he felt the Smart.
Love comes by use; disuse will Love expel: 530
Learn to feign Health, and you will soon be well.

If she has bid you come, and fix'd the Night,
Tho' sure that she to mock you did invite,
Yet go; and if you find the Door fast lock'd,
Endure the Disappointment; be not shock'd, 535
Nor curse the Gate, nor fond Entreaties make,
Nor on the Threshold a hard Lodging take;

And when you see her next, Complaints forbear,
 Not in your Looks the least Resentment wear.
 Her Pride will stoop, and give your feign'd Neglect,
 What she deny'd to your sincere Respect;
 Nor is't enough your Mistress thus to cheat,
 You on your self must put the same Deceit;
 Acquaint not your own Thoughts with the Design,
 'Till the Work's done, and you have sprung the Mine.
 For else 'tis odds, but Nature in your Heart
 Will Faction raise, and take your Mistress' part.
 What you propose will soon effected be,
 Your Progress sure, if made with Secrecy.
 Conceal your Nets; if they are spread in sight;
 The Bird you meant to take, you'll only fright.

Nor suffer her you love, so much to prize
 Her Charming self; that she may you despise.
 Take Courage, conscious of your Merit seem;
 And worthy you'll appear of her Esteem.
 Ev'n then when you her Door wide open spy,
 Nay tho' call'd in, yet pass regardless by.
 She'll offer you her Bed; refuse to take
 The Favour, or a doubtful Answer make.
 Let Wisdom once but teach you to abstain
 From what you wish; you may your Wish obtain.
 Perhaps at my severe Advice you'll start,
 But know, I act a Reconciler's part.
 Diseases in a thousand Forms are rang'd;
 As Tempers vary, Med'cines must be chang'd;
 Some Bodies must a sharp long Course endure;
 A single Drug on others works a Cure.
 If your soft Nature yield to Cupid's Stroke,
 And Strength is wanting to reject his Yoke;
 Forbear against the Wind and Tide to strive,
 Slacken your Sail, and with the Current drive.
 For first the raging Thirst in which you fry
 Must be assway'd, e'er other Means you try;

202 OVID'S *Remedy of Love.* Book I.

Drink freely then; nor can you safely trust
To Satisfaction, drink ev'n to Disgust.
Visit your Mistress, keep her in your Sight,
Look'd up all Day, and in your Arms all Night.
Still sit at Board, tho' Appetite decay;
And, tho' you find you could be absent, stay;
Indulge Desire, 'till your Desires are cloy'd;
And Love, by so much Plenty, is destroy'd.

Ev'n a Fear with Passion will some Minds inspire,
Remove Distrust, and Passion will retire.
Who fears some Rival should his Mistress gain,
Machion's Skill can scarce relieve his Pain.
Since he fond Mother for her darling Son,
Feels greater Pangs, when to the Wars he's gone.

Near the Salarian Gate a Temple's plac'd,
With *Eurasion* Youth, Worship is paid:
'Tis there *Lethæan* Love cures Love's Desire,
Bedews his Lamps, and Water blends with Fire:
There sweet Forgetfulness griev'd Lovers find,
And injur'd Nymphs, whose Husbands prove unkind:
There in a Vellon, (if a Vellon there)
I heard the *Cupid* speak, or seem'd to hear.
O thou who dost sometimes teach Youth to love,
Then Rules prescribe thois Passion to remove:
One powerful Precept more let me impart,
Unknown to you, a Master in the Art.
Bid him who loves, and would Love's yoke reject,
On his own Life's Misfortunes oft reflect:
For all have Crosses, 'tis the common Lot;
Let him, who deeply into Debt is got,
Think on a Goal, and how he shall sustain
Confinement, more severe than *Cupid's* Chain,
Let him, who serves a rigid Father's Will,
And sees his filial Duty treated ill,

Book II OVID'S Remedy of Love. 203

(While'er Success in other things he find)
 Keep still his Father's angry Looks in Mind,
 Let him who has that double Curse of Life,
 At once a Shrew and Beggar to his Wife,
 Instead of Gallantry abroad, contrive
 Domestick Famine from his Door to drive,
 You that are Master of a gen'rous Soil,
 Look to your Vines, employ your careful Toil,
 Lest sudden Frosts the hopeful Vintage spoil.
 One has a trading Vessel homeward bound;
 Let him imagine Storms, his Ship unsound,
 Bulg'd, founder'd, wreck'd, and more, some baib'rous
 Enrich'd with the dear Cargo he has lost.
 Fear for your Son, who serves in the Campaign,
 And for your Daughter be in greater Pain,
 For mortifying Cares you need not roam,
 By thousands they will throng to you at home.
 If Paris, Helen's Champs you would abhor,
 Behold your Brothers weltring in their Gore,
 Thus spake the God, 'tilt from my Fancy's View
 His youthful Form, Sleep from my Eyes, withdrew.
 What shall I do, my *Palinurus* gone,
 And left to flee through untry'd Seas alone?

But Solitude must never be allow'd;
 A Lover's ne'er so safe as in a Crowd,
 For private Places private Grief encrease;
 What haunts you there, in Company will cease.
 Is to the gloomy Desert you repair,
 Your Mistress' angry Form will meet you there.
 What makes the Night less cheerful than the Day?
 Your Griefs are present, and your Friends away.
 Nor shun Discourse, nor make your House a Cell;
 Despair and Darkness still together dwell.
 To comfort you, some *Pythias* administers
 Which is of Friendship the chief Benefit.

204 OVID's *Remedy of Love*. Book I.

To Death's cold Arms what made poor *Phyllis* fly?
 'Twas less her Grief, than want of Company.
 Wild as a Bacchanal, her Way she took, 645
 With Hair dishevell'd, and distracted Look;
 Far out to Sea she casts her prying Eyes;
 Now stretch'd upon the sandy Beach she lyes:
 Faithless *Demopson*! to deaf Waves she cry'd,
 While Sighs her interrupted Words divide. 650
 Hard by a lonesome Tree its Shadow cast,
 As if for solitary Mischief plac'd:
 'Twas now her ninth sad Visit to the Shore;
 No Sail appears, and she'll expect no more:
 Her Nuptial Girdle round her Waste was ty'd, 655
 Just o'er her Head a stretching Bough she spy'd;
 She offers, and flies back, dreads what she dares;
 And, thus confus'd, the fatal Knot prepares.
 Now, wretched *Phyllis*, while this Deed was done,
 I could have wish'd thou hadst not been alone. 660
 Let disappointed Lovers warning take
 By thee, and never Company forsake.

But while Society I do prescribe,
 I mean not those of your own sighing Tribe:
 For nothing sure can so injurious be 665
 To one in Love, as Lovers company.
 A Patient, who my Orders did obey,
 And to his Cure was in a hopeful Way,
 By keeping Lovers company one Night,
 Relaps'd, beyond my Skill to set him right. 670
 Such dang'rous Neighbourhood you must avoid:
 A Flock's by one contagious Sheep destroy'd.
 If Health you'd keep, shun those who are unsound;
 By looking on sore Eyes, our own we wound;
 Dry Lands are oft by neighb'ring Rivers drown'd.
 Love's Pest allows no safety but in Flight; 675
 And the infected, to infect, delight.

Book I. OVID'S *Remedy of Love.* 205

Another, who quite through his Course had gone,
By living near his Mistress was undone.
Rashly his Strength, e'er well confirm'd, he tries,
Too weak to stand th' Encounter of her Eyes. 681
She meets, and conquers with one single View,
And all his fresh-skin'd Wounds gush forth a-new.
To save your House from neighb'ring Fire is hard,
Distance from Danger is the surest Guard. 685
Avoid your Mistress' Walks; and ev'n forbear
The Civil Offices you paid to her.
Change all your Measures, new Affairs pursue;
Find out (if possible) a World that's New.
A Table spread in View gives Appetite; 690
To see a gushing Rill does Thirst excite.
To leap their Females in a neighb'ring Plain,
Your Bull will break his Fence, your Steed his Rein.
Nor is't enough to quit the Nymph; but you
Must to her Friends and Kindred bid adieu; 695
Nor to your Sight admit the Page or Maid,
By whom the tender *Billet-Doux's* convey'd.
And, tho' impatient, stifle your Desire;
Nor of her Health, nor what she does, enquire.

Ev'n you who powerful Reasons can assign, 700
That 'twas ill-treatment made your Love decline,
Forbear Complaints, and no Investives make;
By scornful Silence, best Revenge you'll take.
Bury your Passion in a speechless Grave,
Desist from Love, but do not say you have. 705
If over-much you boast, the Symptom's ill;
Who always cries, *I've done with Love*, loves still.

To make sure Work, quench leisurely the Fire;
He's safe, who can by just Degrees retire.
A Torrent's swift, a Stream does gently glide, 710
But that's a short, and this a lasting Tide;

206 OVID'S *Remedy of Love*. Book I.

That Love must irrevocably decay,
Which does by Atoms waste it self away.

Yet, ev'n Humanity must needs abhor,
That you should hate the Nymph you did adore: 715
For he discovers a meer brutal Mind,
Whose Love to Enmity the way confin'd.
A gentle Cure is what I recommend;
For he whose Passion can in Harred end,
As soon may to his first Desire return; 720
His Fire does still beneath the Embers burn.
To see two Lovers at outrageous Odds,
Is Scandal and Offence to Men and Gods.
Many have rail'd, and yet been reconcil'd,
That Minute they their Mistresses revil'd. 725
Others I've known, who parting without strife,
Have fairly taken leave—but ta'en for Life.

A Nymph but lately passing in her Chair,
Met with her Lover; (I by chance was there). }
He storm'd, and with Reproaches fill'd the Air.
At last, *Come forth thou Harlot, come*, he cry'd: 731
She came; at sight of her his Tongue was ty'd,
The Writings in his Hand he flings away,
Runs to her Arms, and has but pow'r to say, }
You've Conquer'd, and no more I'll Disobey. 735

Let her the Presents you have sent retain,
And to a less prefer the greater Gain.
Weigh the Advantage by that Loss you reap,
And think the Purchase of your Freedom cheap.

If to her Presence you by chance are driv'n, 740
Streight recollect the Precepts I have giv'n.
Since with your *Amazon* you must engage,
To whet your Courage, muster all your Rage.

Book I. OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 207

Think on your Rival in her Chamber kept,
While you, excluded, on her Threshold slept,
How falsely she has treated you; and thence
More falsely sworn, to draw you in again.

Study no Dress when she is to be seen,
But wear your Garments careless as your Mien,
Or if the Sparkish Mode your Fancy seize,
Take care it be some other Nymph to please,

What most retards your Cure, I'll now reveal,
And to your own Experience dare appeal;
Hoping to be at last belov'd, (tho' vain
Those Hopes) we linger, and indulge our Pain.
T'our own Defects, through Self-opinion, blind,
We wonder how the Fair can be unkind.

Ne'er think that what she says or swears is true;
She fears the Gods no more than she fears you.
Nor trust her Tears, tho' plentiful Tears distil;
Their Eyes are disciplin'd to weep at will.
With various Arts they storm a Lover's Mind,
Like some bleak Rock, expos'd to Waves and Wind.

Nourish the just Resentments in your Heart,
But ne'er declare the Reason why you part.
For, rais'd with Cairnes, she'll plead her Innocence;
And you'll too much incline to her Defence.
Contract th' Indictment; spinning out the Charge,
But shows you'd have her clear her self at large.

Nor yet abruptly should you leave the Fair,
And like *Ulysses*, drive them to Despair:
To no such violent Methods I'll advise,
Nor aid a Lover, while his Mistress dies.
I mean not *Cupid's* purple Wings to clip,
Nor break his Bow, or feather'd Arrows slip,

208 OVID's *Remedy of Love.* Book I.

The Counsels that I give are just and true,
Do you as faithfully my Rules pursue;
Phæbus, to thee once more for Aid I run;
Assist me, as thou hast already done.
He comes, he comes, he'll instantly appear, 780
His Quiver, and his sounding Harp I hear,
Both Signs most certain, that the God is near. }

Compare your Bastard Scarlet with the right,
The diff'rence will appear, tho' both are bright.
Your Charmer so by first-rate Beauties place, 785
And her Defects, by brighter Lustre trace;
Pallas was tall and graceful, sternly Fair,
And Juno carry'd a majestick Air;
Singly they pleas'd, and by each other charm'd,
But both by Venus' Presence were disarm'd. 790

Nor Manhood yet must you so far disgrace
As to become the Vassal of a Face;
Nor to meet Beauty your Devotion pay;
Her Breeding, Humour, and her Manners weigh:
But in the Scale of an impartial Mind, 795
Of Inclination will your Judgment blind.

What more I have to say, will lyè compriz'd
In little Room, but must not be despis'd;
Those short Receipts have Cures on many done, 800
And, of that Number, I my self am one.

The Letters sent you, when your Nymph was kind,
Revise not, for they'll shake your constant Mind:
But say, when you commit them to the Fire,
Be this the Fun'ral Pile of my Desire; 805
Perish, my Love; in this just Flame expire.
Althaa burnt the fatal Brand, and knew,
The Brand consuming, her own Son she slew,

Book I. OVID's *Remedy of Love*. 209

Can you, whose Kindness had a worse Return,
Repine, a few deceitful Words to burn?
No; make a total Sacrifice, nor spare 810
The very Seal that does her Image bear.

From all such Places too you must remove,
As ever have been conscious to your Love.
You'll say, (and grieve to think those Joys are fled)
This was th' Apartment, this the happy Bed! 815
The dear Remembrance will renew Desire,
And to fresh Blaze blow up the sleeping Fire.
The *Greeks* could wish t'have shun'd th' *Eubæan* Coast,
And vengeful Fire, by which their Fleet was lost.
Wise Sailors tack, when *Scylla's* Rock they spy; 820
So you should from your Mistress' Dwelling fly,
There stands the Rock, on which you split before,
Imagine there you hear *Charybdis* roar.

But Chanceit self sometimes may stand your Friend,
And give your Grievs an unexpected End. 825
Had *Phædra's* Wealth to Poverty declin'd,
She never for *Hippolytus* had pin'd.
Or were *Medea* born a rural Maid,
No faithless *Jason* had implor'd her Aid.
But Love in pamper'd Palaces is bred, 830
By Pleasure and luxurious Riches fed.
Not *Hecale* or *Irus* could arrive
At *Hymen's* Joys, tho' long they did survive:
For both were Poor; and *Cupid* still shoots high,
His Shafts above the humble Cottage fly. 835
Yet so severe a Cure I can't approve,
Or bid you starve your self, to starve your Love.

But ne'er frequent the wanton Theatre,
Where vain Desires in all their Pomp appear;
From Musick, Dancing, and an am'rous Part, 840
Perform'd to th' Life, how can you guard your Heart?

Against my self, I frank Confession make;
 Into your Hands no am'rous Poet take,
 Whose *Syren* Muses draw the list'ning Throng,
 And charm them into Ruin, by their Song. 845
Callimachus first from your sight remove,
 Banish *Philetas* next; th' are Friends to Love.
 How oft have *Sappho's* Odes set me on Fire!
 Who can contain, that hears *Anacreon's* Lyre!
 Who reads *Tibullus*, must his Passion feel; 850
Propertius can dissolve a Heart of Steel:
 Nor *Gallus* fails the coldest Breast to warm;
 And ev'n my Muse has found the Art to charm.

But if *Apollo*, who conducts my Song,
 Secures me in this Point from guessing wrong; 855
 The Pain with which most sensibly y'are griev'd,
 Is on th' Account of Jealousie conceiv'd.
 No fear of Rivals must your Heart torment;
 For, true or false, yet for your own Content,
 At least persuade your self that you have none; 860
 And that the harmless Creature sleeps alone.
Orestes ne'er could find his Nymph had Charms,
 'Till he beheld her in another's Arms.
 Why, *Menelaus*, dost thou now take on?
 In *Crete* you long could sauntering stay alone; 865
 Your *Helen's* Absence ne'er disturb'd your Rest:
 No sooner fled she, with her *Trojan* Guest,
 The Royal Cuckold raves, and he must make
 A ten Years War, to fetch the Harlot back.
 'Twas on this score the fierce *Achilles* wept; 870
 With *Agamemnon* his *Breasts* slept.
 Good Cause to weep, the Maiden Toy was got,
 Or great *Alcides* was a sov'rain Sor.
 His game of Love were *Ovid* to have plaid,
 The Poet had the better Hero made. 875
 At last, with Gifts, he did the Lads restore,
 And that she was untouch'd profoundly swore,

Book I. OVID's *Remedy of Love.* 211

Swore by his Sceptre; --- nor can that seem odd;
He knew his Sceptre but a wooden God.

O could you once arrive but to the Pow'r 280
As unconcern'd, to pass your Mistress' Door!
Strongly resolve, tho' ne'er so loth to stir,
For now's the time to stretch with Whip and Spur.
Think there's the *Siren's* Den, the deadly Bay,
Make all the Sail you can, and scud away. 285
Your fond Resentment quit, and condescend
To take your very Rival for your Friend.
Salute him kindly, tho' with deep Regret;
Embrace him, I'll pronounce your Cure compleat,

Now to perform a true Physician's part, 290
And shew I'm perfect Master of my Art;
I will prescribe what Diet you should use,
What Food you ought to take, and what refuse.
Mushrooms of ev'ry sort provoke Desire,
Salacious Rocket sets your Veins on Fire: 295
The Plant I'd recommend is wholesome Rue,
It clears the Sight, and does the Blood subdue.
But, in a Word, of all the Herbs that grow,
Take only such as keep the Body low.
If my Opinion you would have of Wine, 300
It quenches Love, and does to Love incline.
A little Breath of Wind but fans the Fire,
Whose Flame will in a greater Blast expire.
In Wine you must no Moderation keep:
You must not drink at all; or drink so deep, 305
So large a Dose, as puts your Cares to sleep. }

Now to our Port we are arriv'd; bring down
The jolly Wreath, our weary Barque to Crown.
Your Grief redrest, and now a happy Throng, 309
Ye Nymphs and Youth applaud my healing Song,



NOTES

ON

OVID's Remedy of Love.



THE Author endeavours, in this Treatise, to make amends for the hurt he did by the former; and proposes several Remedies in the Case of Love, some of which are very good and useful, as there are others very trivial, and not fit to be put in Practice.

The Title of this Book, when Cupid spy'd. Ovid begins this Treatise as agreeably as he has done the others, and indeed his Invention is so fruitful that he never wants Grace. Cupid seems frighten'd at the very Title of it, apprehending he is declaring War with him.

Your loyal Poet wrong. Because he had before sung Cupid's Power and Exploits, in the three Books of the Art of Love, and in his three Books of Amours; besides his Heroical Epistles, where he shews us, that no Man ever understood the Affairs of Gallantry better than himself.

Like Diomede, to wound the Queen of Love. Alluding to that Passage in Homer, where he makes Venus wounded by Diomedes in her right Hand; see

NOTES on the Remedy of Love 213

the fifth Iliad. *Diomedes*, the Son of *Tydeus*, whom *Minerva* had so strengthen'd that he was a Match for the immortal Gods, and having giv'n this Wound to *Venus*, forc'd her to retire back to Heaven as fast as she could in *Mars's* Chariot.

Let your Step-Father *Mars*. The Fable of *Mars* and *Venus* being caught in the Net, is elegantly told in the *Art of Love*; and he is call'd *Love's* Father-in-Law, from his Familiarity with his Mother *Venus*.

A thousand wheeling, &c. As may be seen in the second Scene of the second Act of *Plautus's Curculio*. And that Lovers sometimes rail'd at their Mistresses, we find in *Tibullus*, Book 1. Elegy 2.

Janua difficilis damna, te verberet imber, &c. The same may be seen by several Passages in *Propertius* and *Catullus*.

Such was the Cure the Arcadian Hero found. *Telephus* King of *Myfia*, Son of *Hercules* and *Ange*, Daughter of the King of *Arcadia*. He was call'd *Telephus*, from his having been nurs'd by a Doe in a wild Place, where he was found by Shepherds, who carry'd him to *Corytus* King of *Thessaly*, by whom he was adopted for his Son. When he was grown up to Man's Estate he went to *Delphos*, to inquire out his Parents of the Oracle, which bid him go to *Thentras* King of *Myfia*, where he should be inform'd of what he desir'd; he there found his Mother *Ange*, and when his Birth was known, great was the Joy of the *Myssian* Court. *Thentras*, who had no Male Issue, gave him his Daughter *Argiope* in Marriage, and left him his Successor in the Kingdom when he dy'd. The Trojan War happening some time after, the Greeks who did not very well know their way to *Troy*, landed in *Myfia*, where *Telephus*

214 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

gave them Battel, and wounded *Ulysses*; but was himself dangerously wounded by *Achilles*: Consulting the Oracle about his Cure, he was told he could never be cur'd unless he was again wounded in the same Place with the same Lance; upon which he went to Greece, whither the Grecians were return'd, and promis'd *Achilles* to be his Guide to Troy if he would cure him; accordingly the Grecian Hero did cure him with the same Lance that gave him the Wound. *Diodorus Siculus* tells this Story in his 5th Book, with large Circumstances. The Lance was call'd *Pelion*, from *Pelion* or *Pelonus*, the Name of *Achilles*'s Father.

Nor had *Demophoon*, &c. He gives several Instances of Ladies who came to untimely Ends, thro' their Impatience in their Loves. All their Stories are well known.

Tereus' Rape. He was chang'd into a Lapwing. The Fable of *Philomel* is mention'd in the Art of Love.

Nor *Phaedra*. This Story has also been already spoken of, and that of *Paris* and *Helen*, more than once; but *Ovid* here makes another use of them, and sets them as Examples to be shun'd, nor imitated.

Phœbus, then God of Physick, and of Verse. Of Heroick Verse, as *Tibullus* writes: *Nec profunt elogi, nec Carminis Auctor, Apollo*. *Pliny* says, we owe the Origin of Heroick Verse to an Oracle of this Divinity; tho' some Authors inform us, that *Rhœmonde* Daughter of *Apollo* was the Inventress of it; and others, that 'twas *Carmante*, *Evander*'s Mother, of whom mention is made in this Poet's *de Fastis*, Book 1.

Poor *Myrrha* ne'er had been. The History of *Myrrha*'s Passion for her Father *Cinyras*, is admirably related in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*, Book 7.

NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 215

When Philoctetes, &c. He was the Son of Pean, and Hercules's faithful Companion, who made him swear he would never discover where he lay bury'd, and gave him his Arrows dipt in Hydra's Blood. The Greeks being told by the Oracle that they should never take Troy 'till they found the fatal Arrows, importun'd *Philoctetes* to tell them where they were hid, which was in Hercules's Tomb; and he discovered it by stamping on it with his Foot, to keep himself from Perjury: But he was wounded in the Foot for his Perjurication, by one of those Arrows when he went to the Trojan War. However *Neoptolemus* cur'd him. *Ulysses* brought him to Troy, and boasted of it in the Speech he made to the Grecian Princes, when he demanded *Achilles's* Arms. See the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*.

Take leave of Idleness. An excellent Remedy, and the most infallible in the Distemper of Love, which is begot by Laziness and Effeminacy.

Parthia's War, &c. Meaning the Parthian War, in which *Tiberius* commanded under *Augustus*.

The Etolian Spear. *Diomedes's*, before mention'd.

Agisthus's Son. The Son of *Thyestes*, whose adulterous Love to *Clytemnestra* prov'd so fatal to her Husband *Agamemnon*, to himself and her: for he having kill'd his Cousin *Gemman*, King *Agamemnon*, and seiz'd his Kingdom, and Wife at his Return from Troy: *Orestes*, that King's Son, in Revenge slew him, and even his own Mother, for which he was haunted by the Furies.

Or Country-work, &c. The Antients are almost always happy in their Description of a Country Life; this is equally Natural and Elegant. See *Virgil's* 2d *Georgick*.

216 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

Diana. Daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, and the Goddess of the Champaign Sports.

Hamonian Fields you rove. There were two Mount *Hemus*'s, one in *Macedonia*, reaching from the *Evening* to the *Adriatick*; the other in that part of *Greece* call'd *Thessaly*, which was famous for poisonous Herbs, us'd in Conjurations.

Think on Medea. That Story has been already told.

And what did Circe's, &c. *Circe* poison'd her Husband, the King of the *Sarmata*, and was therefore banish'd by her Subjects. In her Exile she came to *Italy*, where she chang'd *Scylla* by her Spells into a Monster, and metamorphos'd *Ulysses*'s Companions into several sorts of Beasts. *Ulysses*, after he had liv'd with her some time, left her. She was the Daughter of the Sun.

No second Rhesus, &c. *Ulysses* himself mentions his overcoming this *Rhesus*, in his Speech against *Ajax*, in the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*. He was King of *Thrace*, and assisted the *Trojans* with Cavalry, but was defeated and slain by *Diomedes* and *Ulysses*.

My am'rous Liberty. He alludes to his Books of the *Art of Love*, which gave Offence.

Malice gave obscure Zoilus a Name. *Vitruvius* (Lib. 7. de Arch.) relates of this *Zoilus*, that having compil'd Books against *Homer*, and read them to *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*, the King made him no Reply, being displeas'd that he should presume to censure so great a Poet. *Zoilus* afterwards being reduc'd to want, came to beg Relief of the same *Ptolemy*, who thus answer'd, *What I have the Works of Homer, after his having been a thousand Years in his Grave, been able to maintain millions of Men; and cannot you, who pretend your self a greater Wit than he,*
by

NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 217

by your Writings maintain one? Zoilus some time after was accus'd of Parricide, and crucify'd according to the Execution then us'd by the Ancients in the East. Almost all Masters in any of the Sciences have had their Zoilus's: Cicero, Ovid, and even Virgil himself could not escape them.

The pious Muse. He means Virgil, who is justly admir'd by all that can read and understand him. Yet this Divine Poet was not spar'd by the Malice of some false Criticks; which ought to be a Comfort to such as do well in the Arts, when Envy endeavours to wound them.

Maonian Strains. Homer was call'd Maonian, but 'tis uncertain for what reason.

Callimachus would do Achilles wrong. Who that Callimachus was, has been said in the Notes on the third Book of the *Art of Love*.

Cydippe were no Theme, &c. Callimachus wrote a Poem on the Loves of Cydippe and Acontius, which was call'd Cydippe.

Thais, &c. The Name of a famous Courtesan, whom Menander endeavour'd to represent as possess'd of all the Cunning and Qualifications of a Person of that Profession. Propertius mentions her in the 6th Elegy of his 2d Book.

*Turba Menandrea fuerat nec Thaidos olim
Tanta, in qua populus lusit Erichthomius.*

And Elegy 5. Book 1.

*Sed potius mundi Thais pretiosa Menandri
Cum ferit astutos comica Macha Getas.*

There's also this Title of an Epigram in Martial, The *Thais* of Menander: In which that Poet says of her,

Hæc primum juvenum lascivos lussit amores.

Hæc Glycere vera, Thais amica fuit.

In the third Book of Ovid's *Art of Love* she is mention'd, *Ut sis liberior Thaidæ, finge metus*; and in the last Elegy of his *Amorum*, Book 1.

Dum fallax servus, durus pater, improba lena,

Vixit, & meretrix blanda, Menandros erit.

See the 13th Chap. of the 13th Book of *Athenæus* concerning this Woman, as also the 5th Book of *Quintus Curtius*, and *Plutarch* in his *Life of Alexander*. From whence 'tis easie to judge, that as often as the Antients make mention of *Thais*, they do not allude to *Terence*, but to *Menander's Comedies*.

Burst Envy, &c. A Justice which *Ovid* does himself; and we may see by it, his Reputation was very well settled, or he could not have said this with so much Assurance.

Soft Elegy in such esteem I've plac'd,

Not Virgil, &c. The Poet gives us to understand, he had made himself as famous for *Elegiack Verse*, as *Virgil* was for *Heroick*; and at the same time that he praises himself, he gives the highest Commendation to *Virgil*. *Propertius*, *Tibullus* and *Catullus*, excell'd also in the Elegy which they wrote in imitation of *Callimachus* and *Euphorion*.

By one small Viper's Bite. This is a little malicious on the Sex, and shews that the least Vice of a Mistress is fatal to a Lover.

I would, at once, two Mistresses advise. For Love when divided is always least violent. This Remedy is not so sure, as 'tis dishonourable.

No sooner Minos did fair Procris view, Procris or Plotis, and not *Prognis*, as 'tis in some Editions;

this *Procris* was a very beautiful Woman, with whom *Minos* fell in Love. After which he turn'd off *Pasiphae*, who out of Revenge or Want prostituted herself scandalously, as the Commentator on *Pindar*, cited by *Merula*, tells us. She was the Daughter of the Sun, and in the Fable is famous for her falling in Love with a Bull, and bringing forth the Minotaur.

Soon *Alcmaeon* fled. *Alcmaeon* was the Son of *Amphiaraus*, and Brother of *Amphilochus*; who endeavouring to purifie himself for the Crime he had committed in murdering his Mother *Eriphile*, came to *Phegeus*, Father of *Alpheisbaea*, to whom he gave his Mother's fatal Chain, and marry'd her. Afterwards going to visit *Acbelous*, he was enamour'd of his Daughter *Callirhoe*; who demanding of him that precious Chain, he return'd to *Alpheisbaea* to fetch it, but was kill'd by her Brothers *Timeno* and *Axionas*, and bury'd in the *Acropolis* of *Zacynthus*, where grew Cypress Trees, which they call'd Virgins. In the mean time *Alpheisbaea*, to revenge her Husband's Death, kill'd her two Brothers, as *Pausanias* reports in his 7th Book. *Ovid* has touch'd lightly on this Story in the 5th of his *Metamorphoses*.

Oenone still had *Paris*' Mistress been. She was the Daughter of the River *Troas*, according to *Apollodorus*, and of *Xanthus*, according to others. Her Story is told more at large in the 5th of *Ovid*'s *Heroical Epistles*, from *Oenone* to *Paris*. When *Hecuba*, *Priam*'s Wife, and *Paris*'s Mother, was with Child of him, she dream'd she had a Firebrand in her Womb, which should consume *Troy* to Ashes. To prevent *Priam*'s making him away, *Hecuba* sent him to Mount *Ida*, to be bred up in the mean Condition of a Shepherd, and when he grew up, he marry'd *Oenone*. There

he had the Vision of the three naked Goddesses, was made Arbitrator of their Beauties, and gave the Golden Apple, upon which was written *Detur pulchriori*, to *Venus*, who had promis'd him the fairest Woman in the World if he decided the Dispute in her Favour; *Pallas* tempted him with Wisdom, and *Juno* with Power, both which he slighted, and preferr'd Pleasure. His Father afterwards coming to the Knowledge of him, and admitting him to Court, he from thence went to *Sparta*, stole *Helen*, and *Hecuba's* Dream prov'd but too true.

So Progne's Beauty. This Fable has been hinted on before. She was the Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, and Sister of *Philomela*; she marry'd *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, and understanding by the Representation of her Sister *Philomel's* Misfortune work'd in Tapestry, how she had been abus'd by her Husband, *Progne*, with a Company of *Bacchanals*, at the Feast of *Bacchus*, first set *Philomel* at Liberty, her Husband having imprison'd her, and then kill'd, roasted, and dish'd up her Son *Itys* for *Tereus*, who would have kill'd her: But they were all transform'd, *Tereus* into a Lapwing, *Progne* into a Swallow, *Philomel* into a Nightingale, and *Itys* into a Pheasant.

The beautiful Captive, &c. Her Name was *Astynome*, and her Father's *Chryses*. He was *Apollo's* Priest; and the God, to revenge the Affront offer'd him in the Person of his Priest, sent a Plague among the *Greeks* for *Agamemnon's* Ravishing her, which was not taken off 'till that King of Kings restor'd the young Lady to her Father by *Calchas's* advice. This Story is describ'd at large in the first Book of *Homer's Iliads*, as is also the Rape of *Briseis*, *Achilles's* Mistress, who was so disgusted at *Agamemnon's* taking her from him, that he refus'd to fight, and kept himself close in his Tent; 'till hearing his

NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 221

Friend *Patroclus*, to whom he had lent his Arms, was kill'd, he return'd to the Battel and slew *Hector*.

My Throne shall to *Thersites* be resign'd, &c. *Thersites* was the ugliest among the Greeks, a great Talker, of whom *Homer* speaks in his 2d *Iliad*; he was One-ey'd, Hump-back'd, and Lame. *Juvenal* in his eighth Satyr adds, he was also Bald.

Male pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis.

Eacida similis,---

And in the eleventh Satyr,

---Nec enim lorica poscit Achilles

Thersites, in qua se iraducebat Ulysses

Ancipitem.

Drink freely then, &c. This is not the only Advice which *Ovid* gives, that has a little too much of *Libertinism* in it; but he proposes a less Evil to avoid a greater.

Machaon, Son of *Æsculapins*, and Brother to *Podalicus*, who both inherited the Gift of Medicine of their Father. *Homer* mentions them; and *Cantaber* says, *Machaon* was kill'd at the Siege of *Troy* by *Euryphilus*.

Lethæan Lovers. *Lethe*, the River of Forgetfulness. There was one in *Lydia* of that Name, another in *Macedon*, another in *Spain*, and another in *Cress*.

Think on a Goal, &c. In the Original *Qui Puteal, Janumque timet, celaresque Calendas.*

Who *Libo's Wells* and the swift *Calends* fears.

He calls the Wells *Puteal*. *Acres* upon *Horace* writes, 'twas a place in *Rome* where the *Pretor*, Bankers, and other Men of Business us'd to meet. But others,

222 NOTES on *The Remedy of Love.*

that 'twas a Court of Justice near the *Flaminian Circus*, call'd *Libo's*, because he was the first who erected it. *Horace* speaks of it in his 19th Epistle to *Mecenas*.

---*Forum, Putealque Libonis*°

Mandabo fidei : adimam cantare severis.

He mentions the *Puteal* in the 6th Satyr of his 2d Book :

Roscius orabat sibi adesse ad Puteal erat.

And *Propertius*,

Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas.

The Poet by the swift *Calends* understands the Month of *January*, when Creditors su'd their Debtors; and this Court was near the Temple of *Janus*. They are call'd swift *Calends*, for that being Days of Payment, Debtors thought they came round very fast. This Thought reflects on the Extravagance of Lovers, who squander away their Estates, run in Debt, and ruin themselves by their Amours, as *Horace* says, Book 1, Satyr 3.

*Odisti & fugis, ut Drusonem debitor aris,
Qui, nisi cum tristis misero venere Celande,
Mercedem, aut nummos unde unde extricat, amaras
Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.*

And at the end of the 2d Epode,

*Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quarit Calendis ponere.*

The first Days of the other Months were Pay-days, as well as those of *January*, but not a Term for su-

NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 223

ing: And from these Calends *Augustus* us'd to say of any one that was insolvent, or would not pay his Debts, He will pay, at the Greek Calends, that is, never; the *Greeks* having no Calends, as the *Romans* had.

My *Palinurus* gone. *Palinurus* was one of *Æneas*'s Companions, and his Pilot; who, falling asleep at the Helm, tumbled with it in his hand into the Sea; and after three days swimming arriv'd at Port *Ve-lino* in *Italy*, where he was robb'd and kill'd by the Inhabitants. For this they were severely plagued, and having consulted *Apollo's* Oracle, to appease his Ghost consecrated a Grove to him, and built him a Tomb on the next Promontory, call'd still by the *Italians* the Cape of *Palinurus*.

To comfort you, some *Pylades* admit. *Pylades*, Son of King *Strophius*, and faithful Friend of *Orestes*, whom he would have sav'd from being sacrificed to *Diana*, pretending he was *Orestes*; *Orestes* affirming to the contrary; but the generous Strife was ended by the Priestess *Iphigenia*, who knowing her Brother *Orestes*, both were sav'd.

Wild as a *Bacchanal*. As a *Theban* celebrating the *Trietericks*, the Services that were made to *Bacchus* every three Years, as *Servius* observes on those Words of the 4th *Æneid*, where *Virgil* speaks of the furious Agitation *Dido* was in.

Qualis commotis excita sacris

Thyas, ubi audire stimulant *Trieterica* *Baccho*

Orgia, no *Furnus*que vocat clamore *Citharon*.

Orgia, the Feasts and Sacrifices of *Bacchus*, which were commonly celebrated by raving Women on the Mountains. This Story of *Phyllis* and *Demo-phoon* has been touch'd on before in the *Art of Love*,

224 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

as also in the 2d Epistle of *Ovid's* Heroicks, from *Phyllis* to *Demophoon*.

To one in Love, as Lovers Company. There's a sort of dangerous Infection in it. And indeed nothing is more certain, than that what is bad is more easily communicated to another, than what is good; which the Poet justifies by Similes, as he is wont to do. *Juvenal* speaks of this Infection, in the same Sense that *Ovid* does.

-----*Dedit hanc contagio labem,
Et dabit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, & porrigine porci.*

Must to her Friends and Kindred bid adieu. Must renounce all sorts of Commerce with every thing that belongs to her; which is one of the best Remedies against so contagious a Distemper, but hard to be put in practice.

Nor like Ulysses, &c. He not only abandon'd *Circe*, but *Calypso* Queen of *Orygia*, who had been as kind to him as *Circe*.

His Quiver and his sounding Harp. The same *Mercury* gave him, with which he vanquish'd *Marsyas*, who challeng'd him to a Tryal of Skill in Musick, for which he was a little too severely punish'd. *Apollo* himself repenting of it, is said to break the Strings of his Lyre, and, according to *Diodorus*, would not a long time make use of it.

Compare your Bastard Scarlet, &c. The *Lacedaemonian* with the *Tyrian*; for the Dye of *Amyclea* near *Lacedaemon* was inferior to that of *Tyre*, as *Pliny* witnesses; *Rorem purpurae praeipuum esse Asia in Tyro*. For such was the Opinion the Ancients had of it. We have noted as much before.

Pallas, &c. Alluding to the Vision of those three Goddesses by *Paris* on Mount *Ida*.

NOTES on the Remedy of Love. 225

Althea burnt the fatal Brand. *Althea*, Wife of *Oeneus* King of *Calydonia*; and Mother of *Meleager*, who hearing all her other Sons were kill'd in a Sedition, in a Fury flung the Brand into the Fire, upon which the Fate of *Meleager* depended, and then stabb'd or hang'd her self.

To have shunn'd th' Eubœan Coast. *Nauplius* King of *Eubœa* and *Seriphus*, the Father of *Palamedes*, to revenge the Death of his Son, set up a Watch-light upon a Promontory, which the *Greeks*, being overtaken in a Storm, took for a Signal of a safe Landing-place, and so fell in among the Rocks, as *Nauplius* intended it: But he finding *Ulysses* had escap'd, in a Rage threw himself into the Sea. These Lights are now us'd to shew where Rocks lye, and not where there are none.

When Scylla's Rocks they spy. *Scylla*, Daughter of *Nisus*. She was chang'd into a Rock near *Charybdis*, in the *Straitian* Streights; or, as others say, in the Streights of *Megara*: But 'tis controverted whether she was the same who was metamorphos'd into a Rock or not. There were two *Scylla*'s, and the Poets confound the Fables one with another: 'Tis said that *Scylla*, Daughter of *Nisus*, falling in Love with *Minos*, who had besieg'd *Megara*, of which her Father was King, she cut off that Lock of Hair on which his Strength and Fortune depended; and the City being taken, he was turn'd into an Osprey. *Minos* afterwards slighting *Scylla*, she dy'd of Despair, and was metamorphos'd into a Lark. Yet *Propertius* says otherwise, *Elegy 4, Book 4*.

*Quid mirum in patrios Scyllam fuisse capillos?
Candidaque in savos inguina versa Canes?*

226 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

Virgil, in his 6th Eclogue, writes,

*Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstros.*

And Ovid, in the 4th of his *de Fastis*, *Et non Nisei
naufraga monstra canes*. See the 11th Elegy of the
3d Book of his *Amorum*.

*Per nos Scylla patri canos furata capillos,
Pube premit rabidos inguinibusque canes.*

As also the 4th Book of his *Metamorphoses*. *Lucretius*, speaking of the latter *Scylla*, says,

*Aut rapidis canibus succinctas semimarinis
Corporibus Scylla.*

This *Scylla* was the Daughter of *Phareus*, who, according to the Fable, was chang'd into a Monster, whose lower Parts were Dogs; and the occasion of it was the dreadful Noise made by the Waves and Winds on that Rock. But we see the greatest of ancient Poets confound the one Fable with the other.

You hear *Charybdis* roar, &c. *Servius* tells us, she was a gluttonous Woman, who having stolen *Hercules's* Oxen, was thunderstruck by *Jupiter*, and thrown headlong into the Sea, where she keeps still her natural Disposition of devouring all things. This Rock lyes over-against *Zanclea* in *Sicily*, at the Entrance of the Streights of *Messina*, from whence she is sometimes call'd *Zanclea*. *Strabo* writes, the Rock is prodigiously hollow; and *Propertius*, speaking of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, Elegy 12, Book 3, says,

Scyllaque, & alterna scissa Charybdis aqua

NOTES on the *Remedy of Love*. 227

And Elegy 26, Book 2.

*Credo mihi, nobis mitescet Scylla, nec unquam
Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.*

See the 3d *Aeneid* of Virgil, Seneca's 8th Epistle, the 4th Book of *Thucydides*, the 2d of *Cicero's* *Philippics*, the 4th Book of *Apollonius*, and *Hyginus*, Fable 125, Book 1.

Not *Hecale* or *Irus*, &c. *Hecale* was a poor old Woman, who entertain'd *Theseus* at her Cottage in one of his Enterprises; and *Irus* one of *Penelope's* Suiters, who being extremely poor was almost starved, and so weak that *Ulysses* knock'd him o' the Head with his Fist. *Irus's* Poverty occasion'd the Proverb *Iro pauperior*. He is spoken of in the Epistle from *Penelope* to *Ulysses*.

Irus egens, pecorisque Melanthius auctor edendi.

And in his *Invective* against *Ibis*,

Qualis erat nec non fortuna binominis Iri.

Propertius, in the 5th Elegy of his 3d Book, opposes *Cræsus's* Wealth to *Irus's* Poverty:

Dulichio Lydius non distat Cræsus ab Iro.

And *Martial*,

Cum sis tam pauper, quam nes miserabilis Irus.

From *Musick*, *Dancing*, &c. Meaning that of the *Mimes*, where the Postures were very debauch'd, and the Sight of them dangerous to Manners. Upon which *Propertius*, Book 2, Elegy 22,

O nimis exitio nata theatra meo!

Sive aliquis molli deducit candida gestu

Brachia, seu varios incinit ore modos.

228 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

Ovid, talking of the Theatres, in the 1st Elegy of his Book de Fastis, writes,

*Ut tandem fatear, ludi quoque semina præbent
Nequicia: tolli tota theatra jube.*

Juvenal, in his 6th Satyr,

----- *Cuneis an habent spectacula totis
Quod securus ames.*-----

And Ovid again, in the 4th Elegy of the 2d Book of his *Amorum*, speaking of the dancing of the Mimes,

*Illa placet gestu, numerosaque brachia ducit,
Et tenerum molli torquet ab arte latus.*

Statius, in the 3d Book of his *Sylva*,

*Candida seu molli diducit brachia motu
Mollia.*

Juvenal again, in the above-mention'd Satyr, says of these Dancers,

Cheironomon Ledam molli saltante Bathyllo.

There's an excellent Treatise of it in Lucan.

Into your Hands no amorous Poet take. Soft Poems, Elegies of Love, and pleasant Songs, revive amorous Fancies, and should be avoided. Ovid names the very Poets, whom he advis'd the Lovers to read in his *Art of Love*, as *Callimachus*, *Philetas*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, and *Gallus*; and for the same Reason that they were good then, are bad now. The Moderns may be allow'd to read them, because there are several Historical Events to be met with in them, and not to learn their Sentiments,

NOTES on the Remedy of Love 229

Orestes ne'er cou'd find his Nymph had Charms.
 Hermione, his Cousin German, Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, whom Tyndarus, Helen's Father, marry'd to Pyrrhus, Achilles's Son, tho' she was contracted to Orestes.

With Agamemnon, &c. Ovid calls him the Son of Plifthenes, for indeed neither he nor Menelaus were the Sons of Atreus, tho' they are so often call'd Atreides, both of them being begot by Plifthenes, Brother of Atreus, and Thyestes, who dying before his two elder Brothers, left his two Sons in charge with Atreus the eldest, who bred them up as carefully as if they had been his own Children; for which Reason, as Mycillus observes, they always pass'd for such.

He knew his Scepter, &c. He means that of Agamemnon, which was made by Vulcan, who presented it to Jupiter, and he gave it to Mercury, Mercury to Pelops, and he to Atreus, who left it at his Death to Thyestes, and Thyestes gave it to Agamemnon, to shew his Royal Power in Argos, according to the Report of Homer in the 2d Book of his Iliads.

Think there's the Siren's Den, &c. Illa Lotophages. In the Original Lotophages, that is, Eaters of the Fruit of a certain Tree call'd Lotus. The Lotophages were a People of Africa, who, as Strabo writes, inhabited an Island call'd Menynge: Ulysses's Company having tasted of this Country Fruit, thought no more of their Return, so delicious did they think it. Thus Homer writes in his Odysses, and also Silins in his 3d Book.

-----Quos succo nobilis arbor,
 Et dulci pascit lotos nimis hospita Baccho,

230 NOTES on the Remedy of Love.

Pliny says the *Lotos* came from the Country of the *Naxamoni*ans near the *Syrtis*, Rocks or rather Shelves on the Coasts of *Africa*. The Tree was as big as a Pear-tree, and the Fruit about the bigness of a Bean, of a Saffron Colour, and extremely sweet, but it chang'd its Nature if transplanted into *Italy*. The *Sirens* are reported to sing off of this Shoat.

Mushrooms of every sort provoke Desire.

Salacibus Rocket, &c. *An venit Megaris*, says the Poet, which grow in the Territory of *Megara*. *Pausanias* says this Province was a part of *Attica*, Book 1. The *Bæotians* call'd it *Megara*; from *Megara* the Son of *Neptune*, who being bury'd in this Place, 'twas afterwards call'd *Megara*. The *Megara*ns add, that twelve Ages after the Captivity of the Son of *Pharoneus*, *Lelagus* coming from *Egypt* obtain'd the Kingdom of *Megara*; from whence the People were call'd *Lelagi*. There was a famous Fort nam'd *Alcathous*, from the Name of a Son of *Pelops*, who built it, and dy'd there.

The jolly Wreath our weary Bark to crown. The Poet having finish'd his Work, demands a time of Rest, and to enjoy the Glory he had deserv'd by his Labour, as the Seamen when they enter their Port after a long Voyage; which is the same Simile *Virgil* makes use of in his 1st *Georgick*.

Ceu fessa, quum jam portum tetigere carina
Puppibus, & lati nauta imposuere coronas.

It being the Custom to adorn the Ship with Garlands on such Occasions.





OVID's ART of BEAUTY.



ONCE more, ye Fair, attend your
Master's Song,
And learn what Method will your
Charms prolong:
What happy Art best recommends
the Face,

What heightens Beauty; what preserves a Grace;
Art improves Nature; 'twas by Art we found
The vast Advantage of the furrow'd Ground;
The Soil manur'd, a fruitful Harvest bore,
Where Thorns and hungry Brambles grew before;
By Art the Gard'ner grafts his Trees, to bear
A kinder Fruit, and recompence his Care: 10
A glided Roof delights our captive Eyes,
And stately Monuments the Sight surprize,
Tho' sordid Earth beneath the polish'd Marble lyes.
The Fleece may be with Royal Purple dy'd,
And India precious Ivory provide, 15
To please your Fancies, and supply your Pride,

232 OVID's *Art of Beauty*.

When *Tatius* rul'd the ancient *Sabine* Race,
Then, rough, and careless of a handsome Face,
The Women took more pains to earn their Bread
At Plow, and Cart, than how to dress the Head; 20
All Day their Task the buisie Matrons ply'd,
Or Spinning fate, as to their Distaffs ty'd.
The Mother then at Night would fold the Sheep,
Her little Daughter us'd by Day to keep. 24
And when at Home would cleave out Logs of Wood,
Or kindle up a Fire to boil their Food.

But you, by Nature form'd in finer Molds,
Must wrap your tender Limbs in Silken Folds;
Wear Lawns, and Tissue, sleep in Damask Beds, 29
And with gay Knots and Wyres adorn your Heads.
Your Ears with Pendants, Locketts on your Arms;
Besides a thousand other nameless Charms.
Nor needs this Care to please a Blush create;
The Men themselves have learn'd to dress of late:
You are not now particular in Cloaths. 35
The Husband and the Bridegroom both are Beaux.
Dress then, (and 'tis no Sin to dress with Art)
For that's the way to wound the Lover's Heart.

Ev'n those that live remote in Country Towns,
Will dress their Hair with Flowers, and daffie Crowns, 3
And deck and prank themselves, to please the Clowns.
Besides, all Women take a secret Pride
In being fine, (or else they are bely'd;)
For when the conscious Maid her Glasse explores,
And finds she's handsome, she her self adores. 45
Thus *Juno's* Bird with silent Pride will raise, [Praise.
And spread his starry Plumes, when-e'er he meets with

This Method will oblige our Sex to Love,
And more than magicke Herbs their Passions move.

Trust not to Philtres, all such stuff forbear, 50
Nor try the Venom of the lustful Mare;
'Tis all a Jest---no Snakes by such a Force
Enchanted burst, no Rivers change their Course:
Nor can they make the Moon from Heav'n descend;
Whate'er some superstitious Fools pretend. 55

First learn good Breeding, that I first advise;
Good Carriage oft the other Wants supplies.
For when ill-natur'd Age shall rudely plow
Injurious Furrows on your wrinkled Brow,
You then perhaps may chide the tell-tale Glass, 60
That shews the frightful Ruins of your Face:
But if good Humour to the last remain,
Ev'n Age may please, and Love his force retain.

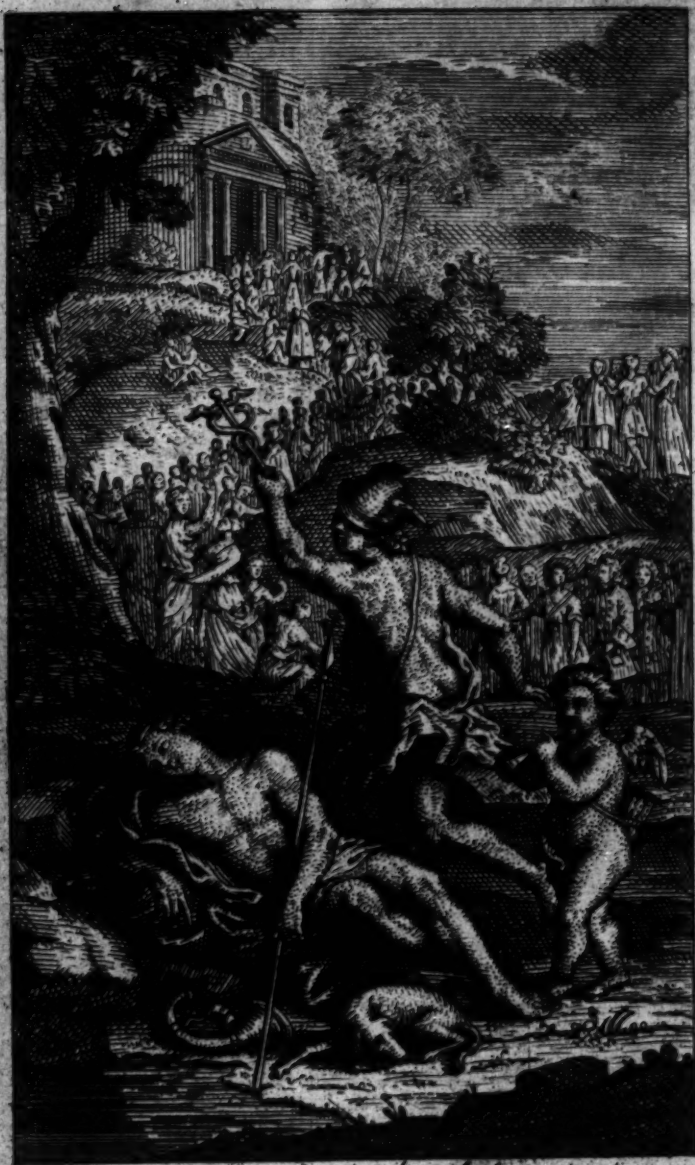
Now on, my Muse; and tell 'em, when they rise,
When downy Sleep forsakes their tender Eyes, 65
How they may look as fair as Morning Skies.
Verches, and beaten Barley let them take,
And with the Whites of Eggs a Mixture make;
Then dry the precious Paste with Sun and Wind,
And into Powder very gently grind. 70
Get Harts-horn next, (but let it be the first
That Creature sheds,) and beat it well to Dust.
Six Pound in all: Then mix and sift 'em well,
And think the while how fond *Narcissus* fell:
Six Roots to you that pensive Flower must yield 75
To mingle with the rest, well bruise'd, and cleanly pill'd.
Two Ounces next of Gum, and Thural Seed,
That for the gracious Gods does Incense breed,
And let a double Share of Honey last succeed.
With this whatever Damsel paints her Face, 80
Will need no flattering Glass to shew a Grace.

Nor fear to break the *Lupine* Shell in vain,
Take out the Seeds, then close it up again, 85
But do it quick, and grind both Shell and Grain;

Six Pound of each: Take finest Ceruse next, 85
 With Flower *de Lis*, and Snow of Nitre mixt:
 These let some brawny Beater strongly pound,
 That makes the Mortar with loud Strokes resound; }
 'Till just an Ounce the Composition's found.
 Add next the Froth, of which the *Halcyon* builds 90
 Her floating Nest; a precious Balm it yields,
 That clears the Face from Freckles in a trice:
 Of this about three Ounces may suffice.
 But e'er you use it, rob the labouring Bee,
 To fix the Mass, and make the Parts agree. 95
 Then add your Nitre, but with special Care,
 And take of Frankincense an equal share:
 Tho' Frankincense the angry Gods appease,
 We must not waste it all their Luxury to please.
 To this put a small Quantity of Gum, 100
 With so much Myrrh as may the rest perfume.
 Let these, well beat, be thro' a Searce refin'd,
 And see you keep the Honey all behind.

A handful too of well dry'd Rose-leaves take,
 With Frankincense and *Sal Armoniack*: 105
 Of Frankincense a double Portion use;
 Then into these the Oil of Malt infuse.
 Thus in short time a Rosie Blush will grace,
 And with a thousand Charms supply the Face.
 Some too, in Water, Leaves of Poppies bruise, 110
 And spread upon their Cheeks the Purple Juice.

THE
COURT *of* LOVE.
A
T A L E,
FROM
CHAUCEER.



Sam. Gribelin Junior Sculp.



THE
COURT
OF
LOVE.



NCE as I lay, by heavy Sleep oppress'd,

With this strange Whym my Fancy was possess'd;

I dreamt that *Cupid* call'd me to his Court

On Mount *Cithera*, where his Slaves resort;

Where *Venus*, Queen and Goddess, fills the Throne,

Her Kingdom sharing with her darling Son:

There was I straight commanded to appear,

By *Mercury*, the winged Messenger:

Away I went, through strange and distant Lands,

The Coast enquiring where *Love's* Palace stands;

At last a Crowd of Travellers I found,
 And ask'd them whither they so fast were bound:
 One, looking like a Maid, cry'd, Gentle Friend,
 To *Cupid's* Court our willing Steps we bend:
 Oh! where's his Court? said I: The Nymph reply'd,
 High on *Cithera* stands, with tow'ring Pride,
 A stately Castle, his Imperial Seat,
 In which he lives magnificently Great.
 Her Steps I follow'd, 'till my eager Sight,
 Reaching the Hill, found her Description right:
 Amaz'd I saw the Building large and strong,
 Vast were the Domes, the Marble Turrets long.
 But Gold and Jewels hid the Massie Stone,
 And stretching to the Skies, with Lustre shone:
 Sapphires and Rubies mingled various Lights,
 More sparkling than the Stars in Winter Nights;
 And *Phæbus* darted on this happy Place
 His Lustre, to regain the *Queen's* good Grace;
 For chancing once unluckily to find
Mars in her Arms, he had enrag'd her Mind;
 But now to please th'offended *Queen* he strove,
 Which show'd his longing for the Sweets of Love.
 For all the *Gods* that on *Olympus* dwell,
 Ev'n *Jove* and *Pluto*, Kings of Heav'n and Hell,
 All things that live on Earth, or breath above,
 The mighty Joys of this best Realm approve.
 Arriv'd at Court, I found the Palace-Rooms
 Adorn'd with Hangings made in costly Looms:
 Fair Maids I met, that mov'd with Heav'nly Grace,
 And young Men, walking with a lusty Pace;
 Old Men I saw too, but I cou'd not dream
 What Service *Venus* could receive from them.
 Pensive I stood, and fearful to be seen,
 'Till one I spy'd belonging to the Queen,
 Call'd *Philomel*; I knew her once a Maid,
 But all her Life she lov'd: My Friend, she said,

Welcome to *Cupid's Court*; but you, I fear,
Receiv'd from *Mercury* a Summons here.
I answer'd, Yes: She said, Your Negligence
Will then be thought a wilful dire Offence;
For all that live in Luxury and Ease,
By Nature form'd the charming Sex to please,
To this fam'd Palace early thou'd repair,
And hasten to the Service of the Fair;
But you that absent durst so long remain,
Without a Boat had better cross the Main,
Than bear the Curse that Disobedience draws
On bold Contemners of Love's sacred Laws:
For no unhappy Men such Torments bear,
As Wretches doom'd to feel Affliction here.
Soon they perceive their Appetites decay'd,
Love makes their Health decrease, their Colour fade.
Long since I tempted you to *Cupid's Court*:
Now he'll receive you with a sullen Port.
Perhaps Repentance may the God assuage;
But why would you so long provoke his Rage?
I answer'd thus:-----With Sorrow I repent,
Wretch that I am, a Life so vainly spent:
And, having spoke, by her I straight was led
To a vast Hall, with various Carpets spread,
And Cloth of Gold; on which I wondring found
A Throne of State, erected from the Ground,
Where *Venus* sat, with her Imperial Son;
Each had a Scepter, and a radiant Crown.
To see their Pomp, I could 'till now have stood
Thoughtless of Drink, and destitute of Food;
The Pleasures of the fam'd *Elysian Field*,
Can no such Rapture to a Stranger yield:
No wonder *Venus*, bless'd with such a Mien,
And such a Person, reigns, of Beauty Queen.
Her golden Hair, dishevell'd, crisp, and long,
In easie Curls, around her Shoulders hung:

At last a Crowd of Travellers I found,
 And ask'd them whither they so fast were bound:
 One, looking like a Maid, cry'd, Gentle Friend,
 To *Cupid's* Court our willing Steps we bend:
 Oh! where's his Court? said I: The Nymph reply'd,
 High on *Cithera* stands, with tow'ring Pride,
 A stately Castle, his Imperial Seat,
 In which he lives magnificently Great.
 Her Steps I follow'd, 'till my eager Sight,
 Reaching the Hill, found her Description right:
 Amaz'd I saw the Building large and strong,
 Vast were the Domes, the Marble Turrets long.
 But Gold and Jewels hid the Massie Stone,
 And stretching to the Skies, with Lustre shone:
 Saphires and Rubies mingled various Lights,
 More sparkling than the Stars in Winter Nights;
 And *Phæbus* darted on this happy Place
 His Lustre, to regain the *Queen's* good Grace;
 For chancing once unluckily to find
Mars in her Arms, he had engag'd her Mind;
 But now to please th'offended *Queen* he strove,
 Which show'd his longing for the Sweets of Love.
 For all the Gods that on *Olympus* dwell,
 Ev'n *Jove* and *Pluto*, Kings of Heav'n and Hell,
 All things that live on Earth, or breath above,
 The mighty Joys of this best Realm approve.
 Arriv'd at Court, I found the Palace-Rooms
 Adorn'd with Hangings made in costly Looms:
 Fair Maids I met, that mov'd with Heav'nly Grace,
 And young Men, walking with a lusty Pace;
 Old Men I saw too, but I cou'd not dream
 What Service *Venus* could receive from them.
 Pensive I stood, and fearful to be seen,
 'Till one I spy'd belonging to the Queen,
 Call'd *Philomel*; I knew her once a Maid,
 But all her Life she lov'd: My Friend, she said,

Welcome to *Cupid's Court*; but you, I fear,
Receiv'd from *Mercury* a Summons here.
I answer'd, Yes: She said, Your Negligence
Will then be thought a wilful dire Offence;
For all that live in Luxury and Ease,
By Nature form'd the charming Sex to please,
To this fam'd Palace early shou'd repair,
And hasten to the Service of the Fair;
But you that absent durst so long remain,
Without a Boat had better cross the Main,
Than bear the Curse that Disobedience draws
On bold Contemners of Love's sacred Laws:
For no unhappy Men such Torments bear,
As Wretches doom'd to feel Affliction here.
Soon they perceive their Appetites decay'd,
Love makes their Health decrease, their Colour fade.
Long since I tempted you to *Cupid's Court*:
Now he'll receive you with a sullen Port.
Perhaps Repentance may the God assuage;
But why would you so long provoke his Rage?
I answer'd thus:-----With Sorrow I repent,
Wretch that I am, a Life so vainly spent:
And, having spoke, by her I straight was led
To a vast Hall, with various Carpets spread,
And Cloth of Gold; on which I wondring found
A Throne of State, erected from the Ground,
Where *Venus* sat, with her Imperial Son;
Each had a Scepter, and a radiant Crown.
To see their Pomp, I could 'till now have stood
Thoughtless of Drink, and destitute of Food;
The Pleasures of the fam'd *Elysian Field*,
Can no such Rapture to a Stranger yield;
No wonder *Venus*, bless'd with such a Mien,
And such a Person, reigns, of Beauty Queen.
Her golden Hair, dishevell'd, crisp, and long,
In easie Curles, around her Shoulders hung:

And every Beam that's darted from her Eyes,
 Piercing and sharp, like pointed Arrows flies.
 The *King of Love* had Danger by his Side,
 The *Queen* Despair: And looking further wide,
 Attendance, Fear, and Flattery, I view'd,
 And Hope, with Strength above the rest endu'd;
 And wrinkled Jealousie; with young Delight,
 Open and free, and chearful to the Sight;
 And Envy lurking in a secret Place,
 Lean was her Body, leering was her Face;
 Repining at the Fortunate she fate,
 And at that distance one might see her fret.
 Below the Throne, an humble sighing Crowd
 With pressing Suits, and warm Petitions bow'd.
 Then *Philomel* I ask'd, whence came the Tide
 Of all those thronging Suppliants? She reply'd,
 From diverse Realms they come: Those dress'd in
 Shew, by that Colour, they have still been true: Blue
 The Men in Black lament, that those they love
 Are Sick, or Dead, or that they Cruel prove.
 What makes those Priests, said I, in Court appear?
 Have they the Privilege of serving here?
 The Dame reply'd, Full many Maids can tell
 None are more welcome, and none serve so well.
 While thus I view'd, with *Philomel*, the Crowd,
 A Herald from the King cry'd out aloud,
 Come all ye Strangers, to the Throne draw near,
 And instantly before the King appear.
 In haste I ran, and kneel'd before the Throne,
 All pale and trembling; as a Wretch undone:
 The King look'd sternly, and demanded, why
 I came so late, and what I cou'd reply?
 Weeping, I answer'd, Oh, my Sovereign Lord,
 One act of Mercy to your Slave afford;
 If yet, a Rebel both in Word and Thought,
 I never lov'd so truly as I ought;

I will henceforth endeavour to fulfil
 The just Decrees of your Almighty Will.
 Well, all is pardon'd, he reply'd, if now
 To me Allegiance and true Faith you'll vow:
 Then straight he call'd an Officer of State,
 His Name is *Rigour*, solemn was his Gate,
 And grim his Look, unmov'd with Gold or Prayer;
 A Statute Book he brought, and said, " You swear
 " True to remain, in Deed, in Thought, and Word,
 " To *Venus*, and her Son, your Sov'raign Lord:
 " To love one Fair, unchangeably 'till Death,
 " And own your Passion with your latest Breath:
 " To bear the various Temper of her Mind,
 " And let her Will your just Obedience find:
 " To give the Honour to her Virtue due,
 " And think all Tales, that blast her Fame, untrue:
 " To swear her Conduct is *exactly* right,
 " And in Defence of that Opinion, *fight*:
 " To find what Present or Device she loves,
 " And oft to send her what she most approves:
 " To write, to dress, and practise ev'ry Art
 " Your self to recommend, and gain her Heart:
 " To take no Pleasure, absent from her Sight,
 " But by reflecting on your past Delight;
 " Nor Absence long endure, but justly chuse,
 " Rather than live from her, your Life to lose.
 All this I swore; and as I turn'd the Book,
 On other Statutes of the Realm to look,
Rigour cry'd out, Hold, Traitor to the Queen,
 Those sacred Statutes are not to be seen:
 Those are the Laws for Womankind ordain'd,
 That with Mens Eyes were never yet prophan'd;
 Not even with mine, though I on *Venus* wait,
 Long trusted with her deep Affairs of State.
 Believe me, Friend, Mankind must still despair
 To know the Rules and Maxims of the Fair;

And when you see 'em change with ev'ry Wind,
 Themselves indulging, to their Slaves unkind,
 Conclude their Duty to these Laws they pay;
 Which, though unwillingly, they must obey.
 Now seek the Temple of the Queen of Love,
 And may her Son your just Desires approve:
 All you whose Choice is made, her Grace implore,
 To serve and please the Ladies you adore;
 And each that wants a Mistress, pray to find,
 By her propitious Aid, some Beauty kind.
 We all obey'd the Words that *Rigour* spoke,
 Devoutly, slow and easie Steps we took,
 Ent'ring the Temple, which fam'd Artists built,
 Soft was the Front, the lovely Roof was gilt;
 The chearful Quire with well carv'd Works was lin'd,
 And am'rous Paintings on the Pillars shin'd.
 There *Dido*, that unhappy dying Queen,
 With false *Aeneas*, in one Piece was seen:
 And other Pictures round the Walls were spread,
 Of Men and Maids, for Love untimely dead.
 Rais'd in the middle Isle, fond Souls to awe,
 A Golden Image of the Queen we saw;
 This All ador'd: Some looking fresh and fair,
 Some worn with Grief, or blasted by Despair:
 Some in new Mantles dress'd; and some in old,
 Like half starv'd Beggars, ugly to behold.
 Some pale as Death appear'd; some glow'd like Fire,
 Confessing so their inward fierce Desire:
 These with their loud Complaints the Queen besought
 To cure those Ills, that cruel Love had wrought;
 And punish all such Authors of their Woes,
 As mock'd their Sufferings, or had broke their Vows.
 But all the Happy there, whose envy'd Lives
 Were blest'd with Joys, which bounteous *Venus* gives,
 Cry'd, Goddess, Hail! propitious to redress
 The Cares of Mortals, and their Hearts to bless;

May no Divisions in your Realm be found,
Since the whole World in Love's soft Chains is bound;
This is the Life of Joy your Vot'ries know,
Who feel their Bliss of Paradise below:
Love cures our Vices, and refines our Hearts;
The Source of Manners, Industry, and Parts:
Honour to you, Celestial Queen, we pay,
Whose Minds are lighted with your Beauty's Ray,
Taught by the Prayer these happy Lovers made,
I try'd my Wit, and thus devoutly said.
Fairest of all that e'er in Nature shin'd,
Light of the World, and Comfort of Mankind,
To you, O Goddess, I my Heart bequeath,
Freely bestow a thing that's yours 'till Death;
Yours be the Choice, I only wish to find
A faithful Mistress, beautiful, and kind:
No Woman yet my settled Passion moves,
One I have seen, whom most my Soul approves;
Of Stature low, cast in a lovely Mold, [Gold,
Healthful and young, with Hair more bright than
Her Looks are fresh, her Countenance demure,
Her Eyes, though killing, look like Crystal pure:
Her could I serve; but if your high Decree
That Fair denies, some other find for me,
With whom in Pleasure I may spend my Life;
My Mistress, Empress, any thing but Wife:
So will I always Sacrifice to you,
And with *Diana* constant War pursue;
A Fig for her, and all her Chastity,
Let Monks and Friars her Disciples be.
Thus in the Temple having said my Prayer,
Another Image I discover'd there;
A tender Maid, said *Philomel*, does claim
That sacred Shrine, and *Pity* is her Name:
In all the Court, none knows so well the Art
To help a Lover, or to save a Heart;

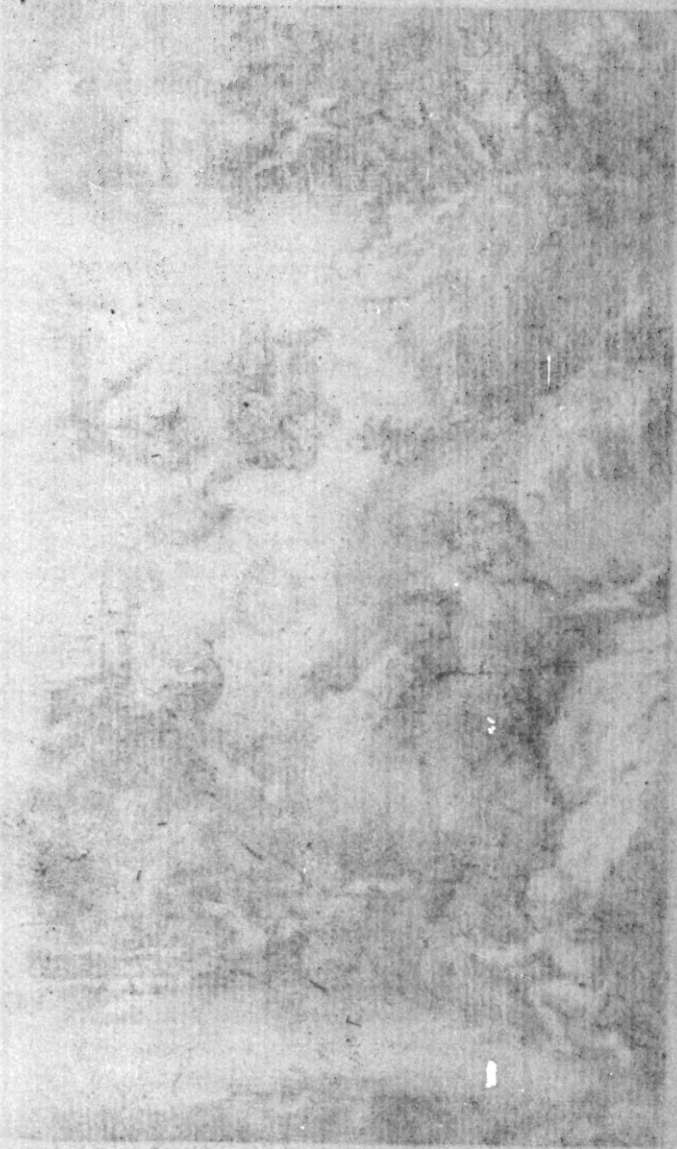
Her all-commanding Interest cannot fail;
 Gain but her Friendship, and you must prevail.
 Now you shall see the fairest thing alive,
 Come on with me, and by your Carriage strive
 To please a Lady of the nicest Taste,
 Whose Air is prudent, as her Life is chaste,
 Call'd *Rosalinda*; could you gain her Grace,
 Well might you bless the Goddess of this Place:
 Take care your Sense and Modesty to shew,
 She hates a pert, insipid, prating Beau.
 Then straight she led me to a spacious Room,
 Where *Rosalinda* sat in Beauty's Bloom:
 At the first sight a shiv'ring Pain I found
 In all my Veins, my Heart receiv'd a Wound;
 I dreaded much to speak, my Voice was broke,
 Yet when my Sighs permitted, thus I spoke;
 Accept my Service, thou Celestial Fair,
 And oh! relieve a dying Lover's Care;
 To your Commands my painful Heart I bind,
 And have for ever Liberty resign'd.
 She made no Answer, and I soon retir'd,
 To press not daring, though by Love inspir'd;
 But still her Image dwelt within my Breast,
 Too excellent to be in Verse express'd.
 Her Head is round, and flaxen is her Hair,
 Her Eye-brows darker, but her Forehead fair;
 Straight is her Nose; her Eyes like Emeralds bright;
 Her well-made Cheeks are lovely red and white;
 Short is her Mouth; her Lips are made to kiss,
 Rosie and full, and prodigal of Bliss;
 Her Teeth like Iv'ry are, well siz'd, and even;
 And to her Breath Ethereal Sweets are given:
 Her Hands are snowy white, and small her Waste,
 And what is yet untold is still the best.
 Had *Jove* himself beheld this Heav'nly Fair,
Calisto never had been made a Star;

He ne'er had born *Europa* on his Back,
 Nor turn'd a Mortal for *Alcmena's* sake;
 Nor try'd the Virtue of a Golden Shower,
 To enter *Danae's* well defended Tower:
 For all their Beauties had too mean appear'd,
 With *Rosalinda's* matchless Charms compar'd.
 Soon I return'd her Heav'nly Form to view,
 For still my Wound's Impression deeper grew;
 And thus I spoke. O Nature's boasted Pride,
 For Torments caus'd by you, some Cure provide;
 Prais'd be my Fate, and ever bless'd the Hour,
 That made me subject to your lawful Pow'r:
 Not *Antony* could greater Passion boast,
 Though for one Woman the whole World he lost.
 She answer'd, Friend, your Service I disclaim;
 Who are you, pray? Whence come you? What's your
 Men call me *Celadon*, in Verse I write, [Name?
 And Songs at Home, with some Applause, indite:
 Oh, why is ev'ry Flower and pleasing Root,
 That in the Muses happy Garden shoot,
 Deny'd me now? And why must I despair,
 With Sweets of Verse, to charm the brightest Fair?
 Thou, gentle Muse, my humble Breast inspire
 With sacred Numbers, and Celestial Fire;
 And, *Pallas*, thy propitious Light convey,
 To chase the Mist of Ignorance away--
 Peace, Rhiming Fool, and learn henceforth to make
 A fitter Choice; your Woman you mistake.
 O Mercy, *Venus*! Mercy from above!
 Why would you curse me with such hopeless Love?
 Behold the most abandon'd Soul on Earth;
 Ill was I got, and woful was my Birth.
 Unless some Pity on my Pains you shed,
 The frosty Grave will quickly be my Bed.
 Thus having spoke, my Voice began to fail,
 My Colour sunk, and turn'd like Ashes pale;

I swoon'd, and down I fell. Thou Slave, arise,
 Cry'd *Resalinda*; now thy Love I prize.
 I only try'd thy Heart; and since I find
 'Tis soft and tender, know that mine is kind;
 Swear but to keep the Oath you lately took,
 And I'll be not so Cruel as I look.
 Her Eyes then languish'd, and her Face grew red,
 And squeezing fast my Hand, she laughing said,
 I know a Way thy Passion to appease,
 And soon will set thy simple Heart at Ease.
 But e'er she brought me to her promis'd Bed,
 The Rapture wak'd me, and the Vision fled,



247



Printed by the Government



Sam: Gribelin Inv. Sculp.

249

THE
HISTORY
OF
LOVE.
A
POEM:
IN
A LETTER to a LADY.

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

Est quoque Carminibus meritis celebrare Puellas
Dos mea, ————— Ovid.

— *Utinam modo dicere possem*
Carmina digna dea, ceritè est dea carmine digna. Ibid.

Printed in the Year 1719.

THE
HISTORY
OF
LOVE
AND
ROMANCE
IN
A LETTER TO A LADY

By M^r. CHARLES HOPKINS

Printed by G. G. & J. W. at the
PRINTING OFFICE, No. 10, N. B. ST.
LONDON.

Printed in the Year 1790.



TO HER GRACE the
DUTCHESS
 OF
GRAFTON.

M A D A M,

Beauty, as it is both the Theme,
 and Inspirer of Poetry, so it
 ought to be the Patroness too;
 and a Poem of Love should
 in Justice be sacred to none
 but the loveliest: It would
 therefore be adoring a false Deity, should
 I offer up this at any Shrine but Yours.

As it is the best I can do, and writ on
 the most pleasing Subject, I was resolv'd
 to lay it at the Feet of the most Beauti-
 ful; and had I been my self at a loss where

M. G.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to fix, the Universal Opinion of the World would have directed me, and pointed out your Grace for the Patroness; while the Poem shall last, (and a Poem of Love ought to last longer than any other) succeeding Ages shall read, that your Grace was the Ornament of this Age.

'Tis an innocent and harmless Ambition in Poets, whose only design in all they do, is the pleasing others, and in doing that, please themselves best; and as Beauty is the chief Object they bend their Studies to delight, all Poets ought to aspire to please your Grace in particular.

That Ambition is the best Excuse I can make, for my Presumption in this Dedication; since I am unknown to your Grace, and perhaps, even unheard of yet; but what is my Crime, is at the same time my Plea for Pardon; or rather it is my Merit. The *Athenians*, when they Dedicated an Altar to the unknown God, shew'd more Devotion, and directed their Devotion to a truer Deity, than when they Adored the many they knew.

That I might be sure of something Acceptable in this Offering, and not fail to Delight in a Poem of Love, where all ought to be delightful, I have taken all the most moving tender Things, that *Ovid* and *Tibullus* said to their Mistresses, to say to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Mine; nor will I allow it to be a Theft, since I doubt not, as it was their Love that inspir'd them with those Thoughts, Mine would have infus'd the same into me; and no Man that thinks naturally of Love, can avoid running into the same Thoughts with them.

I have borrow'd the Examples to every Passion, from those Stories which I thought the most pleasing in *Ovid*, where certainly the most pleasing were to be met with: Some few places in every Story I have Translated, but for the most part, I have only kept him in View; I have gone on with him, and left him, where I thought it proper, and by that means have avoided the Absurdities of his *Metamorphosis*; save only that of *Pygmalion's* Statue, but that was a *Metamorphoses* that pleas'd me.

It was a delightful Surprize, to see Life breath'd into an inanimate Beauty, as it would be a killing Affliction to see it taken from one already animated: It would occasion as much Joy and Wonder, to have a Dutches of *GRAFTON* made by Art, (if Art could do it) as it would cause Consternation to have the Gods unmake one. But those Miracles of Art are now ceas'd; and none but the Heavenly Artist could have Drawn You, who has Drawn You so, that he has left the Painter and the Poet at a loss to Copy You.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

As to the Success of this POEM, I hope I am secure, since it is Sacred in general to the Fair Sex, and committed in particular to the Protection of the Fairest; if they are once pleas'd, who will dare to find fault? or disoblige them, by disliking what they approve? Under the shelter of Your Grace's Patronage, I shall stand, like *Aeneas*, guarded by the Goddess of Love, and no *Diomedes* shall be found, as desperate as the first, to Wound me thro' You. Thus, as all Dedicating Poets, who write more to raise their own Reputation than their Patrons, I have taken the most effectual Means to establish mine; and doubt not to make a strong Party, since every Lover will defend what is sacred to the Lovely.

Your GRACE'S

Most Devoted,

most Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.



THE
HISTORY
OF
LOVE



Y^E Woods, and Wilds, serene and
blest Retreats, and
At once the Lovets, and the Muses
Sents;
To you I fly, to you, ye sacred
Groves,
To tell my wond'rous Tale of won-
d'rous Loves.

Thee, *Delia*, thee shall ev'ry Shepherd sing, sing,
With thy dear Name the neighb'ring Woods shall
No Name but thine shall on their Banks be found;
With none but thine shall echoing Hills resound;
My Verse, thy matchless Beauties shall proclaim,
Till thine out-rivals *Sacharissa's* Fame.
My Verse shall make thee live, while Woods shall grow,
While Stars shall shine, and while the Seas shall flow;

While there remains alive a tender Maid,
 Or Am'rous Youth, or Love-sick Swain to read,
 Others may artfully the Passions move,
 In me alone 'tis natural to Love:
 While the World sees me write in such a Strain,
 As shows, I only feel, what others feign.
 Thou darling of my Youth, my Life's delight,
 By Day my Vision, and my Dream by Night;
 Thou, who alone dost all my Thoughts infuse,
 And art at once, my Mistress, and my Muse:
 Inspir'd from thee, flows ev'ry sacred Line,
 Thine is the Poetry, the Poet thine.
 Thy Service shall my only business be,
 And all my Life employ'd in pleasing thee.
 Crown'd with my Songs of thee, each Day shall move,
 And ev'ry list'ning Sun hear nought but Love.
 With flowing Numbers, ev'ry Page shall roll,
 Where, as you read my Verse, receive my Soul.
 Should Sense, and Wit, and Art, refuse to join,
 In all I write, and fail my great Design;
 Yet with such Passion shall my Lines be crown'd,
 And so much Softness in my Poem found,
 Such moving Tenderness; the World shall see,
 Love could have been describ'd by none but me.
 Let *Dryden* from his Works, with Justice, claim
 Immortal Praise; I from my sacred Flame,
 Draw all my Glory, challenge all my Fame.

Believe me, *Delia*, Lovers have their Wars,
 And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars*.
 That Age which suits a Soldier best, will prove
 The fittest for the sharp Fatigues of Love.
 None but Young Men the Toils of War can bear,
 None but Young Men can serve and please the Fair.
 Youth, with the Foe maintains the vigorous Fight,
 Youth, gives the longing Maid the full Delight.

On either hand, like hardship it sustains,
Great are the Soldier's, great the Lover's Pains.
Th' event of War no Gen'ral can foreknow,
And that, alas! of Love is doubtful too.
In various Fields, whatever Chance shall fall,
The Soldier must resolve to bear it all.
With the like Constancy must Lovers wait,
Enduring bad, and hoping better Fate:
Thro' Doubts, and Fears, Desires and Wishes tost,
Undaunted, they must strain to reach the Coast.
All will a while look hideous to their Eye,
The threatening Storm still thickning in the Sky, }
No sight of Land, no friendly Harbour nigh.
Yet thro' all this, the vent'rous Lover steers,
To reap the Golden Crop that Beauty bears.
So the bold Mariners the Seas explore, [rear,
Tho' Winds blow hard, and Waves like Thunder }
Rather than live in Poverty on Shoar.
Embolden'd thus, let ev'ry Youth set Sail,
And trust to Fortune for a prosp'rous Gale :
Let them launch boldly from the lazy Shore,
Nor fear a Storm which will at last blow o'er.
Set all the Reins to all their Passions free,
Give Wings to their Desires; and love like me.

Happy that Youth, who when his Stars incline
His Soul to Love, can make a Choice like mine,

ADMIRATION.

Thee, *Delia*, all that see thee must admire,
And Mankind in its own despiht desire.
As a Blind Man, restor'd to sudden Sight,
Starts in Amaze at the first flash of Light ;
So was I struck, such sudden Wonder knew,
When my Eyes dazl'd with the sight of you.
I saw whatever could enflame Desire,
Parch up the Veins, and set the Blood on fire,

From ev'ry Charm the pointed Lightning came,
 And fast, as they dispers'd, I caught the Flame.
 Like Stars your glittering Eyes were seen to shine,
 And roll with Motions that were all Divine.
 Where Majesty, and Softness, mingled meet,
 And shew a Soul, at once, sublime, and sweet.
 I gaz'd, and as I gaz'd, from ev'ry View,
 New Wonders I descri'd, new Passion drew.
 Nor were the Charms less pow'rful of your Tongue,
 My ravish'd Soul on ev'ry Accent hung, [Sung,
 Glow'd when you Spoke, and melted when you
 Those Lips unopen'd, cannot fail to move,
 But Silently are Eloquent in Love;
 That Face and Neck, those Shoulders, Hands, and Arms,
 Each Limb, each Feature, has peculiar Charms,
 Each of it self might singly win a Soul,
 And never need th' assistance of the whole.
 On this one Part a Poet's Praise might dwell,
 Did not this other Part deserve as well.
 Beauty is surely near ally'd to Wit,
 Of which none can the just Description hit,
 By their own selves they may be shewn the best,
 And only are, in being seen, exprest.
 Beauty's true Charms no Poem can present,
 Which but imperfectly are done in Paint.
 That too comes short of Life, and only takes
 Faint Images of those which Nature makes.

The HISTORY of
Perseus and *Andromeda* :

In Imitation of Part of that in the
Fourth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses*.

PROpitious Chance led *Perseus* once to view
The fairest Piece that ever Nature drew;
Chain'd on a rocky Shore, the Virgin stood,
Naked, and whiter than the foaming Flood;
Whom, as he cours'd the Confines of the Sky,
Amaz'd he saw, and kept his wond'ring Eye
So fix'd, he had almost forgot to fly.
Had not the Winds dispers'd her flowing Hair,
And held it waving in the liquid Air;
Or had not Streams of Tears apace roll'd down
Her lovely Cheeks, he would have thought her Stone;
Strait he precipitates his hasty Flight,
Impatient to attain a nearer Sight.
Now, all at once, he feels the raging Fires,
Sees all the Maid, and all he sees, admires.
With Awe and Wonder, mixt with Love and Fear,
He stands as motionless as Shame made her,
Urg'd on at last, but still by slow degrees,
Loath to offend, he draws to what he sees.
Oh! why, he cries, most matchless Fair one, why
Are you thus us'd? Can you be doom'd to dye?
Have you done any Guilt? that Guilt relate.
How can such Beauty merit such a Fate?
I am thy Champion, and espouse thy Cause;
In thy defence, the Thunder's Off-spring draws.

Say, if thou'rt rescu'd by the Son of *Jove*.
 Say, for thy Life, wilt thou return thy Love?
 The bashful Virgin no Return affords,
 But sends ten thousand Sighs, instead of Words:
 With Grief, redoubled with her Shame, she mourns;
 She weeps, he joys, she blushes, and he burns.
 In Chains extended at her length she lay,
 While he with transport took a full Survey.
 Fain would her Hands her conscious Blushes hide,
 But that the Fetters, which they wore, deny'd.
 What could she do? all that she could, she did;
 For drown'd in floods of Tears, her Eyes she hid.
 Much urg'd to speak, she turn'd her bashful Look
 Far as she could aside; and trembling spoke:
 My Mother, conscious of her Beauty, strove
 (Alas! too conscious) with the Wife of *Jove*:
 Who by a cruel and unjust Decree,
 To punish her, takes this Revenge on me.
 Here I am doom'd a dreadful Monster's Prey,
 Who now, now, now is issuing from the Sea:
 Haste, generous Youth, our common Foe subdue;
 And if you save my Life, I live for you.
 Thus spoke the Maid, half dying with her Fears:
 When, lo! the Monster from the Sea appears.
 The dauntless Heroe mounts his flying Horse,
 And o'er the Waves directs his airy Course.
 Let him, alone, his Victory pursue;
 For dreadful War has nothing here to do.
 This short Account will Love-sick Swains suffice;
 He slew his Foe, and strait receiv'd his Prize.
 Thrice happy Youth; too fortunately blest;
 Who only came, and conquer'd, and possess'd.
 None of the Pangs of Love your Bliss annoy'd;
 You but beheld, admir'd, and so enjoy'd.

DESIRE.

All other Lovers longer Toils sustain;
 Desires, Hopes, Jealousies, an endless Train,

The HISTORY of
PYGMALION:

Imitated from the Tenth Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

HOW thou art envied, let *Pygmalion* prove;
Who by a Miracle obtain'd his Love:
Who living in an Age, when Women led
The lowdest Lives, all Shame and Honour fled; }
For a long time, declin'd the Nuptial-Bed.
He saw them all debauch'd with monstrous Crimes,
No virtuous Maid, no *Delia* bless'd the Times:
Had she liv'd then, his Skill had ne'er been shown,
Nor the strange Miracle, that crown'd it, known.
There had he fix'd, not form'd his fancy'd Maid
Nor fondly been by his own Art betray'd.
The Nymph in polish'd Iv'ry glitter'd bright,
So smooth, she seem'd too slipp'ry for his sight.
So curious was her Shape, so just her Frame, }
So quick her Eyes appear'd, so full of Flame,
They would have roll'd, if not restrain'd by Shame.
From his strange Art, the Statue had receiv'd
Such lively strokes, one would have thought it liv'd,
Ev'n he himself could hardly, hardly know,
But doubted long, whether it liv'd, or no.
Yet from her, as she was, he gather'd Fires;
And fierce, and boundless were his mad Desires,
He felt her Flesh, (his Fancy thought it such,)
And fear'd to hurt her with too rude a Touch,

He kiss'd her, with belief so strong and vain,
 That he imagin'd how she kiss'd again.
 Now makes his Court, his mad Addresses moves,
 And tells a long, fond Tale, how well he loves.
 Presents her now, with all he thought might please,
 With precious Gums distill'd from weeping Trees.
 Small singing Birds, who strain their tuneful Throats,
 And how'ring round, repeat their pretty Notes.
 With sweetest Flow'rs he crowns her lovely Head,
 And lays her on the softest, downy Bed.
 In richest Robes his charming Idol drest, [Breast,
 Bright sparkling Gems adorn her Neck and [best. }
 And she—look'd well in all, but look'd when naked,
 Now *Venus* kept her Feast; a goodly Train
 Of Love-sick Youths frequent, and fill her Fane.
 The Snow-white Heifers fall by sacred Strokes,
 While with rich Gums the loaded Altar smoaks.
 Among the rest, the hopeless Lover stands,
 Tears in his Eyes, his Off'rings in his Hands,
 More furious than before he feels his Fires,
 Ev'n his Despair redoubles his Desires.
 A long, long time, his Orisons desert'd,
 He durst not pray, lest he should not be heard.
 'Till urg'd by Love, his tim'rous Silence broke;
 Thus (but still tim'rously) at last he spoke.
 If you, ye sacred Pow'rs that rule above,
 And you great Goddess of propitious Love;
 If all we want is plac'd within your Pow'r,
 And you can give whatever we implore;
 Exert your Godhead now, now lend your Aid,
 Give me the Wife I wish, one like, he said,
 But durst not say, Give me my Ivory Maid. }
 This finish'd; thrice auspicious Flashes rise,
 And wreaths of curling Smoak ascended thrice.
 Half hoping now, and yet still half afraid,
 With doubtful Joy he seeks his Ivory Maid.

Doats more than ever on her fancy'd Charms;
And closely clasps her in his longing Arms.
When all at once, with Joy and Wonder fill'd,
He feels her stubborn Sides begin to yield.
Soft was her Bosom grown, her throbbing Breast,
Heav'd with her Breath, swell'd gently to be prest.
Surpriz'd, and glad, he feels her oft, and oft;
And more, and more, perceives her warm and soft,
Warm were her Lips, and ev'ry pointed Kiss,
With melting touches, met and moisten'd his.
Her Blood now circled, and her Pulses beat,
And Life at last enjoy'd a settled Seat.
Slowly she lifts her new and fearful Sight,
And sees at once, her Lover, and the Light.
An unborn Maid, both Life and Lover found;
And he too, had his desp'rate Wishes crown'd.
Desp'rate indeed; what Prospect could he see,
Or how at first, hope any more than me?

H O P E.



The STORY of

Hippomanes and Atalanta:

In Imitation of Part of that in the

Tenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

H*ippomanes* alone with Hope inspir'd,
Might well rejoice to find his Wishes fir'd,
Since well assur'd of all his Wish desir'd.

His Passion was all Life, all Soul, and Flame,
 He dauntless to the fatal Barriers came:
 With Joy his vanquish'd Rivals he beheld,
 Assur'd to win, where all besides had fail'd.
 He saw the lovely Nymph out-fly the Wind,
 And leave her Breathless Suitors far behind;
 Saw *Aralanta* swift as Lightning pass,
 Yet soft as *Zephyrs*, sweep along the Grass.
 He knew the Law, whose Cruelty decreed,
 That ev'ry Youth who lost the Race should bleed.
 Yet if, like them, he could not run so fast,
 He saw her worth the dying for, at last.
 Her ev'ry Charm his Praise and Wonder mov'd,
 And still the more he prais'd, the more he lov'd.
 Now had he view'd the last unhappy Strife,
 And seen the vanquish'd Youth resign his Life;
 When with his Love transported, from his Place,
 Left any other first should claim the Race,
 Rising he runs, regardless of their Fate,
 And presses where the panting Virgin sate.
 With Eyes all sparkling with his Hope and Love,
 And such a Look, as could not fail to move;
 Tell me, he crys, why, barb'rous Beauty, why
 Are you so pleas'd to see these Wretches dye?
 Why have you with my feeble Rivals strove,
 Betray'd to Death by their too daring Love?
 With me, a less unequal Race begin,
 With me exert your utmost Speed to win;
 By my Defeat you will your Conquests crown,
 And in my Fall establish your Renown:
 Then undisturb'd you may your Conquests boast,
 For none will dare to strive, when I have lost.
 Thus while the Prince his bold Defiance spoke,
 She eyes him with a soft relenting Look.
 Already does his distant Fate deplore,
 Concern'd for him, tho' ne'er concern'd before.

Doubtful

Doubtful she stands, and knows not what to chuse,
And cannot wish to win, nor yet to lose.
But murmurs to her self: Ye Pow'rs Divine,
How hard, alas! a Destiny is mine?
Why must I longer such a Law obey,
And daily throw so many Lives away?
Why must I by their Deaths my Nuptials shun?
Or else by marrying be my self undone?
Why must I still my Cruelty pursue?
Why must a Prince, so charming, perish too?
Such is his Youth, his Beauty, Valour such,
Ev'n to my self I seem not worth so much.
Fly, lovely Stranger, e'er 'tis yet too late,
Fly from thy too, ah! too, too certain Fate.
I would not send thee hence, I would not give
Such a Command; couldst thou but stay, and live.
Thou with some fairer Maid wilt happier be:
The fairest Maid might be in Love with thee.
So many Suitors have already bled,
Who rashly ventur'd for my Nuptial Bed,
I fear lest thou should'st run like them in vain,
Should'st lose like them, and ah! like them be slain.
Yet why should he alone my Pity move?
It is but Pity sure; it is not Love.
I wish, bold Youth, thou would'st the Race decline,
Or rather wish, thy Speed could equal mine.
Would thou hadst never seen this fatal Place,
Nor I, alas! thy too, too charming Face.
Were I by rigorous Fate allow'd to wed,
Thou shouldst alone enjoy, and bless my Bed.
Were it but left to my own partial Choice,
Of all Mankind, thou should'st obtain my Voice.
'Twas here she paus'd; when urg'd with long delay,
The Trumpets sound to hasten them away,
Strait at the Summons is the Race begun,
And side by side, for some short time they run.

While the Spectators from the Barriers cry,
 Fly prosp'rous Youth, with all thy Vigour fly:
 Make haste, make haste, thy utmost Speed enforce,
 Love give thee Wings to win the noble Course.
 See how unwillingly the Virgin flies,
 Pursue, and save thy Life, and seize the Prize.
 'Tis doubtful yet, whether the gen'ral Voice
 Made the glad Youth, or Virgin most rejoice.
 Oft, in the swiftest fury of the Race,
 The Nymph would slacken her imperious Pace, }
 And halt, and gaze, and almost fasten on his Face.
 Then fleet away again, as swift as Wind,
 Nor without Sighs to leave him so behind.
 By this, he saw his Strength would ne'er prevail,
 But still he had a Charm that could not fail.
 From his loose Robe a Golden Apple drawn,
 With force he hurl'd, along the Flow'ry Lawn.
 Straight at the Sight the Virgin could not hold,
 But starts aside to catch the rolling Gold.
 He takes the wish'd occasion, passes by,
 While all the Field resounded Shouts of Joy.
 This she recovers with redoubled haste,
 'Till he sat off the second Apple cast.
 Again the Nymph diverts her near Pursuit,
 And running back secures the Tempting Fruit;
 But her strange Speed recovers her again,
 Again the foremost in the flow'ry Plain.
 Now near the Goal he summons all his Might, }
 And prays to Venus to direct him right,
 With his last Apple to retard her Flight.
 Tho' sure to lose if she the Race declin'd,
 For such a Bribe the Vict'ry she resign'd.
 Pleas'd that she lost, to the glad Victor's Arms
 She gives the Prize, and yields her dear-bought
 He by resistless Gold the Conquest gain'd, [Charms.
 In vain he ran, 'till that the Race obtain'd,

Possess'd of that, he could not but subdue,
For Gold, alas! would conquer *Delia* too.
Yet oh! thou best belov'd, thou loveliest Maid,
Be not by too much Avarice betray'd.
Prize thy self high, no easie Purchase prove,
Nor let a Fool with Fortune buy thy Love.
Like *Atalanta's* Conqu'ror let him be,
Brave, Gen'rous, Young, from ev'ry Failing free,
And to Compleat him, let him Love like me.
What Pains against my wretched self I take?
Ev'n I my self my Jealousies awake.
Such Men there are, bless'd with such Gifts Divine,
Who if they knew thee, would be surely thine.

J E A L O U S I E.

How wretched then, alas! should *Daphnis* grow?
Gods! how the very Thought distracts him now?
Ev'n now, perhaps some Youth with happier Charms,
Lies folded in the faithless *Delia's* Arms.
Ev'n now, the Favours you deny'd me, seem
To be too prodigally heap'd on him.
Close by your Side, all languishing he stands,
And on your Panting Bosom warms his Hands.
Strait in your Lap he lays his envy'd Head,
And makes the Shrine of Love his sacred Bed.
Then glows his ravish'd Soul with pointed Flames,
And thoughts of Heav'nly Joys fill all his Dreams.
Let not your Passion be to me reveal'd,
But if you love, keep him you love conceal'd.

THE STORY of
Cephalus and Procris,

Imitated from the Tenth Book of
 OVID'S *METAMORPHOSES.*

FROM *Cephalus's* Tragic Story, read
 What fatal Mischiefs Jealousie may breed.
 Hear that unhappy wretched Huntsman tell,
 How by his Hands his much-lov'd *Procris* fell.
 Hear him, lamenting his Mischance, complain
 In the soft *Ovid's* sadly charming Strain.

Happy a while, thrice happy was my Life,
 Blest in a Beautiful and Virtuous Wife.
 Love join'd us first, and Love made Life so sweet,
 We prais'd the Gods, that 'twas our Lot to meet.
 Our Breasts glow'd gently with a mutual Flame,
 The same were our Desires, our Fears the same.
 What'er one did, the other would approve,
 For one our Liking was, as one our Love.
 Then happy Days were crown'd with happier Nights,
 And some few Months roll'd on in full Delights.
 Joys crowd'd to appear, and Pleasures ran
 A while in circles, e'er our Woes began.
 'Till I one fatal Morn the Chace pursu'd
 Of a Wild Boar, thro' an adjacent Wood.
 Where, as I hunted eager on my Prey,
Aurora stopp'd me in my hasty way.
 You may believe I do not, dare not feign,
 (For Mis'ry never made a Man so vain.)

She, tho' a Goddess, strait began to move
 A fruitless Suit, and vainly talk'd of Love.
 Tho' she look'd bright as when she shines on high,
 In all the Glories of a Morning Sky;
 Tho' earlier than the Sun's, her Beams display,
 And show the first Approaches of the Day:
 I told her *Procris* all my Soul possest,
 That she alone reign'd Sovereign of my Breast,
 Which never would admit another Guest. }
 Enjoy thy *Procris* then, the Goddess cry'd;
 Whom thou shalt one Day with thou'dst ne'er enjoy'd.
 Stung with her Words, with doubts and fears oppress'd,
 A sudden Jealousie destroys my Rest, }
 Mads all my Brain, and poisons all my Breast.
 I thought the Sex all false, ev'n *Procris* too,
 Again I thought, she could not but be true.
 Her Youth and Beauty kindled anxious Cares,
 But her known Chastity condemn'd my Fears.
 But then my Absence does again revive,
 And keep the tort'ring Fancy still alive.
 I thought her Faith too firmly fix'd to fall,
 Yet a true Lover is afraid of all.
 I knew not what to think, but strait I go,
 Resolv'd to cure, or to compleat my Woe.
 An Habit different from my own I took,
 While with curst Aid *Aurora* chang'd my Look.
 To *Athens* strait, unknown by all, I came,
 Ev'n to my self, I scarce could seem the same.
 Hardly I got admission to my House,
 But far, far harder, to my weeping Spouse.
 The House it self from ought of Blame was free,
 And ev'ry Place exprest its Grief for me.
 A dismal Silence reign'd thro' ev'ry Room,
 To mourn my Loss, already safe at Home.
 Ev'n that sad Pomp of Woe, some Charms could boast,
 But when my *Procris* came, she charm'd me most.

Black were her Robes, her solemn Pace was slow,
 Her Dress was careless, yet becoming too.
 A virtuous Grief dwelt deeply in her Face,
 But matchless Beauty gave that Grief a Grace.
 Whole Show'ts of Tears her streaming Eyes let fall,
 Yet something wondrous lovely shone thro' all.
 Scarce could I at the Charming Sight forbear
 From running to embrace my Mournful Fair, [there. }
 Scarce hold; from telling whom she saw (tho' alter'd)
 But yet at length, my first Design pursu'd,
 With Words I flatter'd, and with Gifts I woo'd;
 All the most moving Arguments I us'd,
 Oft pray'd, and press'd, but was as oft refus'd.
 She said another had before engross'd
 All her Affection, and my Suit was lost.
 Would any but a Mad-man farther try?
 But ah! that mad, that desp'rate Fool was I.
 I grew the more Industrious to destroy
 Her matchless Truth, and ruin all my Joy.
 Redoubled Presents, and redoubled Vows,
 I made, and offer'd, to betray my Spouse.
 At last, her stagg'ring Faith began to yield,
 And I'd just won the long-disputed Field.
 Thy Falshood, Strait I cry'd, too late I see;
 False to thy *Cephalus*, for I am He.
 Since you are Perjur'd, since my *Procris* grew
 Forsworn and false, what Woman can be true?
 She, at these Words, almost of Sense bereav'd,
 With sad Confusion found her self deceiv'd.
 Fixt on the Ground she kept her down-cast Eye,
 And Silent with her Shame, made no Reply.
 But to the Mountains like an Huntress hies,
 And for my sake from all Mankind she flies.
 Which when I found, abandon'd and alone,
 My dearer Half thro' my own Folly gone;
 Love fiercer than before began to burn,
 'Till I was raging for my Wife's return.

The History of Love.

273

My Pray'rs dispatch'd with eagerness and haste,
That she would pardon all Offences past;
Found her as Kind, as she was truly Chaste.
She came, and crown'd my Joys a second time;
Forgot my Jealousie, forgave my Crime.
'Twas then I thought my greatest Miseries o'er,
But Fate it seems had worse, far worse in store.
Soon as each early Sun began to rise,
To glad th' enlighten'd Earth, and gild the Skies,
I with his first Appearance rise, and trace
The Woods, and Hills, that yielded Game to chase.
Alone I Hunt, a long and tedious Way,
And seldom fail to kill sufficient Prey.
Then spent with Toil, to cooler Shades retreat,
And seek a Refuge from the scorching Heat.
Where pleasant Valleys breath a freer Air,
For my Refreshment I address this Prayer.
Come, Air, I cry, Joy of o'er-labour'd Swains,
Come, and diffuse thy self thro' all my Veins;
Breathe on my burning Lips, and sev'rish Breast,
And reign at large an ever-grateful Guest.
Glide to my Soul, and ev'ry vital Part,
Distill thy self upon my panting Heart.
By chance I other Blandishments bestow,
Or Destiny decreed it should be so.
As, O thou greatest Pleasure of the Plains,
Thou who assuagest all my raging Pains;
Thou, who dost Nature's richest Sweets excite,
And mak'st me in these Desert Woods delight:
Breathless, and Dead without thee should I be,
For all the Life I have, I draw from thee.
While this I Sung, some one who chanc'd to hear,
Thought her a Nymph, to whom I made my Pray'r,
And told my *Procris* of her Rival Air.
She, kind, good Soul, half dying at the News,
Would now Condemn me, now again Excuse.

Now hopes 'tis all a Falshood, now she fears;
 Suspects my Faith, as I suspected hers.
 Resolv'd, at last, to trust no busie Tongue,
 But be her self the Witness of her Wrong;
 When the next Day with fatal haste came on,
 And I was to my lov'd Diversion gone,
 She rose, and sought the Solitary Shade,
 Where, after Hunting, I was daily laid.
 Close in a Thicket undiscern'd she stood,
 When I took shelter in the shady Wood.
 Then stretching on the Grass my fainting weight,
 Come much-lov'd Air, I cry, oh! come, abate }
 With thy sweet Breath this most immoderate Heat.
 At this a sudden Noise invades my Ear,
 And rustling Boughs shew'd something living there.
 I rashly thinking it some Savage Beast,
 Threw my unerring Dart with heedless haste }
 Which pierc'd, Oh Gods! my *Procris* thro' the
 She at the Wound, with fearful Shriekings fell,
 And I, alas! knew the dear Voice too well.
 Thither, distracted with my Grief, I flew,
 To give my Dying Love a sad Adieu.
 All Bloody was her lately Snowy Breast,
 Her Soul was hast'ning to Eternal Rest.
 With Rage I tore my Robe, which close I bound,
 To stop the Blood, about the gaping Wound.
 What Pardons did I beg? what Curses frame,
 For my damn'd Fate, that was alone in blame?
 When weakly raising up her Dying Head,
 With a faint Voice, these few sad Words she said.
 Draw nearer yet, dear Author of my Death,
 Hear my last Sighs, and snatch my parting Breath.
 But e'er I Die, by all that's sacred swear,
 That you will never let my Rival, Air, }
 Prophane my Bed, or find Reception there.
 This I Conjure you by your Nuptial Vow;
 The Faith you gave me then, renew me now.

By all your Love, if any Love remain,
And by that Love, which dying I retain,
Assure me but of this before I go,
And I shall bless thee for the fatal Blow.

To her sad Speech abruptly I reply'd,
In haste to shew her Error e'er she dy'd.
Quickly I ran the Tragick Story o'er,
Which made her pleas'd, amidst the Pangs she bore.
That done, she rolls in Death her dizzy Eyes,
And with a Sigh, which I receiv'd, she Dies.

Here did the Youth his doleful Tale conclude,
A Tale too doleful to be long pursu'd.
But this ill chosen Instance will not do,
Unless my *Delia* could be Jealous too.
But she, whene'er I woo some other Fair,
Shews no Resentment, and betrays no Care.
She sees me court another, as unmov'd;
As she has always seen her self belov'd.
That dreadful Thought redoubles all my Fear,
That drowns my Hopes, and drives me to Despair.

D E S P A I R.

No foreign Instance need of this be shown,
To draw it best, I must describe my own.
Tho' of this kind all Ages can produce
Examples proper for the mourning Muse;
Yet all to me must the first place resign,
None ever was so just, so deep as mine.
All Day and Night I sing, and all Day long,
I Love, and I Despair, makes all my Song.
Revolving Days the same sad Musick hear,
Unchang'd those Notes, I Love, and I Despair.
To me, as to the Eccho, Fate affords
No pow'r of Speech but for those doleful Words.

Some glimpse of Sun, some chearful Beams appear,
 Ev'n thro' the gloomiest Season of the Year.
 My clouded Life admits no Dawn of Light,
 No Ray can pierce thro' my Eternal Night.
 All there is dismal as the Shades beneath,
 And all is dark as Hell, and sad as Death.
 My anxious Hours roll heavily away,
 Depriv'd of Sleep by Night, and Peace by Day.
 My Soul no respite from her Sufferings knows,
 And sees no End of her Eternal Woes.
 In a long Line they run for ever on,
 And still encrease, and lengthen as they run.
 By Flight to lose my Ills in vain I try,
 From my despairing Self I cannot fly.
 Where-e'er I go, I bear about my Flame,
 In Cities, Countries, Seas, 'tis still the same.
 Scorch'd with my burning Pains, I shun my House,
 And strive in open Air to seek Repose.
 My Flames like Torches shook in open Air,
 Grow, with dilated Heat, more furious there,
 Now to the most retir'd, remotest place,
 Ev'n to Obscurity, I fly for Ease.
 Retirement still foment the raging Fire,
 And Trees, and Fields, and Floods, and Verse con-
 To spread the Flame, and heighten the Desire. {
 Wildly I range the Woods, and trace the Groves,
 To every Oak I tell my hopeless Loves.
 Torn by my Passion, to the Earth I fall,
 I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all.
 Nothing but Eccho answers to my Pray'r,
 And she speaks nothing but Despair, Despair.
 From Woods and Wilds I no Relief receive,
 But wander on, to try what Seas can give.
 Deep thro' the Tide, not knowing where, I walk;
 To the deaf Winds, not knowing what, I talk.
 Mad as the foaming Main, aloud I Rave,
 While ev'ry Tear keeps Time with ev'ry Wave,

The S T O R Y of
Orpheus and Eurydice:

Imitated from the
Tenth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

SO in old Times the Mournful *Orpheus* stood,
Drowning his Sorrows in the *Stygian Flood*.
Whose lamentable Story seems to be
The nearest Instance of a Wretch like me.
Already had he past the Courts of Death,
And charm'd with sacred Verse the Pow'rs beneath;
While Hell, with silent Admiration hung
On the soft Musick of his Harp and Tongue,
And the black Roofs restor'd the wond'rous Song. }
No longer *Tantalus* essay'd to sip
The Springs that fled from his deluded Lip.
Their Urn the fifty Maids no longer fill;
Ixion lean'd, and listen'd on his Wheel: }
And *Sisyphus's* Stone for once stood still.
The Rav'nous *Vulture* had forsook his Meal,
And *Tityus* felt his growing Liver heal.
Relenting Fiends to torture Souls forbore,
And Furies wept, who never wept before.
All Hell in Harmony was heard to move,
With equal Sweetness as the Spheres above.
Nor longer was his Charming Pray'r deny'd,
All Hell consented to release his Bride.
Yet could the Youth but short Possession boast;
For what his Poem gain'd, his Passion lost:
E'er they restor'd her back to him, and Life:
They made him on these Terms receive his Wife.

If 'till he quite had pass'd the Shades of Night,
 And reach'd the Confines of ætherial Light,
 He turn'd to view his Prize; his wretched Prize
 Again was doom'd to vanish from his Eyes.
 Long had he wander'd on, and long forborn
 To look, but was at last compell'd to turn.
 And now arriv'd where the Sun's piercing Ray
 Struck thro' the Gloom, and made a doubtful Day,
 Backwards his Eyes th' impatient Lover cast
 For one dear Look, and that one Look his last.
 Straight from his Sight flies his unhappy Wife,
 Who now liv'd twice, and twice was robb'd of Life,
 In vain, to catch the fleeting Shade he sought,
 She too in vain, bent backwards to be caught.
 Gods! what tumultuous raging Passions tost
 His anxious Heart, when he perceiv'd her lost!
 How wildly did his dreadful Eye-balls roul!
 How did all Hell at once oppress his Soul!
 To what sad height was his Distraction grown!
 How deep his just Despair! how near my own!
 In vain with her he labour'd to return,
 All he could do was to sit down and mourn.
 In vain, (but ne'er before in vain) he sings
 At once the saddest, and the sweetest things.

Stay, dear *Eurydice*, he cries, ah! stay;
 Why fleets the lovely Shade so fast away?
 Why am not I permitted to pursue,
 Why will not rig'rous Hell receive me too?
 Already has she reach'd the farther Shore,
 And I, alas! allow'd to pass no more;
 Imprison'd closer in the dismal Coast,
 She's now, for ever, ever, ever lost,
 No Charms a second time can set her free,
 Hell has her now again; would Hell had me,
 From all his Pains let *Tityrus* be releas'd,
 And in his stead unhappier *Orpheus* plac'd.

He feels no Torture, I'll refuse to bear,
Her Loss is worse than all he suffers there.
Is this your Bounty then? ye Pow'rs below!
And these the short-liv'd Blessings you bestow?
Why did you such a cruel Covenant make?
Which you but too well knew I needs must break.
Ah! by this Artifice, too late, I find
Your envious Nature never was inclin'd
To be intirely Good, or throughly Kind. }
Had you persisted to refuse the Grant,
I should not then have known the double Want.
This was contriv'd by some malicious Pow'r,
To swell my Woes, and make my Mis'ries more.
Plung'd in Despair far deeper than at first,
And blest a short, short while, to be for ever curst.
Ah! yet again relent, again restore
My wretched Bride; be bounteous as before.
Ah! let the force of Verse as pow'rful be
O'er you, as was the force of Love o'er me:
And the dear Forfeit once again resign,
Which but for too much Love had still been mine.
By that immense and awful Sway you bear,
That silent Horror that inhabits here;
By these vast Realms, and that unquestion'd Right,
By which you Rule this Everlasting Night;
By these my Tears and Pray'rs, which once could
Once more I beg you to release my Love. [move,
Let her a little while with me remain,
A little while, and she is yours again.
The Date of mortal Life is finish'd soon,
Swift is the Race, and short the Time to run.
Inevitable Fate your Night secures,
And she, and I, and all, at last are yours.

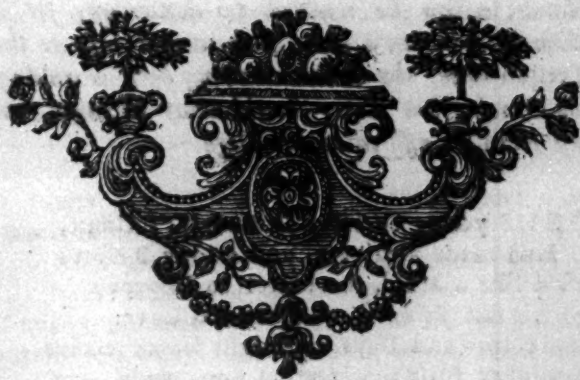
So sung the Charming Youth, in such a Strain;
But sung, and charm'd the second time in vain,

No longer could he move the Pow'rs below;
 Lost were his Numbers then, as mine are now.
 Torn with Despair, he leaves the *Stygian* Lakes;
 And back to Light a loathsome Journey takes.
 No Light could cheer him in his cruel Woes,
 Who bears about his Grief where-e'er he goes.
 In sacred Verse his sad Complaints he vents,
 And all the Day, and all the Night laments.
 Incessantly he sings, whose moving Song
 Draws Trees, and Stones, and list'ning Herds along;
 The *Sylvan* Gods, and Wood-Nymphs stood around;
 And melting Maids were ravish'd at the Sound.
 All heard the wondrous Notes, and all that heard,
 With utmost Art address'd the mournful Bard.
 Not all their Charms his Constancy could move,
 Who fled the Thoughts of any second Love.
 When mad to see him slight their raging Fire,
 To mortal Hate converting fierce Desire,
 With their own Hands, they made the Youth expire.
 Such Proofs, my *Delia*, would I gladly give;
 For thee I'd Die, without thee will not Live.
 I've felt already the severest Smart
 Death can inflict, for it was Death to part.

The PARTING.

What Souls about to leave their Bodies bear,
 Forc'd to forsake their long-lov'd Mansions there;
 The dying Anguish, the Convulsive Pain,
 And all the racking Tortures they sustain;
 And most of all, the Doubt, the dreadful Fear,
 When thrust out thence, to go they know not where;
 My Soul such Pangs, such sad Distractions knew,
 Forc'd by despairing Love to part with you.
 Fix'd on that Face where I could ever dwell,
 Charm'd into Silence by some Magick Spell,
 I sigh'd and shook, and could not say Farewell.

Down my sad Cheeks did Tears in Torrents roll,
And Death's cold Damp sat heavy on my Soul.
My trembling Eyes swam in a native Flood,
As fast as they wept Tears, my Heart wept Blood.
All Signs of desp'rate Grief possess'd my Face,
My sinking Feet seem'd rooted to their place, }
And scarce could bear me to the last Embrace.
Gods! where was then my Soul? that parting Kiss
Was both the last and dearest Taste of Bliss.
Ah! since that fatal time, I could not boast
Of Love, or Life, or Soul; all, all is lost.
When the last Moment that I had to stay,
Call'd me, like one condemn'd to Death, away.
With staggering Steps I did my Path pursue,
Yet oft I turn'd to take another View, }
Oft gaz'd, and sigh'd, and murmur'd out Adieu.



THE
PARTING
OF
Achilles and Deidamia.

Achilles had a long time lain disguis'd like a Woman, in the Court of Nicomedes King of Bithynia, making use of that Habit, the better to carry on his Amours with Deidamia, Nicomedes's Daughter, but he was at last discovered by the Subtily of Ulysses; who putting a Sword into his Hands, which he wielded too dexterously for a Woman, so betray'd him, and carried him to the Trojan War, the Greeks having been warn'd by the Oracle, that Troy should never be taken, unless Achilles assisted at the Siege.

THUS young Achilles, in Bithynia's Court,
Had made a private, and a long Resort:
Dress'd like a Maid, the better to improve,
With his fair Princess, undiscover'd Love.
Where Hours and Days, he might secure receive
The mighty Bliss that mutual Love could give.
Where in full Joys the Youthful Pair remain'd,
And nought, awhile, but laughing Pleasures reign'd,
'Till at the last, the Gods were envious grown,
To see the Bliss of Man surpass their own.

All Greece was now with *Helen's* Rape alarm'd,
 And all its Princes to revenge her arm'd.
 When spiteful Pow'rs foretold them, their Descent
 Would be in vain, unless *Achilles* went.
 In vain they might the *Phrygian* Coasts invade,
 Scale *Troy* in vain, no Onset could be made,
 That should succeed, without that *Hero's* Aid. }
 And now, *Ulysses*, by a crafty Slight,
 Had found him out in his Disguise's spight.
 Who tho' betray'd by his Unhappy Fate,
 Had too much Sense of Honour to Retreat.
 Which when his Charming *Deidamia* knew,
 She to her late discover'd Lover flew.
 On his dear Neck her snowy Arms she hung,
 And streaming Tears awhile restrain'd her Tongue.
 But at the last her dismal Silence broke,
 These mournful Words the weeping Princess spoke.

Whither, ah! whither would *Achilles* flee?
 From all he's dearest to, from Love, and me?
 Are not my Charms the same? the same their Pow'r?
 Have I lost mine? or, has *Bellona* more?
 Oh! let me not so poorly be forsook,
 But view me, view me, with your usual Look.
 Would you, Unkind, from these Embraces break?
 Is Glory grown so Strong? or I so Weak?
 Glory is not your only Call, I fear,
 You go to meet some other Mistress there.
 Go then, Ungrateful, tho' from me you fly,
 You'll never meet with one so fond as I:
 But some Camp Mistress, lavish of her Charms,
 Devoted to a Thousand Rival Arms.
 Then will you think, when she is common grown,
 On *Deidamia*, who was all your own.
 Thus will I clasp thee to my panting Breast,
 And thus detain thee to my Bosom press'd.

And while I fold thee thus, and thus dispenſe
 Theſe Kiſſes, to reſtore thy wand'ring Senſe,
 What diſmal Sound of War ſhall ſnatch thee hence?
 What tho' the Gods have order'd you ſhall go,
 Or *Greece* return Inglorious from her Foe?
 Have not the ſelf-fame cruel Gods decreed,
 That if you went, you ſhould as ſurely Bleed?
 Then ſince your Fate is deſtin'd to be ſuch,
 Ah! think, can any *Troy* be worth ſo much?
 Let *Greece*, whate'er ſhe pleaſe, for Vengeance give,
 Secure at Home ſhall my *Achilles* live.
Troy, built by Heav'nly hands, may ſtand, or fall,
 You never ſhall obey the Fatal Call.
 Your *Deidamia* ſwears you ſhall not go,
 Life would be dear to you, if ſhe were ſo.
 If not your own, at leaſt my Safety prize,
 For with *Achilles*, *Deidamia* dies.

All this, and more, the lovely mournful Maid
 Told the ſad Youth, who ſigh'd at all ſhe ſaid.
 Yet would he not his Reſolution break,
 Where all his Fame and Honour lay at Stake.
 Now would he think on Arms; but when he gave
 A ſide-long Glance on her he was to leave,
 Then his tumultuous Thoughts began to jar,
 And Love and Glory held a doubtful War.
 'Till with a deep-drawn Sigh, and mighty courſe
 Of Tears, which nothing elſe but Love could force,
 To the dear Maid he turns his wat'ry Eyes,
 And to her ſad Diſcourſe, as ſad replies.

Thou late beſt Bleſſing of my joyful Heart,
 Now grown my Grief, ſince I muſt now depart,
 Behold the Pangs I bear; look up, and ſee
 How much I grieve to go; and comfort me.
 Curſe on that cunning Traitor's ſmooth Deceit,
 Whoſe Craft has made me, to my Ruin, great.

Curse on that Artifice by which I fell,
Curse on these Hands for wielding Swords so well,
Tho' I should ne'er so fit for Battel prove,
All my Ambition's to be fit for Love.
In his soft Wars I would my Life beguile,
With thee contend in the transporting Toil,
Ravish'd to read my Triumph in thy Smile.
Boldly I'd strive, yet ev'n when conqu'ring, yield
To thee the Glory of the bloodless Field.
With liquid Fires, melt the rich Beauties down;
Rifle thy Wealth, yet give thee all my own.
So should our Wars be Rapture and Delight;
But now I'm summon'd to another Fight.
'Tis not my Fault, that I am forc'd away;
But when my Honour calls, I must obey.
Durst I not Death and ev'ry Danger brave,
I were not worthy of the Bliss I have.
More Hazards than another would I meet,
Only to lay more Lawrels at your Feet.
Oh! do not fear that I should faithless prove;
For You, my only Life, have all my Love.
The thought of You shall help me to subdue, I
I'll Conquer faster, to return to You.
But if my Honours should be laid in Dust,
And I must fall, as Heav'n has said I must;
Ev'n in my Death, my only Grief will be,
That I for ever shall be snatch'd from thee.
That, that alone, occasions all my Fears,
Shakes my Resolves, and melts me into Tears.
My beating Heart pants to thee, as I speak,
And wishes, rather than depart, to break.
Feel how it trembles with a panick Fright:
Sure it will never fail me thus in Fight.
I cannot longer hold this fond Discourse,
For now the Trumpets sound our sad Divorce.
Sound ev'ry Trumpet there, beat ev'ry Drum;
Use all your Charms to make *Achilles* come.

Farewel---Alas! I have not time to tell
 How wondrous loath I part,---once more Farewel.
 Remember me, as I'll remember you,
 Like me be Constant, and like me be True:
 Gods! I shall ne'er be gone; Adieu, Adieu, Adieu. }

A B S E N C E.

Happy that am'rous Youth, whose Mistress hears
 His swelling Sighs, and sees his falling Tears.
 What Savage Maid her Pity can deny
 A breaking Heart, and a still streaming Eye.
 Absent, alas! he spends them all in vain,
 While the dear Cause is ign'rant of his Pain,
 Yet wretched as he is, he might be blest,
 Would he himself contribute to his Rest.
 Would he resolve to struggle thro' the Net,
 And, but a while, endeavour to forget.
 But his mad Thoughts run ev'ry Passage o'er,
 And anxious Mem'ry makes his Passion more.
 Perplexing Mem'ry, that renews the Scene
 Of his past Cares, and keeps him still in Pain,
 Keeps a poor Wretch perpetually oppress'd,
 And never lets Unhappy Lovers rest.
 Lets them no Pangs, no cruel Suff'rings lose,
 But heaps their past, upon their present Woes.
 Such was *Leander's* Mem'ry, when remov'd,
 And sunder'd by the Seas, from all he lov'd.
 The gather'd Winds had wrought the Tempest high,
 Toss'd up the Ocean, and obscur'd the Sky;
 And at this time, with an impetuous Sway,
 Pour'd forth their Forces, and possess'd the Sea.
 When the bold Youth stood raging on the Beach,
 To view the much-lov'd Coast he could not reach.
 His restless Eyes ran all the Distance o'er,
 And from afar discern'd his *Hero's* Tow'r.
 Thrice, Naked in the Waves his Skill he try'd,
 And strove, as he was us'd, to stem the Tide.

But tumbling Billows threatned present Wrack,
And rising up against him, dash'd him back,
Then like a gallant Soldier, forc'd to go,
Full of brave Wrath, from a prevailing Foe;
Again, to Town, he makes his sad Resort,
To see what Ships would loosen from the Port,
Finding but one durst launch into the Seas,
He writes a Letter, fill'd with Words like these,



L E A N D E R's

EPISTLE to

H E R O.

In Imitation of

PART of that of OVID.

READ this; yet be not troubled, when you read,
Your Loyer comes not, in his Letter's stead.
On you all Health, all Happiness attend,
Which I would much, much rather bring, than send.
But now these envious Storms obstruct my Way,
And only this bold Bark durst put to Sea.
I too had come, had not my Patenis Spyes
Stood by, to watch me with suspicious Eyes.
How many tedious Days and Nights are past,
Since I was suffer'd to behold you last!
Ye spiteful Gods, and Goddesses, who keep
Your war'ry Courts within the spacious Deep,

Why, at this time, are all the Winds broke forth?
 Why swell the Seas beneath the furious North?
 'Tis Summer now, when all should be serene;
 The Skies unclouded, undisturb'd the Main;
 Winter is yet unwilling to appear,
 But you invert the Seasons of the Year.
 Yet let me once attain the wish'd-for Beach,
 Out of the now Malicious Neptune's reach:
 Then blow, ye Winds; ye troubled Billows roar;
 Roll on your angry Waves, and lash the Shore;
 Ruffle the Seas, drive the Tempestuous Air;
 Be one continu'd Storm, to keep me there.
 Ah! *Here*, when to you my Course is bent,
 I seem to slide along a smooth Descent.
 But in returning thence, I clamber up,
 And scale, methinks, some leftry Mountain's top.
 Why, when our Souls by mutual Love are join'd,
 Why are we sunder'd by the Sea and Wind?
 Either make my *Abydos* your Retreat,
 Or let your *Sestos* be my much-lov'd Seat.
 This Plague of Absence I can bear no more,
 Come what can come, I'll shortly venture o'er.
 Not all the rage of Seas, nor force of Storms,
 Nothing, but Death, shall keep me from thy Arms,
 Yet may that Death at least so friendly prove,
 To float me to the Coast of her I love.
 Let not the Thought occasion any Fear;
 Doubt not, I will be soon, and safely, there:
 But 'till that time, let this employ your Hours,
 And shew you, that I can be none but Yours.

Mean while the Vessel from the Land withdrew,
 When Heav'n took Pity on a Love so true;
 The Winds to blow, the Waves to rofs forbore,
 In leaps the ravish'd Youth, and ventures o'er,
 With a smooth Passage to the farther Shore.

Now to the Port the prosperous Lover drives,
And safely after all his Toils arrives.
Dissolv'd in Bliss, he lyes the live-long Night,
Melts, Languishes, and Dies in vast Delight.
But that Delight my Muse forbears to sing,
She knows the Weakness of her Infant Wing.
As when the Painter strove to draw the Chief
Of all the *Grecians*, in his height of Grief;
In ev'ry Limb the well-shap'd Piece excell'd,
But coming to the Face, his Pencil fail'd.
There modestly he staid, and held, for fear
He should not reach the Wee he fancy'd there;
But round the mournful Head a Veil he threw,
That Men might guess, at what he could not show,
So when our Pleasure rises to Excess,
No Tongue can tell it, and no Pen express.
Love will not have his Mysteries reveal'd,
And Beauty keeps the Joys it gives, conceal'd.
And 'till those Joys my *Delia* lets me know,
To me they shall continue ever so.

Ah! *Delia*, would Indulgent Love decree,
Thy faithful Slave that Heav'n of Bliss with thee;
What then should be my Verse? what daring flights
Should my Musetake? reach what Celestial heights?
Now in Despair, with drooping Notes she sings,
No dawn of hope to raise her on her Wings.
In the warm Spring the warbling Birds rejoice,
And in the smiling Sun-shine tune their Voice.
Bask'd in the Beams, they strain their tender Throats,
Where cheerful Light inspires the charming Notes;
Such, and so charming should my Numbers be,
If you, my only Light, would smile on me.
Your Influence would inspire as moving Airs,
And make my Song as soft and sweet as theirs,
Would you but once auspiciously incline
To raise his Fame, who only writes for thine;

I'd sing such Notes, as none but you could teach,
 And none but one who loves like me can reach.
 Secure of you, what Raptures could I boast?
 How wretched shall I be when you are lost?
 Ah! think what Pangs despairing Lovers prove,
 And what a bless'd Estate were mutual Love.
 How might my Soul be with your Favour rais'd?
 And how in pleasing you, my self be pleas'd?
 With what Delight, what Transport, could I burn?
 Did but my Flames receive the least return,
 How would one tender Look, one pitying Smile,
 Or one kind Word from you, reward my Toil?
 It must, and would your tend'rest Pity move,
 Were you but once convinc'd how well I Love.
 By ev'ry Pow'r that reigns and rules on high,
 By Love, the mighty'st Pow'r of all the Sky;
 By your dear Self, the last great Oath, I swear,
 That neither Life, nor Soul, are half so dear.
 What need I these superfluous Vows repeat?
 Already sigh'd so often at your Feet.
 You know my Passion is sincere and true,
 I love you to excess; you know I do.
 No Tongue, no Pen, can what I feel express,
 Ev'n Poetry it self must make it less.
 You haunt me still, where-ever I remove,
 There's no Retreat secure from Fate, or Love.
 My Soul from yours, no distance can divide,
 No Rocks, nor Caves, can from your Presence hide.
 By Day, your lovely Form fills all my Sight,
 Nor do I lose you, when I lose the Light,
 You are the charming Phantome of the Night.
 Still your dear Image dances in my view,
 And all my restless Thoughts run still on you.
 You only are the sleeping Poet's Dream,
 And when awake, you only are his Theme.
 Were I, by some yet harder Fortune, hurl'd
 To the remotest Parts of all the World;

The coldest Northern Clime, the Torrid Zone,
Should hear me sing of you, and you alone.
That pleasing Task should all my Hours employ,
Spent in a charming Melancholy Joy.
The Chorus of the Birds, the whisp'ring Boughs,
And murm'ring Streams, should join to sooth my Woes;
My Thoughts of you should yield a sad Delight,
While Joy and Grief contend like Day and Night.
With Smiles and Tears, resembling Sun and Rain,
To keep the Pleasure, I'd endure the Pain.
If such Content my troubled Soul could know,
Such Satisfaction, mix'd with so much Woe;
If but my Thoughts could keep my Wives warm,
Ah! how would your transporting Presence charm?
How pleasant would these pathless Wilds appear,
Were you alone my kind Companion here?
What should I then have left me to deplore?
Oh! what Society to wish for more?
No Country thou art in, can Desert be,
And Towns are desolate, depriv'd of thee.
Banish'd with thee, I could an Exile bear;
Banish'd from thee, the Banishment lyes there.
I to some lonely Isle with thee could fly,
Where not a Creature dwells but thou and I;
Where a wide spreading Main around us roars,
Besprinkling, with its Foam, our desert Shores;
Where Winds and Waves in endless Wars engage,
And high-wrought Tides roll with Eternal Rage;
Where Ships far off their fearful Courses steer,
And no bold Vessel ever ventures near.
Should rising Seas swell over ev'ry Coast,
Were Mankind in a second Deluge lost,
Did only two of all the World survive,
Only one Man, one Woman left alive;
And should the Gods that Lot to us allow,
Were I *Deucalion*, and my *Pyrtha*, thou;

Contentedly I should my Fate embrace,
And would not beg them to renew our Race;
All my most ardent Wishes should implore,
All I should ask from each indulgent Pow'r,
Would be to keep thee safe, and have no more.
Your Cruelty occasions all my Smart,
Your Kindness could restore my bleeding Heart.
You work me to a Storm, you make me Calm;
You give the Wound, and can infuse the Balm.
Of you I boast, of you alone complain,
My greatest Pleasure, and my greatest Pain.
When-e'er you grieve, I can no Comfort know,
And when you first are pleas'd, I must be so.
While you are well, there's no Disease I feel,
And I enjoy no Health, when you are ill.
What-e'er you do, my Actions does direct,
Your Smile can raise me, and your Frown deject.
Whom-e'er you Love, I, by the self-same Fate,
Love too; and hate, whatever Wretch you hate.
With yours, my Wishes and my Passions join,
Your Humour, and your Int'rest, all is mine.
I share in all; nor can my Fortunes be
Unhappy, let but Fortune smile on thee.
You can preserve, you only can destroy,
Increase my Sorrow, or create my Joy.
From you, and you alone, my Doom I wait,
You are the Star, whose Influence rules my Fate.
On yours my Being, and my Life depend,
And mine shall last no more, when yours must end.
No Toil would be too great, no Task too hard,
Were you at last to be my rich Reward.
In serving you, I'd spend my latest Breath,
Brave any Danger, run on any Death.
I live but for your sake, and when I dye,
All I shall pray for, is, may you be by.
No Life, like Living with thee, can delight;
No Death can please, like Dying in thy sight.

Oh! when I must, by Heav'n's severe Decree,
Be snatch'd from all that's dear, be snatch'd from thee,
May'st thou be present, to dispel my Fear,
And soften with thy Charms the Pangs I bear.
While on thy Lips I pour my parting Breath,
Look thee all o'er, and clasp thee close in Death;
Sigh out my Soul upon thy panting Breast,
And with a Passion not to be express'd,
Sink at thy Feet into Eternal Rest.



Several STORIES of
OVID's *METAMORPHOSES*,

Translated into *English VERSE*.

THE
Story of *Narcissus* and *Eccho*:

FROM THE
Third Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses*.

THE Vocal Nymph this lovely Huntsman view'd,
As he into the Toils his Prey pursu'd,
Tho' of the pow'r of Speaking first debar'd,
She could not hold from answering what she heard,
The Jealous *Juno*, by her Wiles betray'd,
Took this Revenge on the deceitful Maid,

For when she might have seiz'd her faithless Jove,
 Often in am'rous Thefts of lawless Love;
 Her tedious Talk would make the Goddess stay,
 And give her Rivals time to run away:
 Which when she found, she cry'd, For such a Wrong,
 Small be the pow'r of that Deluding Tongue.
 Immediately the Deed confirm'd the Threats,
 For *Eccho*, only what she hears repeats.

Now at the Sight of the fair Youth she glows,
 And follows silently where-e'er he goes.
 The nearer she pursu'd, the more she mov'd,
 Thro' the dear Track he trod, the more she lov'd.
 Still her Approach inflam'd her fierce Desire,
 As Sulph'rous Torches catch the Neighb'ring Fire.
 How often would she strive, but strove in vain,
 To tell the Passion, and confess her Pain?
 A thousand tender things her Thoughts suggest,
 With which she would have woo'd; but they, sup- }
 Forwant of Speech, lay buried in her Breast, [prest
 Begin she could not, but she staid to wait
 'Till he should speak, and she his Speech repeat.
 Now several ways his young Companions gone,
 And for some-time *Narcissus* left alone:
 Where are you all? at last she hears him call;
 And she strait Answers him, *Where are you all?*
 Around he lets his wandring Eye-sight roam,
 But sees no Creature whence the Voice should come.
 Speak yet again, he cries, is any nigh?
 Again the mournful *Eccho* answers, *I*.
 Why come not you? says he, appear in view;
 She hastily returns; *Why come not you?*
 Once more the Voice th' astonish'd Huntsman try'd,
 Louder he call'd, and louder she reply'd.
 Then let us join, at last *Narcissus* said;
 Then let us join, reply'd the ravish'd Maid.

Starce had the spoke, when from the Woods she sprung,
 And on his Neck with close Embraces hung.
 But he with all his Strength unlocks her Fold,
 And breaks unkindly from her feeble hold:
 Then proudly cries, Life shall this Breast forsake,
 E'er you, loose Nymph, on me your Pleasure take.
On me your Pleasure take, the Nymph replies,
 While from her the disdainful Huntsman flies.
 Repuls'd, with speed she seeks the gloomiest Groves,
 And pines to think on her rejected Loves.
 Alone laments her ill requited Flame,
 And in the closest Thickets shrouds her Shame.
 Her Rage to be refus'd yields no Relief,
 But her fond Passion is increas'd by Grief.
 The thoughts of such a Slight all Sleep suppress'd,
 And kept her languishing for want of Rest:
 Now pines she quite away with anxious Care,
 Her Skin contracts, her Blood dissolves to Air,
 Nothing but Voice and Bones she now retains,
 These turn to Stones, but still the Voice remains:
 In Woods, Caves, Hills, for ever hid she lyes,
 Heard by all Ears, but never seen by Eyes.

Thus her and other Nymphs, his proud Disdain,
 With an unheard-of Cruelty had slain.
 Many on Mountains, and in Rivers born,
 Thus perish'd underneath his haughty Scorn:
 When one, who in their Suff'rings bore a Share,
 With suppliant Hands address'd this humble Pray'r: }
 Thus may he Love himself, and thus Despair.
 Nor were her Pray'rs at an ill Hour prefer'd ;
Rhamnusia, the Revengeful Goddess, heard.

Nature had plac'd a Crystal Fountain near,
 The Water deep, but to the bottom clear:
 Whose Silver Spring ascended gently up,
 And bubbled softly to the silent Top:

The Surface smooth, as Icy Lakes appear'd,
 Unknown by Herdsman, undisturb'd by Herd.
 No bending Tree above its Surface grows,
 Or scatters thence its Leaves, or broken Boughs;
 Yet at a just convenient distance stood,
 All round the peaceful Spring, a stately Wood,
 Thro' whose thick tops no Sun could shoot his Beams,
 Nor view his Image in the Silver Streams:
 Thither from Hunting, and the scorching Heat,
 The wearied Youth was one day led by Fate,
 Down on his Face to drink the Spring he lyes;
 But as his Image in that Glass he spies,
 He drinks in Passion deeper, at his Eyes. }
 His own Reflection works his wild Desire;
 And he himself sets his own self on Fire.
 Fix'd as some Statue, he preserves his place,
 Intent his Looks, and motionless his Face.
 Deep thro' the Spring his Eye-balls dart their Beams,
 Like Midnight Stars that twinkle in the Streams.
 His Iv'ry Neck the Crystal Mirrour shows, }
 His waving Hair above the Surface flows,
 His Cheeks reflect the Lilly and the Rose.
 His own Perfection all his Passions mov'd,
 He loves himself, who for himself was lov'd;
 Who seeks is sought; who kindles the desires
 Is scorch'd himself; who is admir'd, admires;
 Oft would he the deceitful Spring embrace,
 And seek to fasten on that lovely Face.
 Oft with his down-thrust Arms he thought to fold,
 About that Neck that still deludes his hold.
 He gets no Kisses from those cor'ning Lips,
 His Arms grasp nothing, from himself he slips.
 He knows not what he views, and yet pursues
 His desperate Love, and burns for what he views.
 " Catch not so fondly at a fleeting Shade,
 " And be no longer by your self betray'd;

" It borrows all it has from you alone,
" And it can boast of nothing of its own:
" With you it comes, with you it stays, and so
" Would go away, had you the power to go.
Neither for Sleep nor Hunger would he move,
But gazing still, augments his hopeless Love:
Still o'er the Spring he keeps his bending Head,
Still with that flatt'ring Form his Eyes he fed,
And silently surveys the treacherous Shade. }
To the deaf Woods, at length, his Grief he vents,
And in these Words the wretched Youth laments.
Tell me, ye Hills and Dales and Neighb'ring Groves,
You that are conscious of so many Loves;
Say, have you ever seen a Lover pine
Like me, or ever knew a Love like mine?
I know not whence this sudden Flame should come;
I like and see, but see I know not whom:
What grieves me more, no Rocks, nor rolling Seas,
No strong-wall'd Cities, nor untrod Ways,
Only a slender, Silver Stream destroys,
And casts the Bar between our sundred Joys.
Even he too seems to feel an equal Flame,
The same his Passion, his Desires the same:
As oft as I my longing Lips incline
To join with his, his mount to meet with mine,
So near our Faces and our Mouths approach.
That almost to our selves we seem to touch.
Come forth, who-e'er thou art, and do not fly
From one so passionately fond as I;
I've nothing to deserve your just Disdain,
But have been lov'd, as I love you, in vain.
Yet all the Signs of mutual Love you give,
And my poor Hopes in all your Actions live:
When in the Stream our Hands I strive to join,
Yours straight ascend, and half way grasp at mine.
You Smile my Smiles; when I a Tear let fall,
You shed another, and consent in all:

And when I speak, your lovely Lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.
Alas! 'tis I my self; too late I see,
My own deceitful Shade has ruin'd me.
With a mad Passion for my self I'm curs'd,
And bear about those Flames I kindled first.
In so perplex'd a Case, what can I do?
Ask, or be ask'd? shall I be woo'd, or wooe?
All that I wish, I have; what would I more?
Ah! 'tis my too great Plenty makes me Poor.
Divide me from my self, ye Powers Divine!
Nor let his Being intermix with mine.
All that I love, and wish for, now retake;
A strange Request for one in Love to make!
I feel my Strength decay with inward Grief,
And hope to lose my Sorrows with my Life:
Nor would I mourn my own untimely Fate,
Were he I love allow'd a longer Date:
This makes me at my cruel Stars repine,
That his much dearer Life must end with mine.
This said, again he turns his watry Face,
And gazes wildly in the Crystal Glass,
While streaming Tears from his full Eye-lids fell,
And, drop by drop, rais'd Circles in the Well:
The several Rings, larger and larger spread,
And by degrees dispers'd the fleeting Shade;
Which when perceiv'd, Oh whither would you go?
He cries, ah! whither, whither, fly you now?
Stay, lovely Shade, do not so cruel prove,
In leaving me, who to Distraction love:
Let me still see what ne'er can be possess'd,
And with the sight alone my Frenzy feast.
Now frantick with his Grief, his Robe he tears,
And Tokens of his Rage his Bosom bears;
The cruel Wounds on his pure Body show,
Like Crimson mingling with the whitest Snow.

Like Apples with Vermillion-circle's stripe,
Or a fair Bunch of Grapes not fully ripe.
But when he looks, and sees the Wounds he made,
Writ on the Bosom of the charming Shade;
His Sorrow would admit of no Relief,
But all his Sense was swallow'd in his Grief.

As Wax, near any kindled Fuel plac'd,
Melts, and is sensibly perceiv'd to waste:
As Morning Frosts are found to Thaw away,
When once the Sun begins to warm the Day:
So the fond Youth dissolves in hopeless Fires,
And by degrees Consumes in vain Desires:
His lovely Checks now lost their white and red,
Diminish'd was his Strength, his Beauty fled;
His Body from its just Proportions fell,
Which the scorn'd *Eccho* lately lov'd so well.
Yet tho' her first Resentments she retain'd,
And still remember'd how she was disdain'd;
She sigh'd, and when the wretched Lover cry'd,
Alas; Alas, the woful Nymph reply'd:
Then when, with cruel Blows, his Hands would wound
His tender Breast, she still restor'd the Sound.
Now hanging o'er the Spring his drooping Head,
With a sad Sigh, these dying Words he said;
Ah! Boy, belov'd in vain! Thro' all the Plain
ECCHO resounds, *Ah! Boy, belov'd in vain!*
Farewel, he cries; and with that Word he dy'd;
Farewel, the miserable Nymph reply'd.
Now pale and breathless on the Grass he lyes;
For Death had shut his Self-admiring Eyes.
Now waisted over to the *Stygian Coast*,
The Waters there reflect his wandering Ghost;
In loud Laments his weeping Sisters mourn,
Which *Eccho* makes the Neighb'ring Hills return.
All Signs of desperate Grief the Nymphs express,
Great is the Moan, yet is not *Eccho's* less.

The STORY of
Salmacis and Hermaphroditus:

FROM THE

Fourth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

THE lovely *Salmacis* the Fountain own'd,
 A Nymph with ev'ry blooming Beauty crown'd.
 Unprais'd in the Chase, untaught to throw
 The thrilling Dart, or bend the stubborn Bow,
 Never engag'd in Races on the Plain,
 Nor ever mingling with *Diana's* Train.
 Oft would her Sisters say, Rise, rise for shame,
 And join with us in some laborious Game.
 Seize on a Quiver, or a pointed Spear,
 Hunt the wild Boar, or chase the tim'rous Deer;
 No Quiver would she seize, no Javelin shake,
 No Toyl induce, in no Fatigue partake.
 But in her Fountain is her sole Delight,
 For there she bathes by Day, and rests by Night,
 Still in that liquid Glass her self she dress'd,
 And learn'd from thence, what Look became her best.
 Now in this Lawn, her lovely Limbs array'd,
 Stretch'd at their length, on the soft Moss were laid,
 Thro' the transparent Robes, to the full view
 display'd.

Now languishing the lyes, and gathers Flowers,
 Pluck'd from the blooming Sides of Neighb'ring
 Bowets:

Thus was she busied, when she chanc'd to spy
 The lovely Son of *Hermes* passing by.
 At the first sight, she found her Withes fir'd,
 And the fair Youth, as soon as seen, desir'd,

Yet would she not approach, tho' mad to meet,
Tho' she could scarce hold back her eager Feet,
'Till she might first her utmost Skill bestow,
To make her Beauties to advantage show:
Use all her Art to let her Charms appear,
Who, without Art, might well be reckon'd fair.

At last attir'd she comes, at once she breaks
Into these moving Words, and meltingly she speaks.

Such Charms, dear Youth, dwell in your lovely Face,
I cannot think you born of Human Race,
If then a God, descended from above,
You are not, sure, less than the God of Love.
But if you spring not from the Race divine,
If come from any of a mortal Line;
Happy, thrice happy, must thy Parents be,
And all thy Kindred bless'd, and proud of thee,
Blest were that Woman's Breasts who fed thee first,
In whose fond Arms thy Infancy was nurs'd,
But more, — Oh! infinitely more than all the rest,
Must the fair Partner of thy Bed be bless'd!
If there be such, let us the Bliss divide,
Too great to be by any one enjoy'd.
If not already bound by Nuptial Vows,
Seal them with me, make me the joyful Spouse, I made
Here stop'd the Love-sick Nymph; whose Boldness
The bashful Youth blush'd, for the things she said.
Still Lovelier in his Blushes look'd the Boy,
Still her Desires grew fiercer to enjoy.
So blushes Fruit upon the Sunny-side,
So Iv'ry shews with deep Vermilion dy'd,
So in Eclipses looks the lab'ring Moon;
When stain'd with red, her struggling Face is shown.

Nearer and nearer now the Virgin mov'd,
Ready to seize upon the Swain she lov'd.

Disdainfully he flies her fond Embrace;
 And cries, with painful Anger in his Face,
 Forbear loose Nymph, or I'll forsake the Place. }
 She, at that Menace from the Man she lov'd,
 Reply'd, 'Tis yours, fair Youth; and so remov'd.
 Yet at some distance, in a Thicket hid,
 The Maid observ'd what-e'er the Charmer did.
 Who now believing that he was not seen,
 With bolder Steps trips o'er the Flow'ry Green
 Now to the Banks of that delightful Stream, [came,
 Which the Fair Nymph that lov'd him, own'd, he
 Dipt in his Feet, and thence by small degrees,
 Pleas'd with the warmth, he waded to the Knees :
 Then back unto the Banks again he goes,
 Down on the Ground his Silken Garments throws, }
 And to the ravish'd Maid, all, all the Man he shows.
 His Naked Charms her wond'ring Sight amaz'd,
 Who now with more impatient Longings gaz'd,
 Her Eyes shoot Fires, and shine with sparkling flames,
 As when the Sun plays on the Silver Streams, }
 Or when a Crystal Glass reflects the Beams.
 Mad to possess her Bliss, about to fly
 To seize, and fasten on the Lovely Boy, }
 She burns with the delay of the transporting Joy.
 Now from the Flow'ry Bank, on which he stood,
 The lovely Youth leap'd down into the Flood.
 His skilful Arms support his snowy Limbs,
 Still glitt'ring thro' the Streams in which he swims.
 Like Ivory Statues which the Life surpass,
 Or Lilies cover'd with a Crystal Glass.
 He's mine, he's mine, the ravish'd Virgin cries;
 And strait disrob'd of all, impatient flies, }
 And plunging in the Flood, pursues her Joys.
 Now o'er his Neck her circling Arms she cast,
 Now threw them lower, o'er his struggling Waste.
 Her twining Limbs on every side she wound,
 Lock'd him all o'er, and clasp'd him all around.

“ So when a towering Eagle's Talons bear
“ A Snake close grip'd, and hissing thro' the Air;
“ About his Neck the curling Serpent clings,
“ And fetters with his Tail his spacious Wings.

Still, tho' detain'd, the Boy the Bliss denies,
Still struggles to resist the Virgin's Joys.
In vain you strive, she cries; this proud Disdain,
Foolish, ingrateful Youth, is all in vain.
Grant, ye good Gods, no day, no time may see
Me sever'd from this Youth, or him from me.

To the Maid's Prayer propitious Gods inclin'd,
Strait into one their different Forms were twin'd,
And as they mingled Souls, their Bodies join'd.



The PASSION of
SCYLLA for *MINOS*:

FROM THE

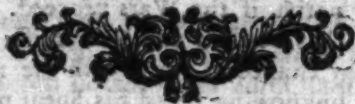
Eighth Book of *OVID's Metamorphoses*.

A Tower with sounding Walls erected stands,
The sacred Fabrick of *Apollo's* Hands.
His Harp laid by, the Strings their Airs dispense,
And vocal Stones receiv'd their Vertue thence.
This *Scylla*, in the time of Peace, ascends,
And thence her Look o'er all the Lawn extends:
Now with Delight she views the spacious Town,
Now, pleas'd with dropping little Pebbles down,
Strikes a sweet Musick from the warbling Stone,

In times of Wars the self-same Prospect yields
 The pleasing horror of the bloody Fields.
 Long had they now in equal Balance hung,
 And doubtful Victory depended long.
 This gave her leisure to discern and know
 The several Leaders of the Neighb'ring Foe.
 Minos their General, most of all she knew,
 More than a virtuous Virgin ought to do.
 Whether his Helmet glitter'd from afar,
 And with its waving Feathers threatned War.
 Whether his Hands, his shining Sword would wield,
 Or his strong Arm raise his refulgent Shield.
 Whate'er she saw him do, she prais'd, and lov'd,
 And kept him still in view, where-e'er he mov'd.
 When-e'er he shook a Spear, or cast a Dart,
 She knew not which excell'd, his Strength, or Art:
 When-e'er he drew a Shaft, she'd swear, that so
 Ev'n Phœbus would himself discharge his Bow.
 But when his naked Visage he disclos'd,
 His charming Face to publick View expos'd;
 When on his foaming Horse he rode the Plains,
 Ruling with skilful Hands the stubborn Reins;
 Then like tempestuous Seas her Passions roll,
 Mad her sick Brain, and rack her troubled Soul.
 Happy, she calls the Courser which he press'd;
 Happy, the Lance he couch'd within his Rest;
 Happy, the Vamplate that secur'd his Breast. }
 Now, would she think of flying to the Foe,
 And would have gone, had she a way to go.
 Now, headlong from the Tower her self have sent,
 And ventur'd Life, to reach her Lover's Tent.
 Open the bazea Gates, when Love inspir'd,
 Or act what-e'er the Foe she lov'd, desir'd.
 Silent she sat with a distracted Look,
 Till Passion gave her leave, and then she spoke,

In this unhappy War, and fatal Strife,
I know not which to yield to, Joy or Grief.
Tho' 'tis my Fate to love my Country's Foe,
I had not seen him, had he not been so.
Yet might they let their fierce Contentions fall,
And making Peace, make me the Pledge for all.
Minos and I once join'd, our Wars might cease,
And that Alliance fix a lasting Peace.
Well might your Mother's Charms a God subdue,
If ever she could charm, dear Youth, like you.
Happy! thrice happy! had I Wings to fly
To yonder Tents, where the lov'd Foe does lye.
I'd tell the dear Disturber of my Rest,
All that I feel, could it be all express'd,
And pour my Soul into the Charmer's Breast.
Give all I can to make him once my own,
All he should ask; all; -- but my Father's Crown.
This Love shall cease, these fierce Desires shall die,
E'er I by Treachery my Wish enjoy.
Yet when a generous Foe disputes the Field,
It is not safest to resist, but yield.
The tragick Dest'ny of his darling Son,
Has brought at last these fatal Mischiefs on.
In a just Cause, his vengeful Sword he draws,
Strong is his Army, to maintain his Cause.
Needs must my charming Hero prosperous prove,
Then let him owe his Conquests to my Love.
Thus Thousands will be sav'd, who else must bleed,
And daily perish, if the Wars proceed.
Minos will thus be safe, and I be blest;
Else he may chance to perish with the rest.
Some rash unknowing Hand his Spear may dart
Against my too, too vent'rous Heroe's Heart.
For who, without concern, his Wounds could see?
Or who would wound him, if he knew 'twas he?
'Tis then resolv'd; lest such a Chance should fall
On him I love so well, I'll hazard all,

My Country, and my self, one Gift I'll join;
 And make the Merit of his Conquest mine.
 To will is nothing, when we can't fulfil;
 For wretched want of Power, the things we will.
 The Gates are kept with a sufficient Guard,
 And every Night my Father sees them barr'd.
 'Tis he destroys my Bliss; 'tis him I fear;
 Would he were with the Dead, or I were there.
 Might I (not inj'ring him) my Bliss pursue?
 Indulgent Gods! but why invoke I you?
 We our own Gods, have Power our selves to bless,
 And from our selves derive our own Success.
 The only way to prosper, is to dare,
 For Fortune listens not to lazy Prayer.
 Others enflam'd with such a fierce Desire,
 Have forc'd thro' all, to quench their raging Fire.
 Shall any other then more resolute prove?
 Thro' Fire and Sword, I'd force my way to Love.
 Yet to assist me here, I need not call
 For Fire, or Sword; my Father's Hair is all.
 That, that must Crown my Joys, and make me blest,
 Beyond whatever else can be possess'd,
 Beyond what can be by my Words express'd.





A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH of *DELIA*.

Quam referent Musa, vivet, dum robora tellus,

Dum calum stellar, dum vehit annis aquas.

Tibulus

Daphnis and Thyrsis.

[lament ;

Thyr. **S**TAY wretched Swain, lye here, and here
Press not too far your Strength, already spent.

Long has distracting Sorrow made me rove
Thro' ev'ry desert Plain, and dismal Grove,
Still silent with excess of Grief, and Love.
Feebly your trembling Legs beneath you go,
And bend o'erburd'ned with their load of Woe.
Stay, and this Melancholy Grotto chuse,
A proper Mansion for a mourning Muse.
Lay your tir'd Limbs extended on the Moss,
And tell the list'ning Woods of *Delia's* loss:
Here, the sad Muse need no Disturbance fear,
For not a living thing inhabits here.
Musick may give your Sorrows some Relief,
And I, by list'ning to you, share your Grief,

Daph. What Musick now can my sad Numbers
 What Muse invoke? alas! my Muse is lost. [boast?
 Long since my useles Pipe was thrown aside,
 My Reeds were broke that Hour that *Delia* dy'd.
 From her alone their Inspiration came,
 She gave the Verse, and was the Verses Theme.
 For ever should my Sorrows keep me dumb,
 Silent as Death, and hush'd as *Delia's* Tomb,
 Did not the force of Love unlock my Tongue,
 Lest her dear Beauties should remain unsung.
 Her Charms let ev'ry Muse conspire to tell,
 And that once done, let ev'ry Muse farewell.
This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.

Be still ye Winds, or in soft Whispers blow,
 Ye purling Streams, with gentle Murmurs flow,
 Let Lambs forbear to bleat, and Herds to low. }
 Let all in easie mournful Numbers move,
 Let all be soft, and artless as my Love.

Oh! she was ev'ry way divinely fair,
 Charming in Person, and in Soul sincere.
 She was, alas! more than the Muse can tell,
 Well worthy Love, and was belov'd as well.
 She was, alas! these Tears that Saying draws,
 Oh! 'tis a Cruel, killing Word; She was.
 Now she no more must tread the flow'ry Plains,
 No more be gaz'd at by admiring Swains:
 No more, the choicest Flowers, and Daisies chuse,
 Or pluck the Pasture for her tender Ewes.
 Say, ye poor Flocks, how often have ye stood;
 And from her lovely Hands receiv'd your Food?
 Now ye no more from those fair Hands must feast,
 Those Hands, which gave the Flowers a sweeter Taste.
 Mourn her, by whom ye were so often fed,
 And cry with me, The Shepherdess is dead.

*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

Weep for her loss, relenting Heav'n, and keep
Time with our Tears; Heav'n seems apace to weep.
In murm'ring Drops the mournful Rain distills,
And sable Clouds wrap round the Sides of Hills.
The Goat forbears to browse the tender Ewe
Will drink no longer of the falling Dew:
No Morning Larks their mounting Wings display,
Or cheer with warbling Airs the dusky Day.
On dropping Boughs sad Nightingales complain,
Join in my Songs, but sing like me, in vain.
In doleful Notes the murm'ring Turtles coo,
Each of them seems t'have lost a *Delia* too.
The melting Air in Mists its Sorrows shews,
And cold damp Sweat the Face of Earth bedews.
With Tears the River-Gods enlarge their Spring,
Swans in sad Strains on swelling Waters sing.
In Sighs the God of Winds his Passion vents,
And all, all Nature, for her Loss laments.
*This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.*

How often on the Banks of Silver *Thames*,
My Eyes on hers, and hers upon the Streams,
Has she stood list'ning, when I told my Flames?
How often has a sudden, sidelong Look,
Seem'd to confess her Pity, when I spoke?
Pity I had, though I cou'd never move,
In her cold Breast, the least return of Love.
Pity from her, more Welcome did receive,
Than all the Love another Fair could give.
And it was some, some small Relief, to see
She lov'd not others, tho' she lov'd not me.
Say, gentle *Thames*, how often have I stood,
Viewing her dear Reflection in your Flood?

When on her Face I durst not gaze for fear;
 How often have I look'd, and found it there?
 How often have I wish'd my Verse might prove
 Smooth as your Stream, whene'er I writ of Love?
 Say, how your courteous Waves would never flow
 O'er any Path where she was us'd to go.
 Now let your River, like my Eyes, run o'er,
 Insult with fuller Tides the desert Shore; [more. }
 And drown those Banks, where *Delia* walks no }
This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring;
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.

Blue Violets, and blushing Roses fade, [Head, }
 Fold your silk Leaves, and hang your drooping }
 Shut up your Sweets, and seem, like *Delia*, dead. }
 Let Spring run backwards, and the Vintage blast,
 Let constant Showers lay all the Country waste.
 Let Flames unto the Center downwards tend,
 And let the Floods, untoss'd by Winds, ascend.
 Let all things change, and wear another Face,
 Let Nature not appear the same she was.
 Let Fowl to dwell beneath the Waters try,
 And let the watry Herd attempt to fly;
 Let Wolves protect the Flocks upon the Plains.
 Let bashful Virgins woo disdainful Swains:
 Let savage Death its Cruelty pursue;
 And, since my *Delia's* dead, let me die too.
This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.

See, where the God of Love all sad appears,
 His smoking Torch extinguish'd with his Tears;
 Well may he weep for his declining Power,
 His Charm is done, since *Delia* is no more.
 Thro' her he conquer'd, and thro' her he reign'd; }
 Her Beauties his decaying Sway sustain'd, }
 And she now gone, his Empire is disdain'd.

See, where *Diana*, with a stately Train
Of goodly Nymphs, descends upon the Plain:
Each of them weeps, and leans upon her Bow,
And mourns her fellow *Delia* wanting now.
The Goddess grieves to see her Train decreas'd,
And swelling Sighs shake ev'ry Virgin Breast.
Unhurt, they let the Stags beside them pass,
Nor follow Boars that tempt them to the Chase.
In several Forms of Woe their Grief they vent,
And all with me for *Delia's* Loss lament.
This the last Tribute of my Verse I bring,
To sing her Death, and then no more to sing.

Look yonder, where the lovely Nymph is laid,
I'll go, and on her Earth recline my Head,
Choak with my Sighs, and hasten to the Dead. }
Come hither all ye Swains, with Garlands come,
Pour out your Richest Perfumes on her Tomb.
Let Myrtles on her Grave unplanted grow,
In ready Wreaths for every Lover's Brow.
Let Flowers, unknown before, be daily seen
To raise their Heads above the spacious Green,
Millions of blooming Sweets her Earth surround,
And balmy Gums distil upon the Ground.
Here let the tuneful Muse for ever cease,
To give unutterable Sorrow place.
Let Sighs and streaming Tears resume their course,
And my sad Eyes be their Eternal Source.
I'll go, and chuse some melancholy Cave,
As undisturb'd and secret, as the Grave.
I'll feast mine Eyes with nothing fair on Earth,
Nor shall my Ears hear any sound of Mirth.
Farewel ye charming Choristers, that dwell
In sacred Groves; ye warbling Birds, farewell.
Adieu ye Nymphs, adieu ye Fellow-Swains,
Ye Silver Streams, sweet Swans, and flow'ry Plains;

Farewel all happy Days, and smiling Hours,
Refreshing Valleys, and delightful Bow'rs :
Adieu to ev'ry Grotto, ev'ry Grove,
Adieu to Poetry, adieu to Love.

End of the History of Love.

311





Lud. du Guernier inv. et scul.

313 OVID's

AMOURS,

In Three BOOKS.

*Translated into English Verse
By several Hands.*

Nec lusisse pudet. ——— Hor.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCCXIX.

OWNERS
AMOURS

In Three Books

By the Author of
The French Revolution

London

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCKIX



OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK I.

ELEGY I.

By Mr. DRYDEN.



O R mighty Wars I thought to Tune
my Lute,

And make my Measures to my
Subject sure.

Six Feet for ev'ry Verse the Muse
design'd,

But *Cupid*, Laughing, when he saw my Mind,
From ev'ry Second Verse a Foot purloin'd.

Who gave Thee, Boy, this arbitrary Sway,
On Subjects, not thy own, Commands to lay,
Who *Phaon* only, and his Laws obey?

'Tis more absurd, than if the *Queen of Love*.
 Shou'd in *Minerva's* Arms to Battel move;
 Or Manly *Pallas* from that *Queen* shou'd take.
 Her Torch, and o'er the dying Lover shake.
 In Fields as well may *Cynthia* sow the Corn,
 Or *Ceres* wind in Woods the Bugle Horn.
 As well may *Phæbus* quit the trembling String,
 For Sword, and Shield; and *Mars* may learn to Sing.
 Already thy Dominions are too large;
 Be not ambitious of a Foreign Charge.
 If thou wilt Reign, o'er all, and ev'ry where,
 The God of Musick for his Harp may fear.
 Thus when with soaring Wings I seek Renown,
 Thou pluck'st my Pinions, and I flutter down,
 Cou'd I on such mean Thoughts my Muse employ,
 I want a Mistress, or a blooming Boy.
 Thus I complain'd; his Bow the Stripling bent,
 And chose an Arrow fit for his Intent.
 The Shaft his Purpose fatally pursues;
 Now, Poet, there's a Subject for thy Muse,
 He said: (too well, alas, he knows his Trade,)
 For in my Breast a Mortal Wound he made.
 Far hence ye proud *Hexameters* remove,
 My Verse is pac'd, and tramell'd into Love.
 With Myrtle Wreaths my thoughtful Brows inclose,
 While in unequal Verse I Sing my Woes.

ELEGY II.

By Mr. CREECH,

AH me! why am I to encase grown?
 Ah! why so restless on my Bed of Down?
 Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain?
 Why am I all the tedious Night in Pain?

What Cause is this, that Ease, that Rest denies?
And why my Words break forth in gentle Sighs?
Sure I should know if Love had fix'd his Dart,
Or creeps he softly in with treach'rous Art,
And then grows Tyrant there, and wounds the Heart?

'Tis so, the Shaft sticks deep, and galls my Breast;
'Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my Thoughts of Rest!
Well, shall I tamely yield, or must I fight?
I'll yield; 'tis Patience makes a Burthen light:
A shaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks arise;
But, if unmov'd, the Fire looks pale, and dyes.
The hard-mouth'd Horse smarts for his fierce Disdain,
The Gentle's ridden with a looser Rein.
Love smooths the Gentle, but the Fierce reclaims;
He fires their Breasts, and fills their Souls with Flames.

I yield, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
Forget my Rebel Thoughts, and let me live:
No need of Force: I willingly obey,
And now unarm'd, shall prove no glorious Prey.
Go take thy Mother's Doves, thy Myrtle Crown,
And, for thy Chariot, Mars shall lend his Own;
There thou shalt sit in thy triumphant Pride,
And, whilst glad Shouts resound on ev'ry side,
Thy gentle Hands thy Mother's Doves shall guide.
And there, to makethy Glorious Pomp, and State,
A Train of sighing Youths, and Maids shall wait,
Yet none complain of an unhappy Fate.
There newly conquer'd I, still fresh my Wound,
Will march along, my Hands with Myrtle bound;
There Modesty, with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
Now doubly blushing at her own Disgrace;
There sober Thoughts, and whatsoe'er disdains
Love's Rule, shall feel his Power, and bear his Chains:
'Then all shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoyce;
To Triumph be the publick Voice.

Thy constant Guards, soft Fancy, Hope, and Fear,
 Anger, and soft Caresses shall be there:
 By these strong Guards are Men, and Gods o'erthrown;
 These Conquer for thee, Love, and these alone:
 Thy Mother, from the Sky, thy Pomp shall grace,
 And scatter sweetest Roses in thy Face:
 There Glorious Love shall ride, profusely drest
 With all the richest Jewels of the East:
 Rich Gems thy Quiver, and thy Wheels infold,
 And hide the poorness of the baser Gold.
 Then thou shalt conquer many, then thy Darts
 Shall scatter thousand Wounds on tender Hearts:
 Thy Shafts themselves will fly, thy neighb'ring Fire
 Will catch Men's Breasts, and kindle warm Desire.
 Thus conqu'ring *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
 He drawn by Tygers, Thou by muttering Doves.
 Well then, since I too can encrease thy Train,
 Spend not thy Force on me, and Rage in vain;
 Look on thy Kinsman *Cesar's* happy Slaves,
 The same victorious Arm that Conquers, Saves.

ELEGY III. *To his Mistress.*

By Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS.

BE just, dear Maid, an equal Passion prove;
 Or show me Cause why I should ever love.
 I do not at your cold Disdain repine,
 Nor ask your Love, do you but suffer mine.
 I dare not aim at more exalted Bliss,
 And *Venus* will bestow her Votary this.
 Take him, who will for endless Ages serve;
 Take him, whose faithful Flame will never swerve.

Tho' no illustrious Names, my Race adorn,
 Who am but of *Equestrian* Order born;
 Tho' a few Plows serve my paternal Fields,
 Nor my small Table many Dishes yields;
 Yet *Bacchus*, *Phæbus*, and the tuneful Nine,
 Are all my Friends, and to my side incline,
 And Love's Great God, at last, will make me thing;
 Heav'n knows, dear Maid, I love no other Fair;
 In thee lives all my Love, my Heav'n lyes there,
 Oh! may I by indulgent Fate's Decree
 With thee lead all my Life, and dye with thee.
 Thy Beauties yield me my transporting Theme,
 And while I celebrate thy charming Name,
 My Verse shall be as sacred as my Flame,
Jove's several Rapes, his injur'd *Io's* Wrongs,
 Are made immortal in his Poet's Songs,
 Verse still reveals, whence *Leda's* Flames began,
 Rais'd by the secret Godhead in the Swan,
 The Story of the Rape *Europa* bore,
 Shall last, while Winds shall Rage, or Waters roar.
 Your Name shall livelike theirs, while Verse endures,
 And mine be ever writ, and read with Yours.

ELEGY IV.

*To his Mistress, whose Husband is invited to a Feast
 with them. The Poet instructs her how to be-
 have her self in his Company.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

YOur Husband will be with us at the Treat;
 May that be the last Supper he shall Eat.

And am poor I, a Guest invited there,
Only to see, while he may touch the Fair?
To see you Kiss, and Hug your nauseous Lord,
While his lewd Hand descends below the Board?
Now wonder not that *Hippodamia's* Charms,
At such a Sight, the Centaurs urg'd to Arms:
That in a Rage, they threw their Cups aside,
Assail'd the Bridegroom, and wou'd force the Bride.
I am not half a Horse, (I wish I were :)
Yet hardly can from you my Hands forbear.
Take, then, my Counsel ; which, observ'd, may be
Of some Importance both to you, and me.
Be sure to come before your Man be there,
There's nothing can be done, but come how'er.
Sit next him, (that belongs to Decency ;)
But tread upon my Foot in passing by.
Read in my Looks what silently they speak,
And sily, with your Eyes, your Answer make.
My lifted Eye-brow shall declare my Pain,
My Right-Hand to his fellow shall complain,
And on the Back a Letter shall design;
Besides a Note that shall be writ in Wine.
Whene'er you think upon our last Embrace,
With your Fore-Finger gently touch your Face,
If any Word of mine offend my Dear,
Pull, with your Hand, the Velvet of your Ear.
If you are pleas'd with what I do, or say,
Handle your Rings, or with your Fingers play.
As Suppliants use at Altars, hold the Board,
Whene'er you wish the Devil may take your Lord.
When he fills for you, never touch the Cup ;
But bid th' officious Cuckold drink it up.
The Waiter on those Services employ ;
Drink you, and I will snatch it from the Boy, [been,
Watching the Part where your sweet Mouth has
And thence, with eager Lips, will suck it in.

If he, with Clownish Manners thinks it fit
To taste, and offers you the nasty Bit,
Reject his greazy Kindness, and restore
Th' unfav'ry Morsel he had chew'd before
Nor let his Arms embrace your Neck, nor rest
Your tender Cheek upon his hairy Breast.
Let not his Hand within your Bosom stray,
And rudely with your pretty Bubbles play
But above all, let him no Kiss receive
That's an Offence I never can forgive
Do not, O do not that sweet Mouth resign,
Lest I rise up in Arms, and cry 'Tis mine.
I shall thrust in betwixt, and void of Fear
The manifest Adult'rer will appear.
These things are plain to sight, but more I doubt
What you conceal beneath your Petticoat.
Take not his Leg between your tender Thighs,
Nor, with your Hand, provoke my Foe to rise.
How many Love-Inventions I deplore,
Which I, my self, have practis'd all before?
How oft have I been forc'd the Robe to lift
In Company, to make a homely shift
For a bare Bout, ill-huddled o'er in haste,
While o'er my Side the Fair her Mantle cast?
You to your Husband shall not be so kind;
But, lest you shou'd, your Mantle leave behind,
Encourage him to Tope, but Kiss him not,
Nor mix one drop of Water in his Pot.
If he be Fuddled well, and Snores apace,
Then we may take Advice from Time, and Place.
When all depart, while Compliments are loud,
Be sure to mix among the thickest Crowd:
There I will be, and there we cannot miss,
Perhaps to Grubbe, or at least to Kiss.
Alas, what length of Labour I employ,
Just to secure a short, and transient Joy!

For Night must part us; and when Night is come,
 Tuck'd underneath his Arms, he leads you Home;
 He locks you in; I follow to the Door;
 His Fortune envy, and my own deplore.
 He kisses you; he more than kisses too;
 Th' outrageous Cuckold thinks it all his due.
 But, add not to his Joy, by your Consent;
 And let it not be giv'n, but only lent:
 Return no Kiss, nor move in any sort;
 Make it a dust, and a malignant Sport.
 Had I my Will, he should no Pleasure take,
 But stubber o'er your Business for my sake.
 And whatever Fortune shall this Night befall,
 Coakes me to Morrow, by foreswearing all.

ELEGY V.

By Mr. DUKE.

TWas Noon, when I, scorch'd with the double Fire
 Of the Hot Sun; and my more hot Desire,
 Stretch'd on my Downy Couch at Ease was laid,
 Big with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
 The Curtains but half drawn, a Light let in,
 Such as in Shades of thickest Groves is seen;
 Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
 Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not Day.
 This Light, to modest Maids must be allow'd,
 Where Shame may hope its guilty Head to throw.
 And now my Love *Corinna* did appear,
 Loose on her Neck fell her divided Hair; [Att.
 Loose as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the
 In such a Garb, with such a Grace, and Mien,
 To her rich Bed came the *Assyrian* Queen.

So *Lais* look'd, when all the Youth of Greece
 With Adoration did her Charms confess.
 Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd;
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
 So I at last, an easie Conquest had,
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd;
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
 Gods! with what Charms did she my Soul surprise?
 What Snowy Arms did I both see, and feel;
 With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell;
 Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing Breast,
 Courting the Hand, and suing to be prest!
 What a smooth Plain was on her Belly spread?
 Where thousand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
 What Thighs! What Legs! But why strive I in vain,
 Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?
 One Beauty did through her whole Body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
 Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to ev'ry Day.

ELEGY VI. *To his Mistress's Porter,
 to open the Gate to him.*

By an unknown Hand.

SLAVE, if Thou worthy of thy Chains won'dst be,
 A grateful Office do to Love, and Me.
 Unbar the Wicket, and a Friend admit;
 The Trouble is not much, nor Favour great.
 I ask thee not to spread the Foldings wide,
 Keep it at jar, I'll softly by Thee slide.

I to Love's Labours have so long been us'd,
 My Shapes are to a Lath's lank Size reduc'd.
 The smallest Crevice will my Bus'ness do,
 It cannot be so strait, but I'll slip thro'.
 Love guides Me, when by Night I walk the Street,
 And, when I grope my Way, directs my Feet.
 By Night I was, a Youth, afraid to walk,
 Frighted by Childrens, and old Nuisers Talk.
 I wonder'd Men cou'd wander in the Gloom;
 And kept, for fear of Spirits, close at Home.
 Love, and his Mother, when they knew my Care,
 Cry'd Fool, Thou shalt not long these Phantoms fear.
 Nor fear'd I long, for Love my Heart possess'd,
 Those Visions vanish'd, and my Terrors ceas'd.
 Nor Ghosts, nor Scourers did I dread, but strol'd
 The Streets a-nights, and grew in Peril bold,
 Thee only do I fear, and trembling stand
 To wait the Motions of thy wary Hand.
 With soft Request, thy Succour I implore,
 Nor sue to ~~fear~~, nor dread the Thund'rer more.
 See, how the Gate is moisten'd with my Tears,
 What Marks of my impatient Love it bears.
 Remember, when Thou for the Lash wer't stript,
 Who sav'd Thee, at whose Suit Thou wer't not whipt.
 Did not I sooth thy angry Lady's Mind,
 And make thy Peace? Be Thou to Me as kind.
 Think what soft Things to move her Soul, I said,
 And let them in her Lover's Favour plead.
 But Ah! the tender Things that made her kind,
 Work no such Wonders on thy cruel Mind.
 Wou'dst Thou my friendly Offices repay?
 Fate throws a fair Occasion in thy Way:
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay.
 Unlock the Gates; and as Thou'rt kind to Me,
 So may thy gentle Lady prove to Thee.
 May she to loose thy hateful Chains incline,
 And stead of Water, be thy Portion Wine.

But what avail my soothing Words? Thy Ear
 Is deaf, Inhumane to my moving Pray'r,
 Your Gates with Posts of ponderous Oak are barr'd,
 As if your House was for a Siege prepar'd.
 Why all this Fence, what Foe have you to fear?
 And why in Peace do you provide for War?
 Thus rudely if your Lady's Friends you treat,
 What Usage must her Foes expect to meet?
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
 Unlock the Gate, and give my Love its Way.

By Treaty I would enter, not by Force;
 With Arms I come not, nor with Foot, or Horse.
 I have no Aid, and Company have none,
 And were it not for Love, should be alone.
 Where-e'er I go, by Love I'm still pursu'd,
 And cannot shake him from me, if I wou'd.
 He's of my Being now become a Part,
 Dwells in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
 A Flowing Glass has fill'd with genial Fire
 My fev'rish blood, and kindled new Desire;
 My flushing Cheeks my rising Fumes confess,
 And my dropt Garland shews a Lover's Dress:
 What dreadful Arms are these, and who would fear
 To meet a Man, that's thus equipt for War?
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not stay,
 Unlock the Gate, and make no more Delay.

Or is it Sloth, or is it Sleep, that brings
 This Lett to Love, and pinions down his Wings?
 Why else do I in vain repeat my Pray'r?
 Is it, thou dost not, or thou wilt not hear?
 When first I waited at thy Gate, and thought
 To 'scape thy Care, I was at Midnight caught.
 With Over-Diligence, thou then look'dst out,
 To spie what Lover was upon the Scour,

These are wild Gueſſes, thou'rt perhaps employ'd
 More ſweetly, and enjoy'ſt what I enjoy'd.
 And while I'm waiting with Impatience here,
 Thy envy'd Fortune's with the Faithleſs Fair.
 Oh for thy Pleaſures, give me all thy Pains,
 Let us change Chances, and be mine thy Chains.
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
 Unlock the Gate, and Kindneſs paſt repay.

Hark; or I dream, or on the Hinge I hear
 The Wicket turn, or Bolts unlooſen'd jar.
 I dream indeed, the Bolts as they were laid
 Stand fixt; the Noiſe was by my Fancy made,
 Or by a Northern Blaſt, that hoarſe did groan,
 And with the Wind away my Hopes are blown: }
 Oh that the Blaſt had broke the Barriér down.
 But all, alas! is huſt, I hear no Sound,
 All in the Silence of the Night is drown'd.
 Here, hopeleſs of Admittance, I attend
 While on my Head the pearly Dews deſcend.
 Unlock the Gate, the Morning will not ſtay,
 Unlock the Gate, I will no longer pray, }
 But force by Sword, and Fire my readier Way.
 What Need of Fire, and Sword? my ſelf alone
 More pow'rfuſ, than or Sword or Fire am grown.
 Around your Heads ſhall flaming Torchés ſay,
 By Jove, the Houſe ſhall burn, as well as I.
 Night, Love, and Wine encourage, and enſlame;
 Theſe Triumph over Fear, and that o'er Shame.
 All Ways I've try'd, but all ſucceſſleſs prove;
 Nor Threats can fright thee, nor Entreaties move.
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, as to my Tears thou'rt blind,
 Thy Gate is leſs obdurate than thy Mind.
 Unworthy of a lovely Lady's Latch,
 Thou ſhouldeſt the Wicket of ſome Miſer watch.
 But ſee, the ruddy Morn begins to riſe,
 And paints with roſie Streaks the Eaſtern Skies.

While crowing Cocks the Lab'rer's Sloth revile;
 And summon Wretches to their daily Toil.
 Throw then, fond Man, thy fragrant Chaplet by,
 And let it at thy Lady's Threshold lie.
 When in the Morn thy faded Flow'rs she spies,
 Kind Thoughts of me may in her Bosom rise.
 Perhaps she may resent her Porter's Crime,
 And grieve, that here so ill I spent my Time.
 Whatever Cause to wish thee ill I have,
 Farewell, thou Bazy, or thou Drowsy Slave:
 Against me, tho' Thou shutt'st thy Lady's Gate,
 I cannot one, that serves my Mistress, hate.
 You Both, who did against my Hopes rebel,
 Ah Porter, and Ah cruel Gate, Farewell.

ELEGY VII. *To his Mistress, whom
 he had beaten.*

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq.

Come, if ye're Friends, and let these Hands be
 bound,
 Which could with impious Rage a Mistress wound;
 What more did *Mar* in his Fury do?
 When all the Sacred grazing Herd he slew;
 Or * He who spar'd none her, who gave him Breath;
 So ill the Son reveng'd his Father's Death!
 Then I had broke the most Religious Ties,
 Both to my Parents, and the Deities:
 I tore (O Heav'ns!) her finely braided Hair;
 How charming then look'd the disorder'd Fair!
 So *Atalanta* in her Chaise is drawn,
 Where the *Arcadian* Beasts her Empire own:

* *Orestes.*

So *Ariadne*, left upon the Shore,
 Does all alone her lost Estate deplore, {
 Curses the Winds and Seas, which perjur'd *Theseus*
 Who would not then have rail'd, and talk'd aloud?
 (Which to the helpless Sea might be allow'd;)
 She only did upbraid me with her Eye,
 Whose speaking Tears did want of Words supply, {
 'Twas but too much, (ye Gods) to make me die:
 O that some merciful Superior Pow'r
 Had struck me lame before that fatal Hour,
 And not have suffer'd me to pierce my Heart
 So deeply, in the best, and tend'rest Part;
 To make a Lady that Subjection own,
 Which is not to the meanest *Roman* known;
 'Twas *Diomed*, who first a Goddess strook,
 I from his Hand that curs'd Example took;
 But he was far less Criminal than I,
 I was a Lover, he an Enemy:
 March like a Conqueror in Triumph now,
 With Laurel-wreaths encompassing your Brow, {
 And render to the mighty Gods your Vow;
 So, as you pass, th' attending gazing Croud,
 By their Applause shall speak your Courage loud;
 Let your sad Captive in the Front appear,
 With streaming Cheeks, and with dishevell'd Hair, {
 Thro' all her Grief, and Wounds most eminently fair.
 Such Lips were form'd for kinder Wounds, than these,
 Wounds made by Lovers furious Ecstasies:
 Though like a Torrent I was hurry'd on,
 A Slave to Passion, which I could not shun;
 I might have only pierc'd her tender Ear
 With threat'ning Language, such as Virgins fear;
 Fear having chill'd the Current of her Blood,
 Pale as a *Parian* Marble Statue stood. [Knees,
 The senseless frame--- Then shook her trembling
 As when the Winds do whistle thro' the Trees, {
 Or softy curl the Surface of the Seas:

So slender Rushes, easily inclin'd,
By ev'ry Blast are ruffled by the Wind;
Tears, which Suspence did for a while restrain,
Gust'd forth, and down her Cheeks the Deluge ran;
As when the Sun does by a pow'ful Beam
Dissolve the Frost, it runs into a Stream:
The lamentable Object struck me dead,
And Tears of Blood to quench those Tears I shed:
Thrice at her Feet the prostrate Suppliant fell,
And thrice did she repulse the Criminal:
What would I not, your Anger to abate,
Redeem your Favour, ---- or remove your Hate?
To your Revenge no Means or Method spare;
Revenge, alas! is easie to the Fair:
But lest some eloquent remaining Sign
Should still reproach me with so black a Crime,
Let no Disorder in your Face appear,
From your bright Eyes let there not 'scape a Tear,
And once again compose your scatter'd Hair.

ELEGY VIII. *He Curses a Bawd, for
going about to debauch his Mistress.*

By Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

There is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus's* Wars,
And dreadful still with honourable Scars:
Her Youth and Beauty, Craft and Guile supply,
Sworn Foe to all Degrees of Chastity:
Dypfas, who first taught Love-sick Maids the Way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding-Day,
And then a hundred subtle Tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Am'rous Theft might be disguis'd;
Of Pigeons-Blood, squeez'd from the panting Heart,
With Surfeit-Water, to contract the Part,

She knows the Use: whilst the good Man betray'd,
 With eager Arms hugs the false bleeding Maid.
 Of Herbs, and Spells she tries the Guilty Force,
 The Poyson of a Mare that goes to Horse.
 Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
 Some for a Bawd, most take her for a Witch.
 Each Morning sees her reeling to her Bed,
 Her native Blue o'ercome with Drunken Red.
 Her ready Tongue ne'er wants an useful Lie,
 Soft moving Words, nor charming Flattery.

Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* speak,
 Young *Damon*'s Heart wilt thou for ever break?
 He long has lov'd thee, and by me he sends
 To learn thy Motions, which he still attends.
 If to the Park thou go'st, the Plays are ill;
 If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
 The other Day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
 As he wou'd grow a Statue in the Place;
 And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
 Beauty, like thine, strikes Wonders from afar.
 Alas, methinks thou art ill-drest to Night,
 This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
 This Gown was by some borching Taylor made,
 It spoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
 Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt Fair,
Damon is Rich, and what thou want'st, can spare.
 Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
 Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.
 Fair *Lucia* blush'd; It is a sign of Grace,
Dyphas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
 All Lovers now, by what they give, are weigh'd,
 And she is best lov'd, that is best paid.
 The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius*' Reign,
 Did to one Man perhaps their Love restrain.
Venus in her *Aneas*' City rules,
 And all adore her Deity, but Fools.

Go on, ye Fair, Chaste only let such live,
As none will ask, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
Hear me, another Day 'twill be your own.
Vertuous *Penelope* is said t'have try'd,
With a strong Bow, each lusty Lover's side.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill herself for Rage,
But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.
To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joyn
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.
To keep her Word she dy'd-----
Life steals away, and our best Hours are gone,
E'er the true Use, or Worth of them, be known,
Things long neglected of themselves decay;
What we forbear, Time rudely makes his Prey.
Beauty is best preserv'd by Exercise,
Nor for that Task can one, or few suffice.
Wou'dst thou grow Rich; thou must from many rake;
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poet, but new Verses give?
A Poet, the last thing that Earth does breed,
Whose Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
To give is an ingenious Thing, I swear.
Despise not any can a Present make;
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the Sound of Title be thou caught,
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree;
The thriving Merchant; or fat Judge, give me.
If any beardless Stripling ask a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual Delight;
Bid him go earn thy Price among the Men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but seem in Love with all,
And at old Friends to thy new Lover rail.

Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
 The sharp-set Hawks will stoop to any Lure.
 Then grant again, lest he a Habit get
 Of living from thee; but be sure thou let
 No empty Lover in: murmur sometimes,
 And as first hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
 Seem jealous, when thou'st been thy self to blame,
 'Twill stop his Mouth, if thou the first complain.
 All thou hast done be ready to forswear,
 For Lover's Oaths Fair *Venus* has no Ear.
 Whilst he is with thee, let some Woman bring
 Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious Thing;
 Which thou must say thou want'st, and he must buy,
 Though for it six Months hence in Goal he lye.
 Thy Mother, Sister, Brother, and thy Nuffe,
 Must have a pull each at thy Lover's Purse.
 Let him from Rivals never be secure,
 That Hope once gone, Love will not long endure.
 Shew him the Presents by those Rivals sent,
 So shall his Bounty thy Request prevent.
 When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
 If he want Money, find a trusting Friend.
 Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-Glass,
 Or any thing for which his Word will pass.
 Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the Benefit;
 I lost my Beauty, e're I got this Wit.

I at that Word stept from behind the Door,
 And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
 Her few Grey Hairs in Rage I vow'd to pull,
 And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
 Poor in a Dungeon's Bottom mayst thou rot,
 Dye with a Blow with thy beloved Pot,
 No Brandy, and eternal Thirst thy Lot.

ELEGY IX. *Of Love and War.*

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

TRUST me, my *Atticus*, in Love are Wars;
And *Cupid* has his Camp, as well as *Mars* :
The Age that's fit for War best suits with Love,
The old in both unserviceable prove,
Infirm in War, and impotent in Love :
The Soldiers, which a General does require
Are such as Ladies would in Bed desire :
Who, but a Soldier, and a Lover, can
Bear the Night's Cold in Show'rs of Hail, and Rain ?
One in continual Watch his Station keeps,
Or on the Earth in broken Slumbers sleeps;
The other takes his still repeated Round
By's Mistress's House --- then lodges on the Ground :
The Soldiers long, and tedious Marches make ;
The active Lover, for his Mistress' Sake,
Will any Toils, and Dangers undergo ;
Not rugged Mounrains, nor untrodden Snow,
Rivers by Floods increas'd, no raging Sea,
Nor adverse Winds can ever make him stay,
When *Love* commands, and Beauty leads the Way.
Soldiers, and Lovers, with a careful Eye,
Observe the Motions of the Enemy :
One to the Walls makes his Approach in Form,
Pushes the Siege, and takes the Town by Storm ;
The other lays his close to *Celia's* Fort,
Presses his Point, and gains the wish'd-for Port :
As Soldiers, when the Foe securely lyes
In Sleep, and Wine dissolv'd, the Camp surprize ;
So when the Jealous to their Rest remove,
And all is hush, --- the other steal to Love :

Uncertain is the State of Love, and War,
 The Vanquish'd rally, and their Loss repair,
 Regain the Ground, and rout the Conqueror.
 You then, who think that Love's an idle Fit,
 Know, that it is the Exercise of Wit:
 In Flames of Love the fierce *Achilles* burns,
 And, quitting Arms, absent *Briseis* mourns:
 From the Embraces of *Andromache*
 Went *Hector* arm'd for War, and Victory:
 As *Agamemnon* saw *Cassandra* pass
 With Hair dishevell'd, and disorder'd Dress,
 H' admir'd the Beauties of the Prophetess:
 The God of War was caught in th' A& of Love;
 A Story known to all the Court above:
 Once did I pass my Hours in Sloth, and Ease,
 Cool Shades, and Beds of Down could only please;
 When a commanding Beauty rais'd my Mind,
 I left all little trifling Thoughts behind,
 And to her Service all my Heart resign'd:
 Since, like an active Soldier, have I spent
 My Time, in Toils of War, in Beauty's Tent;
 And for so sweet a Pay, all Dangers underwent:
 You see, my *Atticus*, by what I prove,
 Who would not live in Idleness, ---- must love.

ELEGY X. To his Mercenary Mistress.

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

AS *Helen*, when to *Troy* she did escape, [Rape;
 And *Greeks*, with Fire, and Sword, pursu'd the
 As *Leda*, when the God his Love-trick play'd,
 Under the Figure of a Swan, betray'd;
 As *Amymone*, wand'ring o'er the Plains,
 That rural Fair, admir'd by all the Swains;

So fair was You, so much in Love was I,
I ran to the Extreame of Jealousie,
Fear'd Eagles, Bulls, and ev'ry Shape that *Jove*
Had e'er transform'd himself into, for Love:
Now, free from Love or Fears, my Mind's at ease,
Nor does that *Beauty* any longer please.
This Humour, you may say, is wond'rous strange,
And ask the Reason of this sudden Change:
Once, when your undesigning Heart was kind,
Fair was your Face, and perfect was your Mind;
But now the slighter *Beasties* of the Skin
Do yield to the prevailing Vice within:
Love is a Child, who uses no Deceit,
Nor wears he Cloaths to cover any Cheat,
Accepts no Bribes; --- why for a wretched Fee
Should you then prostitute his Deity?
Make *Venus* to her Son serve ev'ry Day,
And drudge i'th' meanest Offices for Pay?
They're softly bred, and would not Work, but play:
The Whore, to whom each Purchaser has Right,
Forces for Gain decaying Appetite,
Yet there's a Bawd to whom the Spoils accrue;
She fain would shun, what you by Choice pursue:
These sordid Ways the very Brutes reprove,
Who by their Practice teach you how to Love;
The lusty Bull his Female does enjoy,
Nor can a Bribe their mutual Loves destroy:
Woman alone rejoices in the Spoil,
And makes Advantages of ev'ry Smile,
Rates at her Pleasure the high-priz'd Delight,
And Men must purchase ev'ry happy Night;
Yet does she meet him with as much Desire,
And no less fierce, and raging is the Fire.
Since with an equal pace our Passions move,
Why should one buy, and th' other sell in Love?
Why since the Pleasure's mutual, should it be
To you Advantage, and a Loss to me?

The Way is infamous a Witness takes,
 Who of his Perjury a Living makes;
 So for the raising of a low Estate
 To set your Body at a common Rate!
 Can you to such mean Ends, as these employ
 The Gifts, by Nature's Bounty you enjoy?
 Grant but the Blessing freely, and you may
 An everlasting Obligation lay;
 But where's the mighty Favour, when we pay?
 Forbear, ye Fair, to make a Trade of Love,
 The Wealth, that's got so ill, can ne'er improve;
 Justly the * Vestal, by their Armour sell,
 Who would her Honour for their Bracelets sell:
 The Rich your Wishes are oblig'd to meet,
 And lay their frequent Presents at your Feet;
 Alcions' Orchards Fruit enough can spare,
 From the full Vines the Grapes in Clusters tear,
 And ease th' o'er-loaded Boughs, which num'rous
 Apples bear:

Let Faith, and Love supply my little Store,
 The Will shall ne'er be wanting to the Pow'r:
 Verse is the greatest Tribute I can bring;
 Your Charms I could to future Ages sing;
 Jewels, and Gold will perish,---but the Fame.
 The Muses give, shall ever be the same:
 You check my gen'rous Passion when you crave,
 Not that I'm loth to part with what I have;
 Had you not ask'd me, I had freely gave.

* *Tarpeia*.

E L E.

ELEGY XI. To Nape, praying her to
deliver his Letter to her Mistress.

By the same Hand.

Nape, who know'st so well to set the Halt,
 And all the Fashions of the Modish Fair,
 Like Thee, no Lady's Woman in the Town
 Can forward an Intrigue, unpin a Gown;
 No Maid, than Thee, can boast a quicker Eye,
 Nor sooner the four Husband's Coming spy;
 None can with better Art her Signs employ,
 To tell the Lover, when her Lady's coy,
 'Tis all a Feint, and she expects the Joy.
 Thou, who dost lose Corinna's Passions move,
 And kinder, when they cool, the Fire of Love;
 Thou, who oft'st cur'st Her of her false Alarms,
 And bring'st Her, tho' reluctant, to my Arms;
 Here, Nape, take this Dillet-dout, and bear
 My Soul's soft Wishes to the absent Fair;
 If I can guess, Thy Heart is not of Flint,
 Nor is there the least Vein of Ir'a in't.
 I, something in thy Looks, and Manners see,
 Above the Rudeness of thy low Degree;
 A softer Turn, to Pity more inclin'd,
 Than vulgar Souls, a more complacent Mind;
 Thou feel'st, if I can guess, an equal Flame,
 And thine, and my Distemper is the same:
 If how I do, she asks, do thou reply,
 For the dear Night, and Night's dear Joys, I die.
 Tell her, the Letter will the rest explain,
 And does my Soul, and all it's Hopes contain.
 But Time, while I am speaking, flies; be sure
 To give the Dillet in a Leisure Hour,

Don't be content with her imperfect View,
 But make her, when she has it, read it thro'.
 I charge Thee, as she reads, observe her Eyes,
 Catch, if thou canst, her gentle Looks, and Sighs;
 As these are sure Presages of my Joy,
 So Frowns, and Lowrs my flatt'ring Hopes destroy.
 Pray Her, when she has read it, to indite
 An Answer, and a long Epistle write.
 I hate a Billet, where at once I view
 A Page all empty, but a Line or Two.
 Let her without a Margent fill it up,
 And croud it from the Bottom to the Top.
 But why should I her pretty Fingers tire
 A Word's enough, and all that I desire.
 Ah Nape, let her only bid me come.
 The Page is large, which for that Word has room.
 Her Letter, like a Conqu'ror's, shall be bound
 With Bays, for it with Conquest shall be crown'd.
 The Billet shall at Venus' Shrine be laid,
 And this Inscription with Devotion made.
 "Nase, Thy ever faithful Votary,
 "This Tablet, Venus, dedicates to Thee.
 "Tho' late it from the Log was cut, 'tis Now
 "Become the sacred Table of my Vow.

ELEGY XII. *He curses his Letter be-
 cause it was not Answer'd.*

AH pity me, my Friends! the cruel Fair
 Will neither read my just Complaint, nor hear.
 The Billet-doux I sent her, she return'd,
 And e'en to ope the tender Letter scorn'd.
 Ill was the Omen, for the Slave I sent
 Tipt at the Sill, as out of Doors he went.

If e'er You on an Errand go for Me,
More careful, Sirrah, how you stumble, be;
Step soberly, and warily along,
The End's ne'er right, if the Beginning's wrong.
Since thus, in vain, her Pity I implore,
I'll ne'er to Tablets trust my Passion more.
Nor with my Wax, for Death my Warrant Seal;
Worse, than her Scorn, what Torture can I feel?
From Combs of *Corseia* the Wax was ta'en,
The latent Poyson was the Lover's Bane.
Bees there from venom'd Flow'rs their Honey suck,
And surely to my Wax that Venom stuck.
Chance on the Seal did my Misfortune paint,
And shew my Doom by the Vermilion Feint.
Curse on the Instruments of my Disgrace,
May you lie rotting in some filthy Place,
By Carts run o'er, may you to Bits be torn,
And your Mismap revenge *Corinna's* Scorn.
The Man that first to smoooth your Surface toil'd,
The Wooden Work with Hands impure defil'd,
'Twas Gallows-Timber, and was ne'er design'd
To wast the Wishes of a tender Mind,
Nor grew to bless, but to destroy Mankind.
Gibbets, and Racks shou'd of the Wood be made,
And the rough Tools of all the murd'ring Trade,
Batts roosted in its Branches as it grew,
And Birds of Prey for Shelter thither flew:
The Vultur, and all Kinds of rav'nous Fowl, [Owl
There hatch'd their Young, and there the Om'nous
How mad to use such Tablets, must I be?
Curst, and ill-fared, as their Parent Tree,
Were these fit Things soft Sentiments to bear,
And to a Lady tell a Lover's Care?
Lawyers on you, might horrid Jargon wire,
With Sound the Ear, with Sense the Soul to fright,
Well might your Plane the wicked Writings bear,
Where the rich Miser robs the ruin'd Heir.

When I first purchas'd you, I fear'd no less,
 Your Numbers even, made me doubt Success:
 May You by Worms be in old Age devour'd,
 And by all Mortals, as by me, abhor'd.

ELEGY XIII. *To the Morning, not
 to make Haste.*

By an unknown Hand.

Aurora, rising from old Tithen's Bed,
 Does o'er the Eastern Skies her Roses spread.
 Stay, beauteous Morn, awhile thy Chariot stay,
 A while with lagging Wheels retard the Day.
 So may young Birds, as often as the Spring
 Renews the Year, o'er Memnon's Ashes sing.
 Now I lie folded in Corinna's Arms,
 And all her Soul is mine, and all her Charms.
 I now am to her panting Bosom press'd,
 And now, if ever Lover was, am blest'd.
 As yet sweet Sleep sits heavy on our Eyes,
 And warbling Birds forbid, as yet to rise.
 Stay, beauteous Morning; for to Lovesick Maids,
 And Youths, how grateful are these dusky Shades?
 Ah stay, and do not from the blushing East,
 With dawning Glories break our balmy Rest;
 When Night's black Mantle does those Glories hide,
 The Pilot by the Stars his Ship can guide,
 And in Mid-sea a certain Course pursue,
 As safe, as when he has thy Sun in View.
 What Pleasure in thy Light shou'd Mortals take?
 Thou dost the weary Traveller awake;
 Tho' to the Down his heavy Head reclines,
 Up he must lift it, for the Morning shines.

The Soldier braces on his Brazen Shield;
Quits his warm Tent, and fits him for the Field.
The lab'ring Hind his Harrow takes, and now
The Peasant yokes his Oxen to the Plough.
The Boy half-wak'd, and rubbing still his Eyes,
Is loath alike to go to School, or rise;
While o'er his Task he does imperfect, nod,
He fears the Ferula, he dreads the Rod.
The Bridegroom, starting from his Bride's Embrace,
Runs to his Lawyer to consult his Case;
A Word is wanting in the Dower Deed,
And what, to save the Portion, must he Plead?
Now hungry Serjeants quit their tempting Ease,
To haunt the crowded Courts, and pick up Fees.
Thy Rise brings Labour to the Female Band,
And puts the Spindle in the Spinster's Hand.
Light are these Toils, and little is the Pain
To rise to Work, and rest at Night again;
But who, that e'er knew Love's transporting Joys,
Cou'd from the Arms of Youth, and Beauty rise?
Oft have I wish'd that Night wou'd keep her Ground,
And all her Stars be at thy Rising found.
Oft have I wish'd the Winds wou'd stop thy Way,
Repell thy Car, or Clouds involve the Day.
Do'st thou in Envy lash each lazy Steed,
And whirl thy Chariot with unwonted Speed?
Black was thy Son, and in his Hue's express
The gloomy Passions of his Parent's Breast.
He, born of *Cephalus*, his ravish'd Sire,
Is a known Proof of thy adult'rous Fire.
Thou, by his Colour, wou'd'st thy Crime conceal:
Ah that to *Tiphon* I the Tale cou'd tell!
Search all the Records of Heav'n's Letcher's round,
A fouler Story cannot there be found.
In *Cephalus*' Embraces when you lay,
And oft, by Theft, renew'd your wanton Play,

When *Tiphon's* Impotence you made your Sport,
 Did you not think the Joyous Moments short?
 Lock'd in his Arms, did you in Transports lye,
 Ah wou'd you not, like Me, to *Phæbus* cry,
 Stop, stop thy rapid Course? Am I to blame,
 That *Tiphon's* old, and cannot feel thy Flame?
 See, how the Moon does her *Endimion* keep
 In Night conceal'd, and drown'd in dewy Sleep?
 As lovely is the Moon, as Fair as Thou,
 Who freely where She Loves, her Favours does bestow.
 Jove, when he robb'd *Amphytrion* of his Joy,
 Did Two whole Nights in am'rous Thefts employ.
 Unknown, when in *Alcmena's* Arms he lay,
 The Night he doubles, and suspends the Day.
 The Morning heard my Railing, and for Shame
 Blush'd that, by Force, She must disturb my Flame.
 Bright *Phæbus* rushing forth, the glorious Day
 Drove the dear Shades, that hid our Joys, away.

ELEGY XIV. *He comforts his Mistress for the Loss of her Hair, by the Means she took to Beautifie it.*

By an unknown Hand.

I Us'd to warn You, not with so much Care,
 And waste of Oyntment, to adorn your Hair:
 That Warning now is uselefs, you have none,
 And with your Hair, that Trouble too is gone.
 Where are the Silken Tresses, which adown
 Your Shoulders hung? A Web was never spun }
 So fine, but, Ah! those flowing Curls are gone.
 Ah fatal Art! Ah fatal Care, and Pains!
 That robb'd me of the dearest of my Chains.

Nor of a black, nor of a Golden Hue,
They were but of a Dye between the Two,
Such, as in rindless Cedar we behold,
The Black confounded with the dusky Gold.
How cou'd you hurt, or poyson with Perfume
Those Curls, that were so easy to the Comb?
That to no Pains expos'd You, when you set
Their shining Tresses, for young Hearts a Ner?
That ne'er provok'd you with your Maids to War;
For hurting you with your entangled Hair?
You ne'er were urg'd to some indecent Fray,
Nor in a Fury snatch'd the Comb away.
The Teeth ne'er touch'd you, and her constant Care,
Without ill Arts wou'd have preserv'd your Hair,
Behind your Chair, I oft have seen her stand,
And Comb, and Curl it, with a gentle Hand.
Oft have I seen it on your Shoulders play
Uncomb'd, as on your Purple Bed you lay.
Your artless Tresses with more Charms appear,
Than when adorn'd with all your Cost, and Care:
When on the Grass the *Thracian* Nymphs recline,
Of *Bacchus* full, and weary of their Wine,
Less lovely are their Locks, than Yours, less fair
The Ringlets of their soft dishevel'd Hair:
Softer was Thine, like fleecy Down it felt,
And to the Finger did as freely yield.
How didst Thou torture it, the Curls to turn,
How with hot Irons at thy Toilet burn?
This Rack, with what Obedience did it bear?
Ah spare, I cry'd, thy patient Tresses spare.
To hurt them is a Sin, this needful Toil
Forbear, and do not, what adorns Thee, spoil.
Without such force in native Curls they flow,
And of themselves in greater Order grow.
'Tis now too late to give your Labour o'er,
Those tortur'd Ringlets are, alas! no more.

Apollo might for thine have chang'd his Hair,
 And *Bacchus* have been proud thy Locks to wear.
 Not *Venus*, rising from the foamy Sea,
 Such Curls can show, or vie in Hair with thee.
 Its Lustre to the Painter's Art she owes,
 And thine in Rings with genuine Beauty flows.
 Ah cease the cruel Thought, and cease to pass
 Such irksome Minutes at your faithful Glass.
 In vain thou seek'st thy Silken Locks to find,
 Banish the dear Remembrance from thy Mind.
 No Weeds destroy'd them with their poy'snous Juice,
 Nor canst thou Witches magick Charms accuse,
 Nor Rival's Rage, nor dire Enchantment blame,
 Nor Envy's blasting Tongue, nor Fever's Flame.
 The Mischief by thy own fair Hands was wrought,
 Nor dost thou suffer for another's Fault.
 How oft I bad thee, but in vain, beware
 The venom'd Essence, that destroy'd thy Hair?
 Now with new Arts, thou shalt thy Pride amuse,
 And Curls, of *German* Captives borrow'd, use.
Dryus to *Rome* their vanquish'd Nations lends,
 And the fair Slave to thee her Tresses lends.
 With Alien Locks thou wilt thy Head adorn,
 And Conquests gain'd by Foreign Beauty scorn.
 How wilt thou blush, with other Charms to please,
 And cry, How fairer were my Locks than these!
 The Youth who charm'd with such coarse Curls can be
 Some rude *Sicambrian*, wou'd prefer to me.
 Time was, when I could greater Glory boast
 But ah that Glory, and that Time is lost.
 By Heav'n's, to Hearst she takes her Head's Disgrace,
 She weeps, and covers with her Hands her Face.
 She weeps, as in her Lap her Locks she views,
 What Woman would not weep, such Locks to loose?
 Ah that they still did on her Shoulders flow,
 Ah that they now, where once they grew, did grow.

Take Courage, fair *Corinna*, never fear,
Thou shalt not long these borrow'd Tresses wear.
Time for your Beauty, shall this Loss repair,
And you again shall charm, with native Hair.

ELEGY XV. *Of the Immortality of the
Muses. Inscrib'd to Mr. DRYDEN.*

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

THY well-known Malice, spiteful Envy, cease;
Not tax the Muse and me —
With a weak Genius, and inglorious Ease;
What — I should then, whilst Youth does Vigour yield,
Pursue the dusty Glories of the Field:
Our Father's Praise! or bend my utmost Care
To the dull Noise of the litigious Bar;
No! these must die; — but the most noble Prize,
That which alone can Man immortalize,
Must from the Muses Harmony arise:
Homer shall live, whilst *Tenedos* shall stand,
Or *Ida's* Top survey the Neighb'ring Strand;
Whilst *Simois* Streams along the Vallies glide,
And in the Sea discharge their rapid Tide:
Hesiod shall live, 'till Corn is not in use,
'Till the plump Grape denies its wealthy Juice:
The World *Callimachus* shall ever prize,
For what his Fancy wants, his Art supplies:
The Tragedies of mighty *Sophocles*
Shall in no Age their just Applause miss;
So well *Aramis* of the Planets wrote,
That Sun, and Moon might fail, when he's forgot:
When crafty *Daniel* a hard Father cheats
To serve the Son, — when easie Cully treats
The jilting Whore, and Bawd, the Figures show,
The Comick from *Menander's* Model drew:

Ennius, whose Muse by Nature was design'd
 Compleat, had Art with bounteous Nature join'd; --
 And Tragick *Accius*, of Stile sublime,
 And weighty Words, shall stand the shock of Time:
 Whilst *Jason's* Golden Fleece shall have a Name,
 Who shall a Stranger be to *Varro's* Fame? ----

Lucretius Nature's Causes did rehearse
 In such a lofty, and commanding Verse,
 As shall remain 'till that one fatal Day,
 Which must the World it self in Ruins lay: ----
Virgil, thy Works Divine shall Patterns stand
 For each succeeding Age's copying Hand,
 Whilst *Rome* shall all its conquer'd World com-
 mand: ----

Whilst *Cupid* shall be arm'd with Bow, and Dart,
 And flaming Shafts shall pierce the Lover's Heart;
 Shall we, O sweet *Tibullus*, love each Line
 That comes from that soft, moving Pen of thine --
 Both East, and West resound with *Gallus's* Fame,
Gallus, and his *Lycoris*, are their Theme: ----
 Statues, and Tombs with Age consume, and die;
 'Tis Verse alone has Immortality:

To Verse must yield the greatest Acts of Kings;
 Riches, and Empire are but empty things,
 Without the lasting Fame a Poet brings: ----
 Let vulgar Spirits trivial Blessings chase
 May thy *Castalian* Spring inspire my Muse,
 O God of Wit! and Myrtles wreath my Hair;
 Then the too fearful Lover may repair
 To what I write, to free his Breast from Care:
 As living Worth Detraction still attends,
 Which after Death a juster Fame defends;
 So I shall my last Fun'ral Flame survive,
 And in my better Part for ever live,



OWID'S AMOURS.

BOOK II.

ELEGY I.

By HENRY CROMWELL, E/q;



Am the Man, whose brisk, and game-
some Muse,

By Love's Command this Subject
still pursues;

Far hence be all prophane! Ap-
proach not here,

Matrons of Virtue rigid and severe,

Left these loose Numbers shou'd offend your Ear.

Come all ye Virgins of a soft Desire,

And Am'rous Youths touch'd with an unknown Fire,

One in my State, among ye may be found,

Who, conscious of the Nature of his Wound,

Will wonder, by what strange prophetic Arts
 The Poet touch'd the Secret of his Heart.
 My vain ambitious Muse did once aspire,
 To sing prodigious Acts, with mighty Fire;
 I rais'd my Spirit to that Enterprize,
 The darling Giants form'd against the Skies,
 When Mother Earth on dire Revenge was bent,
 Whose monstrous Birth to scourge the Gods was sent;
 Who with vast Mountains scaling Tow'rs did build,
 Pelion with *Ossa*, on huge *Olympus* pil'd,
 Thunder, and Lightning, -- was I just upon --
 Which *Jove* had brandish'd, to secure his Throne;
 When I perceiv'd *Corinna's* Doors were barr'd;
 Then I the Gods design'd Revenge deferr'd;
 And strait resum'd my Elegiack Strain,
 Whose gentle Force unbarr'd the Doors again!
 (Forgive my hasty Passion, mighty *Jove*,
 There is no Thunder, like neglected Love;)
 By Verse the hissing Snake shall burst, and die;
 And the horn'd Moon drop from the Starry Skie;
 Verse can recall the Chariot of the Sun,
 And make the Streams back to their Fountains run;
 Thus each insensible, and rugged Door,
 Leap'd from the Hinges, and obey'd its Pow'r:
 Why should my Thoughts th' *Arctides' Acts* employ,
 The Death of *Hector*, or the Fate of *Troy*?
 The fierce *Achilles* is an ample Field,
 But th' illustrious Name can nothing yield: --
 Not Let the Lady be my constant Song,
 Her lasting Praises dwell upon my Tongue,
 This might be worth our Care; -- for Beauty's Smiles
 Can best repay the Poet's pleasing Toils;
 The hope of a Reward the Bane gives,
 While every Charm the cheerful Muse inspires.

ELEGY II. To *Bagoë*, not to be so
over-diligent in watching his Mistress.

I Know Thou hast the keeping of my Fair,
Oh *Bagoë*, but awhile suspend thy Care.
Let us confer, I'll not detain Thee long,
And mean not, that thou shou'dst thy Mistress wrong.
Last Night, as in the Gallery I stood,
And the fine Picture of the *Danaids* view'd;
It happen'd that I cast my wand'ring Eye
On a fair Lady, who was passing by.
I met her Glance, and soon the piercing Dart
It's easy Passage made, and reach'd my Heart.
I lik'd, I lov'd, and how I might enjoy
The lovely Dame, did all my Thoughts employ.
Impatient of the Bliss, my Mind I wrote,
And by a trusty Slave dispatch'd the Note,
Give me one joyous Night, my Dear, I cry'd;
I dare not, she with trembling Hand reply'd.
And when I ask'd, Why will you not agree
To grant my Suit? She throws the Blame on Thee:
My Maid, who strictly watches me, 's at Home,
She'll smell your Errand, and you must not come.
Of too much Caution, gentle Nymph, beware,
And don't provoke her Wrath by too much Care;
Thou'lt then have Cause to curse thy cruel Fate;
For if she hates Thee, all the World will hate.
To guard her, thus, why all this needless Pain?
What wou'd she lose, if I my Wish shou'd gain?
If to a Blockhead she were giv'n in Charge,
The Fool wou'd leave the Lady more at large,
The best Construction on her Actions put,
Nor wou'd her Door against her Lovers shut.
If with her Fav'rite she the Night had pass'd,
He'd think the best, and hope she might be Chast.

Whatever Freedoms Thou allow'st the Dame,
To Thee, assure thy self, she'll give the same;
Her Confident if thou consent'st to be,
She'll take it kind, and be as good to Thee:
But if that Trust thou dost too dang'rous think,
At what, to see thou art not willing, wink:
And when she reads a Billet in thy Sight,
Conclude her Mother did the Letter write.
If to a Stranger thou dost quit the Room,
Think, that he only as a Friend does come;
That when the Door is fast upon him clos'd,
He came to see her, as one indispos'd.
She's well in Health, and thou perceiv'st the Trick,
Yet fancy, that he's visiting the Sick.
But if to tire thy Patience he shou'd hap,
Divert the tedious Minutes with a Nap.
Think them not long, or guilty of a Crime,
But rest content, and sleep away the Time.
Should she by Chance to Isis' Temple go,
What she did there, don't thou demand to know.
Egyptian Linnen's there expos'd to Sale,
Believe she went to buy, and that was all.
And tho' perhaps she to the Playhouse goes,
Fear nothing; that she's always safe, suppose.
If thou art trusty, and Temptation Proof,
For Thee, she'll think she ne'er can do enough.
Wise as thou art, consider she is Young,
And sure 'tis no hard Task to hold one's Tongue.
Whate'er thou dost, She then will always like,
And ne'er again will lift her Hand to strike.
Thy Fellow-Servants will with Envy see
The many Favours, which she'll heap on Thee.
The Truth ne'er let her Husband understand,
But ready always have a Lye at Hand.
Be sure, You in your Story still agreee,
And what She says, be still confirm'd by Thee.

Her Spouse, when in a sullen Fit you find,
By soft Caresses let her sooth his Mind.
Let her complain of thee, and weeping cry,
The Wench will kill me with her Cruelty.
Madam, do thou reply, in angry Tone,
My Comfort is, I have my Duty done.
She'll look, as if she fear'd thou wou'dst reveal
The Truth, and thus you will the Crime conceal:
Thus thou'lt her Husband both deceive, and please,
And many Favours gain, and many Fees.
Trust me, if thou these Methods dost pursue,
Thy Liberty e'er long he'll give thee too.
For Faults but doubred, thou behold'st what Pains
Thy Fellow-Slaves endure, what heavy Chains;
How oft they're into filthy Dungeons thrown,
And punish'd for Offences, not their own;
For if Suspicion of their Truth is made,
They fare as ill, as if it was betray'd.
Say nothing then, whate'er thou see'st, but strive
In both his Confidence, and hers to live.
Remember *Tantalus's* Plague in Hell,
Why on his Head accurst such Vengeance fell,
Why from his Lips the River backwards runs,
And why his Bites the tempting Apple shuns.
Such Torment does the Tell-tale there sustain,
And such, if thou dost tell, will be thy Pain.
While *Juno's* Guardian with Officious Care
Fair *Io* watch'd, did *Jove* the Watchman spare?
The Slave, e'er half his Years were number'd, dies,
And *Io* reigns a Goddess in the Skies.
My self the Marks of cank'ring Fetters saw,
When from a Wretch the Spouse the Tale did draw.
A Whisper makes him jealous of the Fact,
And for his Jealousy the Slave is rack'd.
Hard was his Hap, and He, who caus'd his Pain,
Deserv'd, Ah mischievous! a double Chain.

To Husband, and to Wife, alike to blame;
He lost his Peace of Mind, and she her Fame.
Believe me, to the Husband if you bear
Such Tidings, they're not grateful to his Ear.
And when your Informations you relate,
Who hears the Story will th' Informer hate.
Fond of his Wife, or careless let him be,
His Obligation is the same to Thee:
Thou shew'dst thy zealous Purpose to destroy
The Sweetness of wedded Life, and Nuptial Joy.
Should'st thou besides attest her faithless Love,
How wilt Thou, what thou hast attested, prove?
Should'st thou bring Proofs to vindicate thy Tale,
She'll by the Favour of her Judge prevail.
Tho' he were Witness to the wicked Deed,
Not always will such Evidence succeed.
If she the Fact, in which she's caught, denies,
His Dear he will believe, and doubt his Eyes.
To cheat himself he'll with thy Mistress joyn,
The Fault, and Punishment will then be thine:
Weeping himself, Ah do not weep, he'll say;
The babbling Jade shall for her Prating pay.
Why wilt thou in unequal Fight engage?
Thy Malice will provoke thy Master's Rage.
And, while his Wife he's dandling on his Knee,
Him she'll caress, and he will threaten Thee.
We nothing ill, if we should meet, design.
No Poyson will we mingle with our Wine,
No Daggers will we draw, no harm we mean;
But by our selves to act a tender Scene.
To love a little, when we are alone,
That's all; I beg of thee no other Boon.
And beg it in so soft, so sweet a Strain,
'Tis Cruelty to let me sue in vain.

ELEGY III. *To the Eunuch, who had
the keeping of his Mistress.*

HOW hard's my Hap, to have my Fair consign'd
To one, who is imperfect in his Kind;
To one, who ne'er can have the Pow'r to prove
As Woman, or as Man, the mutual Joys of Love;
Who practis'd first on Boys the cutting Steel,
Deserv'd himself the fatal Wound to feel.
Cou'dst thou be capable of Cupid's Fires,
Or the least sensible of Love's Desires:
Some Fire thou wou'dst have on me, and grant
Thy Aid, for what thou canst not know, I want.
Ill suits thee now, the Warriour's Lance to wield,
To mount the manag'd Horse, or lift the brazen
Shield:

Arms are for Men, and not for such as Thee,
Who shou'dst from ev'ry manly Thought be free.
No Banner shou'dst thou, but thy Lady's bear,
And have no other Leader, but the Fair.
Much it behoves thee then to strive to gain
Her Favour, and thou need'st not strive in vain.
Consult her Pleasure, and her Will obey,
To Favour that's the sure, the ready Way.
Without it, How unhappy wilt thou be?
Life is without it of no Use to thee.
Thou'rt beautiful, and may'st thy Prime enjoy,
And well thy Beauty, and thy Youth employ.
Study to serve thy gentle Mistress well,
And merit her good Graces by thy Zeal.
Watch as thou wilt, the Trouble thou may'st spare,
She'll easily deceive thy utmost Care.
When two fond Lovers are agreed to meet,
Canst thou their well-concerted Plot defeat?

The Ways of Kindness thou shouldst rather use;
 By being civil, thou wilt nothing lose;
 And when an Opportunity is fair,
 For thy own Sake be friendly to our Pray'r.
 A Friend be to thy Lady, not a Guard,
 And we, with bounteous Hand, thy Friendship
 will reward.

ELEGY IV. *That he loves all Sorts of
 Women.*

Vice by my Verse I never will defend,
 Nor by false Arms to fence my own pretend.
 Frankly my Failings I with Shame confess;
 To hide my Errors, would not make them less.
 My Faults, whate'er I suffer by't, I own,
 That others, if they please, those Faults may shun;
 I hate my self, my Follies, and wou'd feign
 Be, were it in my Pow'r, another Man.
 How difficult it is, ye Righteous Gods,
 Against our Wills to bear such heavy Loads?
 I have not Strength to guard my self from Ill;
 And as I wish to rule my wicked Will,
 I'm hurry'd on, as by the boistrous Sea
 The driving Bark is swiftly born away.
 No certain Form inflames my am'rous Breast,
 All Beauty is alike to me the best.
 A Hundred Causes kindle my Desires,
 And Love ne'er wants a Torch to light my Fires.
 When on the Earth the modest Virgin looks,
 That very Modesty of her's provokes.
 And if I chanceto meet a forward Fair,
 I'm taken with her frank, and easy Air.
 I figure to my self a Thousand Charms,
 A Thousand Raptures in her wanton Arms.

If, like the Damsels of the *Sabine* Race,
She's rude, I look upon it as Grimace.
That sullen as she seems at first, 'Tis Art,
That I the more may prize the Conquest of her Heart.
New Joys, if she's a Wit, I hope to find;
And with her Body, to possess her Mind:
If Foolish, I in that can see no Harm,
And in her very Folly find a Charm.
I know a Maid so very fond, and dull,
To me, she thinks *Callimachus* a Fool.
I soon am pleas'd with one that's pleas'd with me,
Alike we in our Taste, and Wish agree.
But if the Fair my Verses don't approve,
I bragging tell her, she will like my Love;
If with her Tongue, or with her Heel she's brisk,
Her Prattle pleases, and her gamesome Frisk.
But if she's heavy, I suppose at Night
She'll change, and prove, as I would have her, light.
The Fair that sings, enchants me with her Voice;
Oh, what a Gust it gives a Lover's Joys?
When her shrill Shakes afresh his Bosom wound,
And from her Lips he kisses off the Sound;
When her soft Fingers touch the Silver Strings,
And sweetly to the sounding Lute she sings;
Who can resist such strong redoubled Charms?
Her Musick melts me, as her Beauty warms.
If in the Dance the nimble Nymph I find,
And view how she her pliant Limbs do's wind,
How artfully she to the Musick moves,
I cry, How happy is the Man she loves!
My Humour, in a Word, is plainly this,
All Objects please, and nothing comes amiss.
To Love, and be belov'd, 's my sole Employ;
Dispos'd to be enjoy'd, and to enjoy.
This Lady for her Length I like, her Spread
Will swell my Arms, and fill the joyous Bed;

She's like the lusty Heroines of old,
 And with a strong Embrace her Lover will enfold.
 This Lass, because she's little, I approve;
 The Least are lightest in the Sports of Love.
 With every Size my Passion do's agree,
 And Tall, and Short are both alike to me.
 I fancy, when undrest I find the Fair,
 'Tis less her Want of Charms, than Want of Care.
 If with her Dishabille, I cry, I'm pleas'd,
 How beaurtous would she be, if she were drest.
 And when she do's her best Apparel wear,
 I think her Riches in her Pride appear.
 The Fair, the Olive are to me the same,
 Alike the Swarthy, and the Sandy Dame.
 When her black Curls adown her Shoulders flow,
 Such *Leda's* were, her Skin as white as Snow.
 And when her golden Locks her Head adorn,
 I streight compare her to the Saffron Morn.
 My Love with no Complection disagrees,
 But all alike my ready Passion please.
 The Younger by their Bloom my Heart secure,
 The Elder win it, as they're more mature;
 And tho' the Younger may excell in Charms,
 The Elder clasp you with experienc'd Arms.
 What all the City like, is lik'd by me,
 And I with them in all my Loves agree.
 I'm proud to be the Rival of the Town,
 And to their Taste will still conform my own.

ELEGY V. *To his false Mistress.*

By MR. EUSDEN.

C*upid*, be gone! I can for Beauty sigh;
 But not be forc'd to wish each Hour to die.
 For so I wish, whene'er my restless Thoughts
 Dwell on her Falshoods, and repeated Faults.

All other Plagues know sometimes to be civil,
But Woman is a sure, perpetual Evil.
No Pimp I brib'd to prove thy perjur'd Vows,
Nor intercepted once thy Billets-doux.
O! could'st thou but my Arguments disprove!
A Cause so good is here unwith'd in Love.
Happy, who dares t'avow his censur'd Flame,
And vindicate the secret-tripping Dame.
Blushless tho' guilty, with uplifted Eyes
'Tis false, my Life, by you bright Heav'n, she cries,
Himself he fools, and madly feeds his Grief,
Who from Conviction seeks the sad Relief.
Wretched I saw thy Wantonness unsought,
By thee in Sleep secure, and Eyeless thought.
With Glances on each other how you hung!
How ev'ry Nod had more than half a Tongue!
How roul'd thy glowing Eyes! how lewd they spoke!
Ev'n from thy artful Fingers Language broke,
While Writing on the Board with Pens they vy'd,
And the spill'd Wine the Want of Ink supply'd,
The silent Speech too well I understood,
For to deceive a Lover, yet who could?
Tho' thou didst write in a *Laconick* Hand,
And Words for Sentences were taught to stand,

Now ended was the Treat, and ev'ry Guest
Indulg'd his Ease, and lay compos'd to Rest;
Your close, lascivious Kisses then I spy'd,
And something more, than Lips to Lips apply'd:
Such from a Sister Brothers ne'er receive,
But yielding fair ones to warm Lovers give.
Not so *Diana* would to *Phabus* press,
But *Cytherea* so her *Mars* would bless,
Too far provok'd, at last I cry'd aloud,
On whom are Pleasures, due to me, bestow'd?
I must not, will not, cannot bear this Sight;
'Tis lawful sure to seize upon my Right.

These Raptures to us both in common are,
But whence, ye Furies, claims a Third his Share?

Enrag'd I spoke, and o'er her Cheeks were spread,
Swift new-born Glories in a sudden Red.
Such Blushes on the bridal Night adorn
The trembling Virgin; such the rising Morn.
So sweet a Hue the lab'ring *Cynthia* shows,
Or the fair Lilly damask'd by the Rose;
Or Iv'ry, which Time's yellow Taint defies,
When twice enrich'd with proud *Affryan* Dies.
Such were her Looks, and a diviner Grace
Had never brighten'd that enchanting Face.
She cast her Eyes down on the humble Ground;
Her Eyes so cast, an unknown Sweetness found.
Mournful her Looks; her mournful Looks became,
Shining thro' Grief, and beautiful in Shame,
I rush'd, resolv'd her golden Locks to tear,
And with mad Violence disrob'd the Fair:
But as I view'd her Face, th' extended Hand
Shrunk back, nor hearken'd to the harsh Command.
Others Protection seek by Dint of Arms,
Her only Safe-guard were her wond'rous Charms.
I, who but late, look'd insolently brave,
Fell from my Height, and couch'd a Suppliant Slave.
I rav'd no longer at another's Bliss,
But beg'd the Transport of as sweet a Kiss.
Smiling she said, How grateful thy Request!
If e'er my Kisses please thee, take the best.
Oh! with what Gust, as from her Soul they came!
Such might melt *Jove*, and stop the vengeful Flame;
I fear'd my Rival too enjoy'd the same.
These better, than from me she learn'd, I thought,
Something taught new, alas! I wish'd untaught.
What most gave Pleasure, that now stings the most;
Why were our darting Tongues entirely lost?

Nor fret I, thou in kissing shouldst excell,
And yet 'tis strange to know to kiss so well:
But ah! such Lectures only could be read
By youthful Tutors, and imbib'd abed.
That Sage, who e'er these large Improvements made,
Was by his Pupil pretiously repay'd.

ELEGY VI.

By Mr. CREECH.

A Las, poor Poll, my *Indian Talker*, dies!
Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obsequies*.
Go Birds, and beat your Breasts, your Faces tear,
And pluck your gaudy Plumes, instead of Hair.
Let doleful Tunes the frighted Forrests wound,
And your sad Notes supply the Trumpet's Sound.
Why, *Philomel*, dost mourn the *Thracian Rage*?
It is enough, thy Grief at last asswage;
His Crimfon Faults are now grown white with Age.
Now mourn this Bird, the Cause of all thy Woe
Was great, 'tis true, but it was long ago.
Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
But you, my *Turtle*, take the greatest Share!
You two liv'd constant Friends, and free from Strife,
Your Kindness was intire, and long as Life.
What *Pylades* to his *Orestes* vow'd,
To thee, poor Poll, thy friendly *Turtle* show'd,
And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes, and Tail,
And what thy pretty Speaking-Art avail?
And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my *Miss*,
Since now the Bird's unhappy Glory dies?
A lovely verdant Green grac'd every Quill,
The deepest vivid Red did paint thy Bill:

In speaking thou didst every Bird excell,
 None prattled, and none lisp'd the Words so well.
 'Twas Envy only sent this fierce Disease,
 Thou wert averse to War, and liv'dst in Peace,
 A talking harmless thing, and lov'dst thine Ease.
 The fighting Quails still live midst all their Strife,
 And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
 Thy Meat was little, and thy prattling Tongue
 Would ne'er permit to make thy Dinner long :
 Plain Fountain-Water all thy Drink allow'd,
 And Nut, and Poppy-seed were all thy Food.
 The preying *Vultures*, and the *Kites* remain,
 And the unlucky *Crow* still caws for Rain.
 The *Chough* still lives, midst fierce *Minerva's* Hate,
 And scarce nine hundred Years conclude her Fate.
 But my poor *Poll* now hangs his sickly Head,
 My *Poll*, my Present from the East, is dead.
 Best things are sooner snatched by cov'rous Fate,
 To worse she freely gives a longer Date.
Thersites, brave *Achilles'* Fate surviv'd ;
 And *Hector* fell, whilst all his Brothers liv'd.
 Why should I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made ?
 How oft she beg'd thy Life, how oft she pray'd ?
 The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin
 To end the Thread, they had no more to Spin.
 Yet still he talks, and when Death nearer drew,
 His last Breath said, *Corinna*, now adieu.
 There is a shady Cypress Grove below,
 And thither (if such doubtful things we know)
 The Ghosts of pious Birds departed go.
 'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the Year,
 And Birds obscene do never enter there :
 There harmless *Swans* securely take their rest,
 And there the single *Phoenix* builds her Nest.
 Proud *Peacocks* there display their gaudy Train,
 And billing *Thrushes* Coo o'er all the Plain.

To these dark Shades my Parrot's Soul shall go,
 And with his Talk divert the Birds below;
 Whilst here his Bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
 A little Marble, and an Epitaph:

*In Talking I did every Bird excell,
 And my Tomb proves, my Mistress lov'd me well.*

ELEGY VII. *He protests, that he had
 never any thing to do with the
 Chamber-maid.*

By the same Hand.

AND must I still be guilty, still untrue, [new ?
 And when old Crimes are purg'd still charg'd with
 What tho' at last my Cause I clearly gain ?
 Yet I'm ashamed to strive so oft in vain, }
 And when the Prize will scarce reward the Pain,
 If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit,
 And with a Squinting Eye glote o'er the Pit,
 Or view the Boxes, you begin to fear,
 And fancy streight some Rival Beauty there;
 If any looks on me, you think you spy
 A private Affignation in her Eye,
 A silent soft Discourse in every Grace,
 And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.
 If I praise any one, you tear your Hair,
 Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Despair,
 If discommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
 I strive to cloak my Passion by the Cheat:
 If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
 Lye dull, and lazy in your active Arms;
 If weak my Voice, if pale my Looks appear,
 O then I languish for another Fair.

Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain;
 For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
 'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the Pain.
 But sure fond Fancies now such Heats engage,
 Your credulous peevish Humour spoils your Rage;
 In frequent Chidings I no Force can see,
 You frown too often to prevail with me:
 The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant Blow
 Bears off his Briskness, and he moves but slow.
 But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
 And *Moll* forsooth supplies her Lady's Place!
 Kind Love forbid, that I should stoop so low:
 What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?
 A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high,
 My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.
 Fy, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
 Her Hands of Iron, and her Sides of Steel?
 'Twill damp an eager Thought, 'twill check my Mind,
 To feel those Knubs the Lash hath left behind.
 Besides she dresses well, with lovely Grace,
 She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
 Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
 And make me more enamour'd of my Love:
 Then why should I tempt her? and why betray
 Thy useful Slave, and have her turn'd away?
 I swear by *Venus*, by Love's Darts, and Bow,
 A desperate Oath, you must believe me now;
 I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY VIII. To *Corinna's* Chamber-maid.

By the same Hand.

DEAR skillfull *Berry*, who dost far excell
 My Lady's other Maids in dressing well:

Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
To *Juno's* Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
Genteel, well bred, nor rustically coy,
Not easie to deny desired Joy;
Through whose lost Eyes still secret Wishes shine,
Fit for thy Mistress' Use, but more for mine;
Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
Not that I think it a Disgrace to prove
Stoln Sweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.
Achilles wanton'd in *Brisais'* Arms;
Artides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.
Sure I am less than these; then what can bring
Disgrace to me, that so became a King?
But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout Defence,
I swore, and look'd as bold as Innocence:
Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;
Kind *Venus*, do not heat my Perjury,
Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.
Now *Betty*, how will you my Oaths require?
Come prethee lets compound for more Delight,
Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.
What! Start at the Proposal? how! deny?
Pretend fond Fears of a Discovery?
Refuse, lest some sad Chance the thing betray?
Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging Way?
Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll swear no more,
Corinna now shall know thou art a Whore;
I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,
How often, when, and where, and what we did,

ELEGY IX.

*By the late Earl of ROCHESTER.**To Love.*

O Love! how cold, and slow to take my part;
 Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart?
 Why thy old faithful Souldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own Tents? they murder me.
 Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy Friends;
 Rather on Foes pursue more noble Ends.
Achilles' Sword would certainly bestow
 A Cure, as certain, as it gave the Blow.
 Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er
 When the Prey's caught, Hopes still lead on before,
 We thine own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick Blows,
 Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.
 On Men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.
 Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids;
 We'll own Love valiant, when he these invades.
Rome from each Corner of the wide World snatch'd
 A Laurel, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.
 But the old Soldier has his resting Place,
 And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.
 The harraßt Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please,
 Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her Ease.
 For me then, who have truly spent my Blood
 (Love) in thy Service, and so boldly stood
 In *Celia's* Trenches, wer't not wisely done,
 E'en to retire, and live in Peace at Home?
 No----might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are,

Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black Storm pour down upon my Mind;
 Headlong I'm hurl'd like Horsesmen, who in vain
 Their (Fury flaming) Coursers would restrain;
 As Ships just when the Harbour they attain
 Are snatch'd by sudden Blasts to Sea again;
 So Love's fantastick Storms reduce my Heart
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart.
 Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my Heart.
 What Wretch canbear a live-long Night's dull Rest,
 Or think himself in lazy Slumbers blest?
 Fool-----is not Sleep the Image of pale Death,
 There's time for Rest when Fate hath stopt your
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive, [Breath.
 I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe:
 Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtful Steps the God of War does move,
 By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
 Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
 Who knows when Joy, or Anguish thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mother's, and thy Slave's Request,
 Fix an eternal Empire in my Breast:
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal World is then thy own.

ELEGY X. Ovid tells Gracinus, that
he is fallen in Love with a Couple of
Ladies.

By an unknown Hand.

WHat you affirm'd, my Friend, is prov'd untrue,
 That none at once could madly deat on two,
 Deceiv'd, unarm'd, me Cupid soon o'er-came,
 And I glow shameless with a double Flame.
 They both are Fair, both dress so nicely well,
 That the Pre-eminence is hard to tell.
 Sometimes for This, sometimes for That I burn;
 And each more Beauteous sparkles in her turn.
 Each claims my Passion, and my Heart divides,
 As to and fro the doubtful Galliot rides,
 Here driv'n by Winds, and there re-driv'n by Tides.
 Why doubly chain'd? Was not a single Fair
 Enough to load me with perpetual Care?
 Why are more Leafs brought to the shady Wood,
 Stars to the Sky, or Waters to a Flood?
 Yet better so, than not to love at all;
 Still on my Foes may such dull Blessings fall,
 May they, insipidly supine, be spread
 Along the middle of a widow'd Bed,
 While I with sprightliness Love's Vigils keep,
 Stretch'd out for something far more sweet, than Sleep.
 Others from Ruin fly, to mine I run,
 To be by Women pleasingly undone.
 Longing for two, since un-destroy'd by one.
 Still let my slender Limbs for Love suffice,
 I want not Nerves, but want the bulky Size.
 My Limbs, tho' Lean, are not in vain display'd;
 From me no Female ever rose a Maid.
 Oft have I, when a luscious Night was spent,
 Saluted Morn, nor cloy'd, nor impotent.

Happy, who gasps in Love his latest Breath:
 Give me, ye Gods, so softly sweet a Death:
 Let the rough Warriors grapple on the Plain,
 And with their Blood immortal Honour gain:
 Let the vile Miser plough for Wealth the Deep,
 And Shipwreck'd in th' unfathom'd Waters sleep:
 May *Venus* grant me but my last Desire,
 In the full height of Rapture to expire:
 Perhaps some Friend with kindly Dew supply'd,
 Weeping, will say, As *Ovid* liv'd, he dy'd.

ELEGY XI. *To his Mistress going on
 Voyage at Sea.*

THose that the Top of *Pelion* bar'd, to build
 The first huge Ship, that plow'd the watry Field,
 Surpris'd, with their stupendous Work, the Sea;
 But such Adventures are not fit for Thee:
 Death fear'd them in the Face in various Forms,
 In Rocks, and Shelves, and in outrageous Storms:
 They daringly explor'd the doubtful Seas,
 In quest of *Catchos*, and the Golden Pleece.
 Oh that no Ship might pass the liquid Wast,
 And *Argo*, as the first, had been the last.
Corinna now prepares to quit her Down,
 And leave her well known Bed, for Waves unknown.
 What Winds will blow around the trembling Fair?
 No gentle *Zephyrs* then will fan the Air;
 But Blasts of *Boreas* rend the cracking Sails,
 And lash the leaky Ship with hostile Gales,
 Nor Houses shalt thou then, nor Groves survey,
 Nor any Object meet thy Eyes but Sea;
 Nor as thou dost explore the farther Main,
 Green shalt thou see, or Shelly Shore again;

Nor on the slipp'ry Pebbles shalt thou slide,
But o'er the Waves in mortal Terror ride.
If thou a Life, so dear to us, would'st save,
Walk on the Margin of the Silver Wave.
Content thy self, upon the Coast to stray,
That's safe, but all beyond a dangerous Way;
To thy whole Sex this Caution I address,
Ne'er trust your Beauties to the faithless Seas,
To you the dreadful Tale, let others tell,
In Ocean's Depths, what horrid Monsters dwell,
What Vessels *Scylla's* greedy Gulph devours,
And how for Prey the fell *Charybdis* roars;
What Ships have perish'd by the sounding Shocks
Of Tempests driving on *Ceraunian* Rocks;
Or what have sunk in *Syrte's* treach'rous Sands,
Or been in Pieces dash'd on *Libyan* Strands:
Hear what they say, and what thou hear'st believe;
Thou canst no Hurt by easy Faith receive.
When far behind thee, thou hast left the Strand,
How wilt thou long in vain, and look for Land?
And when the Tempest beats the Vessel's Sides,
Admits thro' gaping Leaks the gushing Tides,
The Pilot shall himself begin to fear,
The roaring Death, that's now approaching near,
How livid will thy Looks be then, and pale,
How wilt thou start at ev'ry rattling Gale?
How wilt thou then invoke the lowring Skies;
And *Leda's* Son to hear thy fruitless Cries?
How wilt thou thy adventurous Fate deplore,
And bless the Feet that tread the solid Shore?
'Tis safer on your Couch to sit, and sing
Some am'rous Song, or touch the *Thracian* String.
But if the Winds should bear my Words away,
Or you despise, what I in Friendship say,
Do thou thy Aid, Oh *Galatea*, lend,
Corinna's Ship with prosp'rous Gales befriend.

Ye Nymphs, and you their bearded Sire, beware
Least any Hurt befall the vent'rous Fair.
What Guilt her Death wou'd bring upon the Sea!
Your Waters could not wash the Crime away.
Go then, but ever keep me fresh in Mind,
Full be your Sails of a propitious Wind,
And quickly may the friendly Gales restore
My Mistress to this once forsaken Shoar.
I first shall from our Coast, with searching Eye,
Your Ship returning to our Harbour spy,
And that it brings our Gods, with Rapture cry.
When in my Arms, the landing Fair I catch,
Kisses on Kisses numberless, I'll snatch.
The Victim for your safe Return decreed,
To pay my Vows shall on the Altar bleed.
Instead of polish'd Stone, the homely Strand
Shall serve us for a Table, or the Sand.
We'll there refresh, Your Health we there will Drink,
And you shall tell me there, how like you were to sink.
What Risk you ran, how near to suffer Wreck,
And yet how bold you were to hasten back.
Nor starless Nights you fear'd, nor stormy Sea,
Nor Danger dreaded, while you thought on Me;
Tho' 'tis all feign'd, I'll take it to be true,
And cheat my Hopes, as Lovers use to do.
Why should I not as Truth the Tale receive?
'Twill please as well, if I as well believe.
Let *Phœbus* wing the Hours, and haste the Day,
In Heav'n distinguish'd by a brighter Ray,

ELEGY XII. *The Poet rejoices for the Favours he has received of his Mistress.*

IO *Triumphe!* I have won the Prize,
 For in my Arms the Fair *Cerinna* lies.
 Nor jealous Husband, nor a Guardian's Care,
 Nor Door defended with a double Bar,
 Cou'd fence against a Lover's Artifice;
 For in my Arms the Fair *Corinna* lies.
 With Reason of my Victory I boast,
 The Conquest's gain'd, and yet no Blood is lost:
 I scal'd no Walls, I pass'd no Ditch profound,
 Safe were my Wars, and all without a Wound,
 My only Work, a charming Girl to gain,
 The Pleasure well rewards the little Pain.
 Ten Years the *Greeks* did in one Siege employ,
 But level'd were at length, the Walls of *Troy*;
 What Glory was there by th' *Atrides* won,
 So many Chiefs before a single Town?
 Not thus did I my pleasant Toils pursue,
 And the whole Glory to my self is due.
 My self was Horse, and Foot, my self alone,
 The Captain, and the Soldier was in one,
 And fought beneath no Banner but my own,
 Whether by Strength I combated, or Wile,
 Fortune did ever on my Actions smile.
 I only owe my Triumph to my Care,
 And by my Patience only won the Fair.
 Nor was my Cause of Quarrel new, the same
 Set *Eurape*, and proud *Asia* in a Flame.
 For *Helen*, ravish'd by the *Dardan* Boy,
 Was the War wag'd that sunk the Pride of *Troy*.
 The *Centaur*s double-form'd, half Man, half Beast,
 Defil'd with horrid War the Nuptial Feast;

Enflam'd by Wine, and Woman's Magick Charms,
 They turn'd the jolly Face of Joy to Arms.
 'Twas Woman urg'd the Strife, a second Fair
 Involv'd the *Trojans* in a Second War,
 What Wreck, what Ruin, did a Woman bring
 On peaceful *Latium*, and their pious Kings?
 When *Rome* was Young, and in her Infant State;
 What Woes did Woman to our Sires create?
 Into what Peril was the City brought;
 When *Sabine* Fathers for their Daughters fought?
 Two lusty Bulls I in the Meads have view'd,
 In Combat joy'd, and by their side there stood
 A Milk-white Heifer, who provok'd the Fight,
 By each contended, but the Conqueror's Right.
 She gives them Courage, her they both regard,
 As one that caus'd the War, and must reward.
 Compell'd by *Cupid* in his Host to list,
 And who, that has a Heart can Love resist?
 His Soldier, I have been without the Guilt,
 Of Blood, in any of our Battles spilt.
 For him I've fought, as many more have done,
 And many Rivals met, but murder'd none.

ELEGY XIII. To *Iris*. A Prayer that
 the Goddess won'd assist *Corinna*, and
 prevent her miscarrying.

With cruel Art *Corinna* would destroy
 The rip'ning Fruit of our repeated Joy.
 While on herself she practises her Skill,
 She's like the Mother, not the Child, to kill.
 Me, she wou'd not acquaint with what she did,
 From me a Thing, which I abhor'd, she hid;
 Well might I now be angry, but I fear,
 Ill as she is, it might endanger her.

By me, I must confess, she did conceive,
 The Fact is so, or else I so believe.
 We've Cause to think, what may so likely be,
 So is, and then the Babe belongs to me.
 Oh *Isis*, who delight'st to haunt the Fields;
 Where fruitful *Nile* his Golden Harvests yields,
 Where with Seven Mouths into the Sea he falls,
 And hast thy Walks around *Canope's* Walls,
 Who *Memphis* visit'st, and the *Pharian* Tow'rs,
 Assist *Corinna* with thy friendly Pow'rs.
 Thee by thy Silver *Sistra* I conjure,
 A Life so precious, by thy Aid secure.
 So may'st thou with *Osiris* still find Grace;
 By *Anubis's* venerable Face,
 I pray thee, so may still thy Rites Divine
 Flourish, and Serpents round thy Off'rings twine.
 May *Apis* with his Horns the Pomp attend,
 And be to thee, as thou'rt to her a Friend.
 Look down, Oh *Isis*, on the teeming Fair,
 And make at once, her Life, and mine thy Care.
 Have Pity on her Pains; the Help you give
 To her, her Lover saves, in her I live.
 From thee this Favour she deserves; she pays
 Her Vows to thee, on all thy solemn Days;
 And when the *Galli* at thy Altars wair,
 She's present at the Feast they celebrate.
 And Thou, *Lucina*, who the lab'ring Womb
 Dost with Compassion view, to her Assistance come,
 Nor dost thou, when to thee thy Vot'ries pray
 For speedy help, thy wanted help delay.
Lucina, listen to *Corinna's* Pray'r,
 Thy Vot'ry she, and worthy of thy Care.
 I'll with my Off'rings to thy Altar come,
 With Votive Myrrh thy sacred Fane perfume.
 The Vows I make, that thou my Fair may'st bless,
 In Words inscrib'd, I'll on thy Shrine express.

Ovid, the Servant of *Corinna*, pray'd
 The Goddess here, the teeming Dame to aid:
 Ah Goddess, of my humble Suit allow;
 Give Place to my Inscription, and my Vow.
 If frighted as I am, I may presume;
 Your Conduct to direct in Time to come,
Corinna, since you've suffer'd thus before,
 Ah try the bold Experiment no more.

ELEGY XIV. *To his Mistress, who
 endeavour'd to make herself Miscarry.*

W^Hat boots it, that the Fair are free from War,
 And what, that they're forbid the Shield to
 Against themselves, if they new Arms employ, [bear;
 And madly with new Wounds, their Lives destroy?
 The cruel Mother, who did first contrive
 Her Babe to butcher, e're 'twas scarce alive,
 Who thus from Nature's tender Dictates swerv'd,
 To perish by her proper Hands deserv'd.
 Why do the Sex forget their Softness, why
 Such Projects for a foolish Fancy, try?
 The Belly must be smooth, no Wrinkle there
 To shock the Lover's wanton Glance appear.
 His Touch as well as Sight they fain would please,
 And the Womb early of its Burthen ease.
 Had Women sooner known this wicked Trade,
 Among the Race of Men, what Havock had they made?
 Mankind had been extinct, and lost the Seed,
 Without a Wonder to restore the Breed,
 As when *Demealion*, and his *Pyrrha* hurl'd
 The Stones, that sow'd with Men, the delug'd World,
 Had *Thetis*, Goddess of the Sea, refus'd
 To bear the Burthen, and her Fruit abus'd,

Who would have *Priam's* royal Seat destroy'd;
 Or had the *Vestal*, whom fierce *Mars* enjoy'd,
 Stifled the *Twins* within her pregnant Womb,
 What *Founder* would have then been born to *Rome*?
 Had *Venus*, when she with *Aeneas* reem'd,
 To Death, e'er born, *Anchises'* Son condemn'd;
 The World had of the *Cæsars* been depriv'd,
Augustus ne'er had reign'd, nor *Julius* liv'd.
 And Thou, whose Beauty is the Boast of Fame,
 Hadst permitt'd, had thy Mother done the same;
 Nor had I liv'd Love's faithful Slave to be,
 Had my own Mother dealt as ill by me.
 Ah vile Invention, ah accurst Design,
 To rob of rip'ning Fruit the loaden Vine!
 Ah let it grow for Nature's Use mature;
 Ah let it its full length of Time endure.
 'Twill of itself, Alas, too soon decay,
 And quickly fall, like Autumn Leaves, away.
 Why barb'rously dost thou thy Bowels tear,
 To kill the human Load that quickens there?
 On venom'd Drugs why venture, to destroy
 The Pledge of Pleasure past, the promis'd Boy?
Medea, guilty of her Children's Blood,
 The Mark of ev'ry Age's Curse has stood;
 And *Atys* murder'd by his Mother's Rage,
 Been pity'd since by each succeeding Age;
 These cruel Parents by false Lords abus'd,
 Had yet some Plea, tho' none their Crime excus'd.
 What, *Jason*, did your dire Revenge provoke?
 What, *Tereus*, urge you to the fatal Stroke?
 What Rage your Reason led so far away,
 As furious Hands upon your self to lay?
 The Tygresses, that hunt th' *Armenian* Wood,
 Will spare their proper Young, tho' pinch'd for Food;
 Nor will the *Libyan* *Lyonesses* say
 Their Whelps; but Women are more fierce than they;

More barb'rous to the tender Fruit they bear,
Nor Nature's Call, tho' loud she cries, will hear.
But righteous Vengeance oft their Crimes pursues,
And they are lost themselves, who won'd their Chil-
dren lose;

The poy's'nous Druggs, with mortal Juices fill
Their Veins, and undesign'd, themselves they kill.
Themselves upon the Bier are breathless born,
With Hair ty'd up, which was in Ringlets worn,
Thro' weeping Crowds, that on their Corps attend,
Well may they weep for their unhappy End.
Forbid it, Heav'n, that what I say may prove
Presaging to the Pair, I blame, and love;
Thus let me ne'er, ye Pow'rs, her Death deplore,
'Twas her first Fault, and she'll offend no more;
No Pardon she'll deserve, a second Time,
But without Mercy, punish then her Crime.

ELEGY XV. *The Poet speaks to
the Ring, which he had sent a Present
to his Mistress.*

By an unknown Hand.

GO, happy Ring, who art about to bind
The Fair One's Finger, may the Fair be kind;
Small is the Present, tho' the Love be great;
May she swift slip thee on thy taper Seat.
As she, and I, may thou with her agree,
And not too large, nor yet too little be.
To touch her Hand, thou wilt the Pleasure have;
I now must envy, what my self I gave.
O! would a Proteus, or a Circe change
Me to thy Form, that I like thee might range!

Then would I wish thee with her Breasts to play,
 And her left Hand beneath her Robes to stray.
 Tho' strait she thought me, I will then appear
 Loose, and unfix'd, and slip I know not where.
 When-e'er she writes some secret Lines of Love,
 Least the dry Gemm, and Wax should sticking prove,
 Me first she moistens: then fly Care I take,
 And but when Lines I like, Impression make.
 If in her Pocket fain she would me hide,
 Close will I press her Finger, and not slide.
 Then cry, My Life, I ne'er shall thee disgrace,
 And I am light, give me my proper Place.
 Still let me stick, when in the Bath you are;
 If I catch Damage, 'tis not worth your Care.
 Yet when the Ring thy naked Body spies,
 It will transform, and I a Man arise.
 Why do I rave? thou little Trifle, go,
 And that I die for her, let the dear Creature know,

ELEGY XVI. *He invites his Mistress into the Country.*

I'M now at---where my Eyes can view
 Their old Delights, but what I want in you:
 Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleasing Bowers,
 Adorn my Banks, and raise my drooping Flowers:
 Here Trees with bending Fruit in order stand,
 Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;
 But half the Pleasure of Enjoyment's gone,
 Since I must pluck them single, and alone:
 Why could not Nature's Kindness first contrive
 That faithful Lovers should like Spirits live,
 Mixt in one Point, and yet divided lye
 Enjoying an united Liberty?

But since we must thro' distant Regions go,
Why was not the same way design'd for two?
One single Care determin'd still for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then should I think it pleasant Way to go
O'er *Alpine* Frost, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then should I dare to view the horrid *Moors*,
And walk the Desarts of the *Libyan* Shores;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and see *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatening Wave:
Fearless thro' all I'd steer my feeble Barge,
Secure, and safe with the Celestial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholy Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gard'ner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flow'ry Beds;
Tho' *Poplars* rise, and spread a shady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And spend my Minutes 'twixt a Muse, and Love;
Yet these contribute little to my Ease,
For without you they lose the Power to please:
I seem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*;
Where frightful Spectres, and pale Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs.
The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why should I be parted from my Love?
And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore;
That all my Bus'ness you would make your own,
And never suffer me to be alone;
But faithless Woman naturally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more:

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve
 Be kind, and I can easily forgive;
 Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
 Drive fiercely on, and lash the lazy Horse;
 And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
 And try the Power of Verse to smoothe your Way:
 Sink down ye Mountains, sink ye lofty Hills,
 Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
 Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
 'Tis *Love* that drives, and all must yield to *Love*.

ELEGY XVII. *He tells Corinna, he
 will always be her Slave.*

IF there's a Wretch, who thinks it is a Shame
 To serve a Lovely, and a Loving Dame;
 If such a Slave he loads with Infamy,
 I'm willing he shou'd judge as hard of me,
 I'm willing all the World should know my Shame,
 If *Venus* will abate my raging Flame:
 Let me a fair, and gentle Mistress have,
 And then proclaim aloud that I'm her Slave,
 Beauty is apt to swell a Maiden's Mind,
 And thus *Corinna* is to Pride inclin'd;
 But as she is above all Maidens Fair,
 What's Pride in them, is Insolence in her:
 Less Fair I wish she was, or knew it less,
 How learnt she, she is lovely by her Face?
 Her Mirror tells her so, she often tries
 Her Mirror, and believes her charming Eyes,
 The Looks she then puts on, are still her best,
 And she ne'er uses it, but when she's dress'd,
 Tho' wide the Empire of your Beauties spread,
 Beauty to draw my Am'rous Glances made,

Compare your Servant's Merit with your Eyes,
You'll find no Cause his Service to despise.
Don't think I press upon your Pride too hard,
For little Things may be with Great compar'd:
We're told *Calypso*, an immortal Pow'r,
Detain'd a Mortal in th' *Ogygian* Bow'r,
And when her Pray'r to stay he would not grant;
So strong her Love, she kept him by Constraint,
A *Nereid* took the *Phthian* to her Arms,
And *Numa* knew divine *Egeria*'s Charms.
Vulcan tho' Lame, and of a Form obscene,
Was oft made Happy by the *Paphian* Queen,
She matter'd not his limping, but approv'd
His Flame, and saw no Faults in him she lov'd;
My Verses are unequal, like his Feet,
Yet the long, kindly with the shorter meet.
As they with them, why shou'dst thou not with me
Comply, my Life, and my Divinity?
My self, when I am in thy Arms, I'll own
Thy Subject, and the Bed shall by the Throne;
Thou there, my lovely Queen, shalt give me Laws;
Nor in my Absence to rejoyce have Cause,
Nor ever shall my Services be blam'd,
Nor shalt thou of thy Servant be asham'd.
My Poetry's my Purse, my Fortune's there,
I have no other way to win the Fair;
Nor is that way the worst: the brightest Dames,
Wou'd in my Verse immortalize their Names:
My Muse the Place of an Estate supplies,
And none that know her Worth, her Wealth despise.
Some tempted by *Corinna*'s spreading Fame,
In Envy rob her, and usurp her Name;
What wou'd they give, d'yethink, to be the same?
But neither cool *Eurotas*, nor the *Po*,
With Poplar shaded, in one Channel flow;
By diff'rent, and by distant Banks they glide,
Are Rivers both, but various is their Tide.

There are more Beauties, but there's none like thine,
 There are more Verse, but thou hast only mine;
 No other Charms can e'er inspire my Muse,
 And other Theams, I with Disdain refuse.

ELEGY XVIII. *To Macer, blaming
 him for not writing of Love, as he did.*

WHILE, Macer, you Achilles' Choler sing,
 And Greece before the Walls of Ilium bring,
 While Feats of Arms in Phrygian Fields you tell,
 And how Old Troy by Gracian Vengeance fell;
 I my soft Hours in softer Songs employ,
 And all my Leisure give to Love, and Joy.
 When to high Acts my Voice I strive to raise,
 Love laughs at my Attempt, and mocks my Lays:
 Begone, I often to my Mistress cry,
 But have not Courage yet, my self to fly.
 Whene'er she sees me in this sullen Fit,
 She fondles me, and on my Knee will sit:
 Enough of this, say I, for Shame give o'er,
 Enough of Love, we'll play the Fool no more.
 Ah, is it then a Shame to Love? she cries;
 And chides, and melts me with her weeping Eyes,
 Around my Neck her snowy Arms she throws,
 And to my Lips with stifling Kisses grows:
 How can I all this Tenderness refuse?
 At once my Wisdom, and my Will I lose.
 I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
 Of Arms, and War, to sing of Love again:
 My Theams are Acts, which I my self have done,
 And my Muse sings no Battles, but my own.
 Once I confess, I did the Drama try,
 And ventur'd with Success on Tragedy;

My *Genius* with a moving Scene agrees,
And if I ventur'd farther I might please:
But Love of my Heroicks makes a Jest,
And laughs to see me in my Buskins drest.
Asham'd, and weary of this tragick Whim,
For tender Thoughts I quitted the sublime.
My Mind, my Mistress bends another Way,
Her must my Muse, in all her Songs obey;
Tho' oft I do not, what I write approve,
Like, or not like it, I must sing of Love.
Whether for *Ithaca's* illustrious Dame,
To great *Ulysses* I a Letter frame,
Or for *Oenone* tender Things indite,
Or soft Complaints for injur'd *Phyllis* write,
Whether Fair *Canace's* incestuous Care
I sooth, or flatter *Dido's* fierce Despair;
Whether I fan *Medea's* raging Fire,
Or for sweet *Sapho* touch the Lesbian Lyre;
Whether I *Phadra's* lawless Love relate,
Or *Theseus's* Flight, and *Ariadne's* Fate:
Oh that *Sabinus*, my departed Friend,
Cou'd from all Quarters now his Answers send!
Ulysses's Hand shou'd to his Queen be known,
And wretched *Phadra* hear from *Theseus's* Son;
Dido, *Aeneas's* Answer shou'd receive,
And *Phyllis* *Demophon's*, if alive.
Jason should to *Hyppisile* return
A sad Reply, and *Sapho* cease to mourn;
Nor him whom she can ne'er possess desire,
But give to *Phœbus's* Fane her Votive Lyre.
As much as you in lofty Epicks deal,
You, *Macer*, shew that you Love's Passion feel,
And sensible of Beauty's pow'rful Charms,
You hear their Call amid the Noise of Arms.
A Place for *Paris* in your Verse we find,
And *Hellen's* to the young Adult'rer kind;

There lovely *Laodamia* mourns her Lord,
 The first that fell by *Hector's* fatal Sword:
 If well I know you, and your Mind can tell,
 The Theam's as grateful, and you like as well
 To tune your Lyre for *Cupid*, as for *Mars*,
 And *Thracian* Combats change for *Paphian* Wars;
 If well I know you, and your Works design
 Your Will, you often quit your Camp for mine.

ELEGY XIX.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
 Watch her for me, that I may love her more.
 What comes with Ease we nauseously receive,
 Who but a Sor, wou'd scorn to love with leave?
 With Hopes and Fears my Flames are blown up higher;
 Make me Despair, and then I can Desire.
 Give me a Jilt to tease my jealous Mind;
 Deceits are Virtues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick Humour knew,
 Play'd Trick for Trick, and kept her self still new:
 She, that next Night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me Fasting home;
 Or some Pretence to lye alone wou'd take;
 Whene'er she pleas'd, her Head, and Teeth wou'd ake:
 Till having won me to the highest Strain,
 She took Occasion to be sweet again.
 With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
 How ev'ry Kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore, be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd,

Forget the promis'd Hour, or feign some Fright,
Make me lye rough on Bunks each other Night.
These are the Arts that best secure thy Reign,
And this the Food, that must my Fires maintain,
Gross easie Love does like gross Diet, pall,
In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall,
Had *Danaë* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs,
When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Io*'s Shape,
The Watchman help'd her to a second Leap.
Let him who loves an easie Wherstone Whore,
Pluck Leaves from Trees, and drink the Common
The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest Blow, [Shore,
A Truth which I by sad Experience know.
The kind poor constant Creature we despise;
Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies;

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too Fair,
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows scratch'd, suspect a Rival there
An Orange-Wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad;
Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd;
In short, be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And set my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
I scorn to strike, but when he wards the Blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wirtal living;
I have been patient, and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy Wrong;
If no Affront can rouse thee, understand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy Hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy House, and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead so ill a Life.
Now I can neither Sigh, nor Whine, nor Pray,
All these Occasions thou hast ta'en away.

Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil?
 Do somewhat I may with thee at the Devil:
 For Shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,
 A pimping Husband is too much in Reason.

Once more wear Horns, before I quite forsake her,
 In Hopes whereof, I rest thy Cuckold-maker,



OVID'S



OVID's AMOURS.

BOOK III.

ELEGY I.

*The Poet deliberates with himself, whether
he should continue writing Elegies, or
attempt Tragedy.*



Nhurt by Steel, arose an antient Wood,
A Mansion fit for some retiring God;
With craggy Stones a secret Grot
was hung,
And in the midst a sacred Foun-
tain sprung;
The courting Birds, repeating Songs
of Love,

With soft Complainings sweetly fill'd the Grove;

Here wand'ring Thoughtful, and intent to chuse
 Some Theam unsung, to please the busie Muse;
 Fair Elegy came on with gentle Pace,
 Unforc'd her Air, and easy was her Grace,
 Her flaxen Hair in curious Tresses wreath'd,
 Ambrosial Sweets, and Heav'nly Odours breath'd;
 A simple Dress the careless Charmer bore,
 And loving Looks, and Smiles unartful wore:
 Next came the Goddess of the Tragick Scene,
 With stately Tread, and proud majestick Mien;
 Her Front severe, with hanging Curls was drown'd,
 Her length of Robe was full, and swept the Ground;
 Her Hand held out a Regal Sceptre grac'd,
 And *Lydian* Buskins half her Legs embrac'd.
 She first; "Must Love for ever tune thy Voice,
 "Fond idle Bard, and trifling in thy Choice?
 "Thy wanton Songs imploy the Drunkard's Tongue,
 "In ev'ry Street the riball'd Lays are sung;
 "The Finger marks thee in thy passing by,
 "Behold, where goes the Slave of Love, they cry.
 "Thy lewd Exploits, thou Profligate, are grown
 "The publick Theam, and Talk of all the Town,
 "Whilst unconcern'd, and lost to Sense of Shame,
 "Thou still run'st on, nor mind'st thy ruin'd Fame.
 "Enough thou'st told the Plaints of fond Desire,
 "Now let a nobler Inspiration fire;
 "Thy Matter cramps thy Genius, learn to find
 "A manly Subject, and exert thy Mind.
 "In Songs for Girls, fond Toys, and idle Play,
 "Thy Muse has wanton'd all her Hours away.
 "But Youth at length has fill'd it's Measure up;
 "My Friend, 'tis time to taste of th' other Cup.
 "New in my Service let thy Force be shown,
 "Assert my Honour, and retrieve thy own;
 "Thy sprightly Fancy, and inventive Wit,
 "The lofty Stile of Tragick Scenes will fit.

She said; and proudly rising in her Gate,
Thrice shook her Tresses, and display'd her State.
With open Look, (nor was my Sight beguil'd)
And joyous Eyes her Rival sweetly smil'd;
Sustain'd her Hand a Myrtle Branch upright?
Or did my Fancy form the charming Sight?
" Still so severe, O Tragedy, she cry'd!
" And canst thou ne'er forego thy sullen Pride?
" I not compare my lowly Lays to thine;
" Too weak Materials for the vast Design.
" The Stile unlabour'd, negligent the Dress,
" My Verse is humbler, and my Matter less.
" Gay, wanton, soft, my Business is to move,
" With melting Strains, the playful God of Love,
" Bereft of me, Fair Venus wants her Charms,
" I help the Goddess, and prepare her Arms.
" My luring Arts, and soothing Lays prevail,
" Where lusty Port, and Tragick Buskins fail,
" I more deserve, by making that my Care,
" Thy rigid Pride allows not Thee to bear:
" By me, *Corinna* first was taught to try
" To break from Prison, and deceive the Spy;
" I first induc'd the fearful Fair to slide
" With trembling Caution from her Husband's Side;
" When to thy Arms, all loose, and dis-array'd,
" Prepar'd for Pleasure, flew the melting Maid.
" Fix'd on her Door, how oft I've hung on high,
" Expos'd, and patient of each gazing Eye!
" How oft, in secret, while the Keeper stay'd,
" Within her Woman's panting Bosom lay'd!
" Once sent a Birth-day Gift, the cruel Dame
" In pieces tore, and gave me to the Flame.
" I taught thee first to cultivate thy Mind;
" Thy Fancy brighten'd, and thy Wit refin'd;
" Thou to my Care those Merits must allow,
" For which my Rival would seduce thee now,

They spoke, I answer'd. " Let me Both conjure
 " To spare a Mind, with Terrors unsecure;
 " Nor to my Charge, when once pronounc'd, be lay'd
 " As Crimes, the Words my trembling Tongue has
 " To gain me Glory, thy Decrees ordain [said,
 " The Regal Sceptre, and the Tragick Strain;
 " With painful Labour need I toil for Fame,
 " When easier Tasks already raise my Name!
 " Thou mak'st my Love immortal: Thee I chuse;
 " Be thou my Queen, and still command my Muse.
 " Majestick Pow'r, forgive my simple Choice,
 " Thy gentle Rival has obtain'd my Voice.
 " Short is the Time, in which her Palm is won;
 " E'er thine is gain'd, the Poet's Life is done.
 I lowly said; She gracious gave Assent,
 And diff'rent Ways the parting Rivals went;
 Ye gentle Loves, compleat the Work assign'd,
 A greater Labour seems to press behind.

ELEGY II. *To his Mistress at the Horse-Race.*

By HENRY CROMWELL, Esq;

NOT in the Circus do I sit to view
 The running Horses, but to gaze on you;
 Near you I chuse an advantageous Place,
 And whilst your Eyes are fix'd upon the Race,
 Mine are on you---Thus do we feast our sight,
 Each alike pleas'd with Objects of Delight;
 In softer Whispers I my Passion move,
 You of the Rider talk, but I of Love.
 When, to please you, I freight my Subject quill,
 And change my Wishes to your Favourite;

Oh might I ride, and be so much your Care,
 I'd start with Courage from the Barrier,
 And with a swift short Compass brush the Goal---
 Unless the Sight of you my Course restrains,
 And makes my Hands forego the loosen'd Reins;
 As *Pelops* gaz'd on *Hippodamia's* Face,
 'Till he had almost lost th' important Race;
 Yet he his Mistress by her Favour won;
 So may our Prize assist us when we run.

[move;

What mean these Starts? you must not, can't re-
 This kind auspicious Place was fram'd for Love.
 I fear you're crouded,---Gentlemen, forbear,
 Pray let your Arms and Knees the Lady spare;
 Madam, your Gown hangs down---nay, pray let me---
 Oh Heav'ns! what fine, what curious Legs I see!
 Sure, who *Diana* in a Forest drew,
 Copy'd in this the gracefull'st Part from you;
 Such *Atalanta* discovering as she ran,
 What rap'trous Wishes seiz'd *Minalion*.
 I burn'd, and rag'd before---what then are these,
 But Flames on Flames, and Waters to the Seas?
 By these a Thousand other Charms are guesst,
 Which are so advantageously suppress'd.
 Oh for some Air! this scorching Heat remove,
 Your Fan would do't---but 'tis the Heat of Love.

But now the Pomp appears, the Sacred Throng
 Command Applauses from the Heart and Tongue;
 First Vict'ry with expanded Wings does move,
 Be near, (O Goddess!) to assist my Love;
 To *Mars* let Warriors Acclamations raise, [Praise;
 The Merchants Tongues resound with *Neptune's*
 Whilst I, whom neither Seas nor Arms invite,
 In Love alone, the Fruit of Peace, delight;
 To their *Apollo* let the Prophets pray,
 And Hunters to *Diana* Homage pay,

Let the Mechanicks to *Minerva* vow,
 Rusticks to *Ceres*, and to *Bacchus* bow;
 Whilst I devote my self to thee alone,
 Kind *Venus*, and the pow'rful God thy Son;
 O be propitious to my Enterprize,
 Inform with all thy Softness these fair Eyes,
 And to Love's Cause her gentle Breast incline;
 She grants, and has confirm'd it with a Sign;
 Do you assure it too, you who're to me
 (With *Venus* leave) the mightier Deity.
 By all these Heav'nly Witnesses, to you
 Will I be ever faithful, ever true.

Now in the open Cirque the Game's begun;
 The Prator gives the Signal, now they run;
 I see which way your Wishes are inclin'd,
 To him a certain Conquest is design'd,
 For ev'n the Horses seem to know your Mind.
 He takes too large a Compass to come in,
 And lets his Adversary get between;
 Recall him, *Romans*, for a second Heat,
 And clear the Course;-----
 Now see your Ground you better do maintain,
 This Lady's Favour, and your Fame regain;
 The Prize is his,--- As yours successful prove,
 So let my Wishes, which are all for Love;
 I'm yet to conquer, and your Heart's the Prize;
 Something she promis'd with her sparkling Eyes,
 And smil'd;----- Enough, did I transported cry,
 The rest I'll leave to Opportunity.

ELEGY III. *Of his Perjur'd Mistress.**By the same Hand*

CAN there be Gods?----has she not falsely swore
 Yet is the Beauty that she was before!
 The curious Tresses of her dangling Hair,
 As long, and graceful still as e'er they were;
 That same inimitable Whire, and Red,
 Which o'er her Face was so distinctly spread,
 The Roses, and the Lillies keep their Place,
 And ev'ry Feature still as justly grace;
 Her sparkling Eyes their Lustre still retain,
 That Form, that perfect Shape does still remain,
 As if she ne'er had sinn'd: --And Heav'n ('tis plain)
 Suff'ring the fairer Sex to break their Vows,
 To the Superior Pow'r of Beauty bows.
 T' inforce my Credit to her Perjuries,
 Oft wou'd she swear by those persuasive Eyes;
 As if that Charm had been too weak to move,
 Sh' as added mine;---- tell me, ye Pow'rs above,
 Why all this Pain? why are these guiltless Eyes,
 For her Offence th' attoning Sacrifice?
 Was't not enough, *Andromeda* has dy'd,
 An Expiation for her Mother's Pride?
 Is't not enough, that unconcern'd you see
 (Vain Witnesses for Truth, for Faith, for me,)
 Such an Affront put on Divinity?
 Yet no Revenge the daring Crime pursue,
 But the Deceiv'd must be her Victim too.
 Either the Gods are empty Notions, crept
 Into the Minds of Dreamers, as they slept.
 In vain are fear'd, are but the Tricks of Law,
 To keep the foolish cred'ulous World in awe;

Or, if there be a God, he loves the Fair,
 And all things at their sole Disposal are.
 For us are all the Instruments of War
 Design'd, the Sword of *Mars*, and *Pallas'* Spear,
 'Gainst us alone *Apollo's* Bows are bent,
 And at our Heads *Jove's* brandish'd Thunder sent;
 Yet of the Ladies, oh! how fond are they!
 Dare not the Injuries, they receive, repay,
 But those, who ought to fear 'em, they obey. }
Jove to his Votaries is most severe,
 Temples nor Altars does his Light'ning spare,
 Obliging *Semele* in Flames expires,
 But those, who merit, can escape the Fires;
 Is this the Justice of your Pow'rs Divine?
 Who then will offer Incense at a Shrine?
 Why do we thus reproach the Deities?
 Have they not Hearts?----and surely they have Eyes,
 Nay, had I been a God, I had believ'd
 The lovely Criminals, and been deceiv'd;
 Had wav'd the Judgments to their Perjuries due,
 And sworn my self that all they spoke was true;
 Since then the Gods such ample Gifts bestow,
 As make you absolute o'er Men below;
 Pray let me find some Mercy in your Reign;
 Or spare at least your Lover's Eyes from Pain.

ELEGY IV. *To a Man that lock'd up
 his Wife.*

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

VEX not thy self, and her, vain Man, since all
 By their own Vice, or Virtue stand, or fall.
 She's truly Chaste, and worthy of that Name,
 Who hates the Ill, as well as fears the Shame:

And that vile Woman whom Restraint keeps in,
Though she forbear the Act, has done the Sin.
Spies, Locks, and Bolts may keep her brutal Part,
But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her Heart.
They that have Freedom use it least, and so
The Power of Ill does the Design o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harsh Restraint,
Sick Men long most to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery Courser, whom no Art can stay,
Or rugged Force, does oft fair Means obey:
And he that did the rudest Arm disdain,
Submits with Quiet to the looser Rein.
An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
One silly Maid did all those Eyes beguile.
Danaë, though shut within a brazen Tower,
Felt the Male virtue of the Golden Shower:
But chaste *Penelope*, left to her own Will,
And free disposal, never thought of ill;
She to her absent Lord preserv'd her Truth,
For all th' Addresses of the smoother Youth.
What's rarely seen, our Fancy magnifies,
Permitted Pleasure who does not despise:
Thy Care provokes beyond her Face; and more
Men strive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.
They're wond'rous Charms we think, and long to
That in a Wife inchant a Husband so: [know,
Rage, swear, and Curse, no matter, she alone
Pleases, who Sighs, and cries, I am undone;
But could thy Spies say we have kept her Chaste:
Good Servants then, but an ill Wife thou hast.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
Where it is monstrous to be Fair, and Chaste,
And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
Would'st thou be Happy? with her Ways comply,
And in her Case lay Points of Honour by:

The Friendship she Begins wisely improve;
 And a Fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
 So shalt thou welcome be to every Treat,
 Live high, not pay, and never run in Debt.

ELEGY V. *The Dream.*

By Mr. CROMWELL.

T Was in the midst; and silent dead of Night,
 When heavy Sleep oppress'd my weary Sight,
 This Vision did my troubled Mind affright.
 To Sol expos'd, there stood a rising Ground,
 Which cast beneath a spacious Shade around;
 A gloomy Grove of spreading Oaks below,
 And various Birds were perch'd on ev'ry Bough:
 Just on the Margin of a verdant Mead,
 Where murm'ring Brooks refreshing Waters spread:
 To shun the Heat, I sought this cool recess;
 But in this Shade, I felt my Heat no less:
 When browsing o'er the flow'ry Grass appear'd
 A lovely Cow, the fairest of the Herd;
 By spotless White distinguish'd from the rest;
 Whiter than Milk from her own Udders press'd,
 Whiter than falling, or the driven Snow,
 Before descending Mists can make it flow.
 She, with a lusty Bull, her happy Mate,
 Delighted, on the tender Herbage ate;
 There, as he crop'd the Flowers, and chews the Guds,
 Feasting a second Time upon his Food,
 His Limbs with sudden heavinets oppress'd,
 He bends his Head, and sinks to pleasing Rest.
 A noise Crow, cleaving the liquid Air,
 Thrice with lewd Bill pick'd off the Heifer's Hair,

The glossy White imbib'd a spreading Blot;
But on her Breast appear'd a livid Spot:
The Cow rose slowly from her Consort's Side,
But when afar the grazing Bull she spy'd,
Frisk'd to the Herd, with an impetuous haste,
And pleas'd, in new luxuriant Soil, her Taste.
Oh learn'd Diviner!
What may this Visionary Dream portend?
If Dreams in any future Truth can end.
The Prophet nicely weighs what I relate,
And thus denounces in the Voice of Fate:

That Heat you try'd to shun i'th' shady Grove,
But shunn'd in vain, was the fierce heat of Love:
The Cow denotes the Nymph, your only Care;
For White's th' expressive Image of the Fair;
And you the Bull, abandon'd to Despair:
The picking Crow, some busie Bawd implies,
Who with base Arts will soon seduce your Prize:
You saw the Crow to fresher Pastures range:
So will your Nymph for richer Lovers change:
As mixing with the Herd, you saw her rove;
So will the Fair pursue promiscuous Love:
Soon will you find a foul incestuous blot;
As on the Cow you view'd the livid Spot.

At this my Blood retir'd, with dismal fright,
And left me pale as Death; my fainting Sight
Was quire o'ercast in dusky Shades of Night.



ELEGY VI. *To a River, as he was going to his Mistress.*

By Mr. R Y M E R.

THY Course, thy noble Course a while forbear,
 I am in haste now going to my Dear:
 Thy Banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy Praise!
 Alas my haste! sweet River, let me pass.
 No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
 Or Rope to hall me to the farther Shoar?
 I have remembred thee a little one,
 Who now with all this Flood com'st blund'ring down.
 Did I refuse my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
 To spur along, and must I here attend?
 No Art to help me to my Journeys end!
 Ye *Lapland* Powers, make me so far a Witch,
 I may a-stride get over on a Switch.
 Oh for some Griffin, or that flying Horse,
 Or any Monster to assist my Course:
 I wish his Art that mounted to the Moon,
 In shorter Journey wou'd my Job be done.
 Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards devise,
 Or name their lewd unconscionable Lies?
 Good River, let me find thy Courtesie,
 Keep within bounds, and may'st thou ne'er be dry.
 Thou can'st not think it such a mighty boast,
 A Torrent has a gentle Lover crost.
 Rivers should rather take the Lover's side;
 Rivers themselves Love's swondrous Power have try'd;
 'Twas on this Score *Inachus*, pale, and wan,
 Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
 Long before *Troy* the Ten-years Siege did fear,
 Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neava's* Chains didst wear.
 Ask *Achylous* who his Horns did drub,
 Streight he complains of *Hercules's* Club.

For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
Was then contested such outrageous Fray?
(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deianira, it was all for thee.
E'en *Nile* so rich, that rowls through seven wide Doors,
And uppish over all his Country scowrs;
For *Asop's* Daughter did such Flame contract,
As not by all that Stock of Waters slack'd.
I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
But must not pass by thee, immortal *Thame*;
E'er thou cou'dst *Isis* to thy Bosome take,
How did'st thou wind, and wander for her sake?
The lusty-----with broad *Humber* strove,
Was it for Fame? I say, it was for Love.
What makes the noble *Ouz* up from the Main
With hideous roar come bristling back again?
He thinks his dearest *Derwent* left behind,
Or fears her false, in new Embraces joyn'd.
Thee also some small Girl has warm'd, we guess,
Tho' Woods, and Forests now hide thy soft Place.
Whilst this I speak, it swells, and broader grows,
And o'er the highest Banks impetuous flows.
Dog-flood what art to me? Or why do'st check
Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my Journey break?
What wou'dst, if thee indeed some noble Race,
Or high Descent, and glorious Name did grace?
When of no ancient House, or certain Seat
(Nor, known before this Time untimely, great)
Rais'd by some sudden Thaw thus high, and proud,
No holding thee, ill-manner'd upstart Flood.
Nor my Love-Tales can make thee stay thy Course,
Thou----Zounds, thou art a----River for a Horse.
Thou hadst no Fountain, but from Bears wer't pift,
From Snows, and Thaws, or *Scotch* unfavoury Mist,
Thou crawl'st along, in Winter soul, and poor,
In Summer puddl'd like a Common-Shore,

In all thy Days when did'st a Courtesie?
 Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a Lip to thee.
 Thee bane to Cattel, to the Meadows worse,
 For something, all, I, for my Sufferings, curse.
 To such unworthy Wretch, how am I sham'd,
 That I the gen'rous am'rous River nam'd?
 When Nile, and Achelous I display'd,
 And Thame, and Ouz, what Worm was in my Head?
 For thy Reward, discourteous River, I
 Wish, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.

ELEGY VII. *Ovid laments his imperfect Enjoyment.*

By an unknown Hand.

WAS she not Heav'nly Fair, and rich attir'd?
 Was she not that, which all my Soul desir'd?
 Yet were these Arms around her idly spread,
 And with an useless Load I press'd the Bed.
 Ev'n to my Wishes was the Pow'r deny'd,
 When with my Wishes the kind Nymph comply'd.
 I lay without Life's animated Spring,
 A dull, enervate, worthless, lumpish Thing.
 My Neck she folded with a soft Embrace,
 Now kiss'd my Eyes, now wanton'd o'er my Face.
 Now lov'd to dart her humid Tongue to mine,
 Now would her pliant Limbs around me twine,
 And sooth, by thousand ways, the sweet Design.
 The moving Blandishments of Sound she try'd,
 And my dear Life, my Soul, my All, she cry'd.
 In vain, alas! the Nerves were slacken'd still,
 And I prov'd only potent in my Will.
 A poor, unactive Sign of Man I made,
 And might as well for Use have been a Shade,

If old I live, how shall I old prevail,
When in my Youth I thus inglorious fail?
The Bloom of Years becomes my shameful Moan,
Now in full Growth the ripen'd Man is shown,
But not the Strength of Man to her was known.
Untouch'd by Brothers, Sisters thus retire,
Or Vestals rise to watch th' eternal Fire.
Yet many a Nymph, whom I forbear to name,
Have kindly yielded, and indulg'd my Flame,
Nor could the Vigour of their *Ovid* blame.
Corinna knows, when numb'ring the Delight,
Not less than Nine full Transports crown'd the Night.
Is Verse, or Herbs the source of present Harms?
Am I a Captive to *Thessalian* Charms?
Has some Enchantress this Confusion brought,
And in soft Wax my tortur'd Image wrought?
Deep in the Liver is the Needle fix'd?
Plagues she by Numbers, or by Juices mix'd?
By Numbers, sudden the ripe Harvests die,
And fruitful Urns no more their Streams supply:
Oaks shed, unshook, their Acorns at the call,
And the Vine wonders, why her Clusters fall.
Why may not Magick act on me the same,
Unstring the Nerves, and quite untune the Frame?
Gall'd at the Heart, and longing to perform,
I rais'd indeed, but rais'd an empty Storm.
Most disappointed, when the most propense,
And Shame was second Cause of Impotence.
What Limbs I touch'd! and only touch'd: Oh fie!
Where was the Blissful touch? her Shift can vie
In Feats, like these, and Touch, as well as I:
Yet to touch her, ev'n *Nestor* might grow Young,
And Centuries, like Twenty one, be string;
Such was the Maid; the Parallel had ran
Graceful, if I could add, such was the Man.
Some envious Deity with Vengeance glow'd,
So sweet a Gift had been so ill bestow'd.

I burn'd to clasp her naked in my Arms,
 Did she not freely open all her Charms?
 What boors good Fortune, if we want the Pow'r
 To snatch the Pleasures of the favour'd Hour?
 I, like a Miser, only could behold;
 And brooded o'er an uselefs mine of Gold.
 So *Tantalus* with Fruit untouch'd, is curs'd,
 And dies, amid the gliding Stream, of Thirst.
 So rises early from th' untasted Fair,
 The grave old Prelate, and kneels down to Pray'r.
 Were yet her melting Kisses misemploy'd?
 Did she strive vainly to be well enjoy'd?
 Sure she has Beauties might deaf Rocks enchant,
 Bend the proud Oak, and soften Adamant.
 She would have mov'd a Man, tho' almost dead,
 But with my Manhood the whole Life was fled.
 If none should lend an Ear, why is the Song?
 Or painted Nymphs shewn to a blinded Throng?
 Ye Gods! what Joys did not my Fancy raise!
 I curl'd in folds of Love a thousand ways.
 Strong were my Thoughts, but ah! my Body lay
 Languid, as Roses pluck'd off Yesterday.
 Now all the Blood the circling Spirits fire,
 And the lost Field impertinent require:
 Begone, untimely Nerves! I trust no more
 Such was the Promise of your Strength before.
 Could you the Fair One balk of her Delight,
 Disgrace your Master by so base a Flight,
 And want the Courage for so sweet a Fight?
 Did she not kindly to your stay demand,
 And tempt it softly with a soothing Hand?
 But when Solicitings no Life could gain,
 And Inspirations, tho' from her, were vain,
 Who bad thee thus thy self to me to bring?
 Go for a silly, unperforming Thing?
 Art thou a Wretch by some curs'd Spell destroy'd,
 Or here com'st fribling with past Pleasures cloy'd?

She spoke, and springing from the Bed she flew,
 And secret Beauties so disclos'd to view:
 Yet to conceal the joyless Night's disgrace,
 She call'd for Water with a smiling Face,
 And wash'd a nameless, unpolluted Place.

ELEGY VIII. *He complains that his
 Mistress did not give him a favourable
 Reception.*

WHAT Coxcomb will in future Times think fit
 To build, in Love, his Fortune on his Wit?
 Wealth now is Worth, whatever 'twas of Old,
 And Merit valu'd by its Weight in Gold.
 With Male, and Female this is now the Rule,
 And he that's Poor, of course must be a Fool.
 The Dame to read my Am'rous Verse delights,
 My Writings likes, but scorns the Man that writes;
 They freely on her Privacy presume,
 And find Admittance, where I must not come:
 Me, when she does her haunted House exclude,
 To them she's civil, as to me she's rude.
 Me she exposes to a Thousand Harms,
 To walk the Streets, while they are in her Arms.
 For whom does she my Passion disregard,
 And who has intercepted my Reward?
 Why is the Beau with so much Joy embrac'd,
 His Pocket's full, it seems, his Coat is lac'd?
 He won her with his Military Air,
 Which cheats as often as it Charms the Fair.
 Cou'd she her longing Eyes forbear to fix
 On his fine Feather, and his Coach, and Six?
 Enrich'd by Plunder, he cou'd never miss
 The Favour, who wou'd buy the venal Bliss.

No Matter that he got his Wealth by War,
And Blood; She cares not, if she has her Share;
The Upstart forward was, 'tis said, in Fight,
And in the Field of Battle made a Knight:
But had his Honour come without his Gold,
His, sure, had been like my Reception, cold.
To Men of Merit, how could she be Coy,
Yet to a Murd'rer prostitute the Joy?
That Head which lolls upon your panting Breast,
Was lately cover'd with a Plumy Crest.
Can you the Bully to your Bed admit,
Are his hard Limbs for Ladies dalliance fit?
His Hands in your Embrace you'll find imbru'd,
With clotted, and perhaps with guiltless Blood;
How awkward must it be for you to feel,
Near yours his Thigh, that late was cas'd with Steel?
That Ring, the Token of his Pride, and State,
Was with a heavy Gauntlet hid of late:
Canst thou have Commerce with a Thing so foul?
Where's now the boasted Niceness of thy Soul?
What Pleasure canst thou in his Roughness find?
Thou, that wert once the softest of thy Kind?
Behold what Marks of brutal Rage he bears,
And how he's mangled with dishonest Scars;
Yet to those Scars, dishonest as they are,
His Wealth he owes, his Fortunes with the Fair.
No doubt, he makes a Merit of his Guilt,
And brags what Blood he has in Battle spilt.
Fine Courtship this, to win a gentle Dame,
Thou shar'st his Money, and must share his Shame.
Me, not the meanest of *Apollo's* Train,
She hates, and I repeat my Verse in vain;
I sing before her Gate; her Gate I find,
Is less obdurate, than her harden'd Mind.
Forbear your Songs, *Apollo's* Sons, forbear,
And bend your future Thoughts to Arms, and War.

Instead of Inspirations, get Commands;
To Murder, and to Rapine use your Hands,
And you with Ease reduce the Female Bands.
Had *Homer* in the *Gracian* Army serv'd,
We ne'er had heard that he had begg'd, or starv'd.
Of Gold the Thund'rer shew'd the mighty Pow'r,
Descending softly thro' the Brazen Tow'r,
And clasping *Danaë* in a Golden Show'r.
A Thousand Bars the Virgin Fair did hold,
But what are Iron Bars, to Bribes of Gold?
Against this Foe her Father cou'd not guard,
Watchmen, and Women keep a fruitless Ward;
The Damsel who her self before was Coy,
Melts at the Sight, and meets the dazzling Joy.
When peaceful *Saturn* did Heav'n's Sceptre sway,
Deep in Earth's Womb the fatal Metal lay;
None then their teeming Mothers Bowels tore,
In quest of hidden Wealth, in various Ore;
Fed with the Fruits, which bounteous Nature yields,
In painted Gardens, and in Golden Fields,
From her rich Soil are reap'd spontaneous Crops,
And from the Forest Oak sweet Honey drops.
No Hinds as yet did toil their Time away,
Nor with keen Cultors wound the Parent Clay;
As yet no Landmark was by Lab'ers set,
And none had learn'd to plow the Sea as yet:
None as yet knew the Use of Sails, and Oars,
Nor ventur'd Voyages beyond their Shores.
The Wit of Men, the Race of Men destroys,
And all its Pow'rs against it self employs.
How subtle's Human Nature to contrive
Its proper Ruin, and it self deceive!
Why didst thou Cities with high Walls surround,
Why Arms invent thy jarring Sons to wound?
What Quarrel hadst thou with the Sea, and why
Didst thou at first the pathless Ocean try?

Cannot the Land content thy restless Pride?
Did'st thou with *Saturn's* Sons the whole divide, }
Thou would'st not with three Worlds be satisfy'd.
'Tis strange thy vast Ambition did not fly
O'er Earth, and Sea, and Air, and scale the Sky.
That Man did not aspire to be a God,
And tread the Paths by *Indian Bacchus* trod,
To give his Name to some distinguish'd Star,
And be what *Hercules*, and *Cesar* are.
Instead of yellow Harvests now we seek
For solid Gold, and thro' Earth's Entrails break;
The Wealth we thus acquire's the Soldier's Prey,
And dearly for the Blood he spills, we pay.
The Courts deny Admittance to the Poor,
In vain the needy Clients croud the Door;
The Judges to the Rich decree the Cause,
And Money only gives their Force to Laws.
'Tis Money makes the Judge with Look severe
Insult the Poor, and give the Rich his Ear;
'Tis Money buys the Title, makes the Knight,
And dignifies with Quality the Cit:
Let Money do all this, and more; the Bar
Let Money govern, and direct the War;
Let Peace, as Money sets the Terms, be made,
But let it not the Rights of Love invade,
Let us enjoy this Privilege at least,
That if we must be poor, we may with Love be blest'd.
For now-a-days there's not a Dame in Town
So Coy; but if you've Money, she's your own;
What tho' her Keeper may an *Argus* be,
Blind him with Money, and he'll nothing see:
What tho' her Husband should by Chance be by,
He'll leave the House, let you your Money fly.
If there's a God above, to whom belongs
The Cause of Love, and slighted Lovers Wrongs,
Revenge the false One's mercenary Scorn,
And let ill-gotten Pelf to Dirt return.

ELEGY IX. *Upon the Death of*
Tibullus.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

IF *Memnon's* Fate, bewail'd with constant Dew,
Does, with the Day, his Mother's Grief renew;
If her Son's Death mov'd tender *Thetis'* Mind
To swell with Tears the Waves, with Sighs the Wind;
If Mighty Gods can Mortals Sorrow know,
And be the humble Partners of our Woe;
Now loose your Tresses, pensive Elegy,
(Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the Joy, and Pride of Fame,
Lives now, rich Fuel on the trembling Flame.
Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring Hearts,
Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts;
Eases his useless Bows from idle Strings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging Wings.
He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, Rest;
And wounds with furious Hands his pensive Breast.
Those graceful Curls which wantonly did flow,
The whiter Rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget their Beauty, and in Discord lye,
Drunk with the Fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Aeneas* loss the Boy did move,
Like Passions for them both prove equal Love.
Tibullus' Death grieves the Fair Goddess more,
More swells her Eyes, than when the savage Boar
Her Beautiful, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heav'n's noblest Stamps do bear
(Poets the watchful Angels darling Care)
Yet Death (blind Archer) that no diff'rence knows,
Without Respect, his roving Arrows throws,

Nor *Phæbus*, nor the Muses Queen could give,
 Their Son, their own prerogative, do live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents Skill,
 Tam'd wond'ring Beasts, not Death's more cruel Will.
Linus' sad Strings on the dumb Lute do lie,
 In Silence forc'd to let their Master die.
Homer (the Spring, to whom we Poets owe
 Our little All, does in sweet Numbers flow)
 Remains immortal only in his Fame,
 His Works alone survive the envious Flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
 And needless Victims prodigally pay.
 Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
 Scorns Votaries, and stops the praying Breath.
 To hallow'd Shrines intruding Fate will come,
 And drag you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go, frantick Poet, with Delusions fed,
 Think Laurels guard your consecrated Head,
 Now the sweet Master of your Art is dead. }
 What can we hope? since that a narrow Span
 Can measure the Remains of thee, Great Man.
 The bold, rash Flame that durst approach so nigh, }
 And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
 Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defie. }
 Fair *Venus* (fair e'en in such Sorrows) stands,
 Closing her heavy Eyes with trembling Hands.
 Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
 To quench the Flame with Rivers from her Eyes.

His Mother weeping doth his Eye-lids close,
 And on his Urn Tears, her last Gift, bestows.
 His Sister too, with Hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her Mother's Nature, and her Tears.

With those two Fair, two mournful Rivals come,
And add a greater Triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Ashes kiss,
And both contend which reap'd the greater Bliss.
Thus *Delia* spoke, (when Sighs no more could last)
Renewing by remembrance Pleasures past;
" When Youth with Vigour did for Joy combine,
" I was *Tibullus*' Life, *Tibullus* mine;
" I entertain'd his hot, his first Desire,
" And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
To her then *Nemesis* (when Groans gave leave)
" As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;
" Spare your vain Tears, *Tibullus*' Heart was mine,
" About my Neck his dying Arms did twine;
" I snatch'd his Soul, which true to me did prove;
" Age ended Yours, Death only stop'd my Love,

If any poor Remains survive the Flames
Except thin Shadows, and more empty Names;
Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
Nor fear a second Death should cross his Love,
There shall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays impart
To his far dearer Friend his open Heart.
There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred Tongues all lye)
Shall, free from Censure, no more rashly die.
Such shall our Poet's blest Companions be,
And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my strict Commands,
Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious Hands,
Thou, Earth, *Tibullus*' Ashes gently use,
And be as soft and easie as his Muse.

ELEGY X.

NOW *Ceres*' Feast is come, the Trees are blown
And my *Corinna* now must lye alone,

And why, good *Ceres*, must thy Feast destroy
 Man's chief Delight, and why disturb his Joy?
 The World esteems you bountiful, and good,
 You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
 And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholesome Food.
 Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
 Oaks gave him Meat, and flow'ry Fields a Bed.
 First *Ceres* made our Wheat, and Barly grow,
 And taught us how to Plow, and how to Mow:
 Who then can think that she designs to prove
 Our Piety, by coldness in our Love?
 Or make poor Lovers sigh, lament, and groan,
 Or charge her Votaries to lye alone?
 For *Ceres*, tho' she loves the fruitful Fields,
 Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
 This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not always lies,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his Infant Cries,
 There he was suckled, that now Rules the Skies.
 That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
 Will raise her Fame, and make her be believ'd:
 Nay she herself will never strive to hide
 Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd:
 She saw young *Jasius* in the *Cretan* Grove
 Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Loeve.
 She then perceiv'd when first she felt the Fire,
 On this side Modesty, on that Desire;
 Desire prevail'd, and then the Field grew dry,
 The Farmer lost his Crop, and knew not why;
 When he had toil'd, manur'd his Grounds, and plow'd,
 Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and sow'd,
 No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
 His Labour, and his Wishes were in vain.
 For *Ceres* wand'ring in the Woods, and Groves,
 And often heard, and often told her Loves:
 Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
 Where-e'er the Goddess came, a Harvest grew.

Ida was gray with Corn, the furious Bore
 Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store:
 The *Cretans* wish'd, that such all Years would prove,
 They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
 Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to lye
 All Night alone, why at your Feast must I?
 Why must I mourn when you rejoyce to know
 Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below;
 'Tis Holy Day, and calls for Wine and Love,
 Come let's the heighth of Mirth and Humour prove,
 These Gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.

ELEGY XI. *To his Mistress, that he cannot help Loving her.*

SO much I've suffer'd, and so long, no more
 I'll bear the Wrongs, which I have born before.
 Begone, vile *Cupid*, I'll no more endure
 Thy slavish Labours, and Fatigues impure;
 From hence, I'll put an end to all the Pains
 Thou cost me, and from hence shake off thy Chains.
 I hate the Liv'ry, I with Pleasure wore,
 And blush at Bonds, which once with Pride I bore;
 But this, methinks, should have been done before.
 To leave my wicked Courses, I begin,
 As Tears deprive me of the Guilt of Sin.
 On *Cupid's* Neck I shou'd have trod when Young,
 And vanquish'd him, when my Desires were strong;
 In that there had been Virtue; now there's none,
 The World will say so; Let the World say on.
 Much Opposition I shall meet; perhaps,
 The Lewd will laugh, and threaten a Relapse:
 To bear Reproaches I must be prepar'd,
 Easy's the End, when the Beginning's hard;

Content, let me the present Pain endure,
For the sharp Med'cine is the Patient's Cure;
How oft have you expos'd me to the Cold,
While, in your Arms, you did my Rival hold?
How like a Slave have I been forc'd to wait
All Weathers, and how oft have watch'd the Gate?
As if your House was trusted to my Care,
And I, your Centinel, did Duty there.
Oft have I seen your sated Lover come
With Looks, as if he long'd to be at Home.
But what most grated on my jealous Mind,
Was that he there, the waiting Fool should find.
That aggravated most the cruel Curse,
I would not wish my greatest Foe a worse.
How oft have I attended you Abroad,
Or in the City, Cirque, or on the Road?
They took me for your Husband by my Care,
Or that your Guardian, or your Slave I were;
I by the People's Glances, and your own,
Observ'd, you were acquainted with the Town,
That of your Love, if I possess'd a Part,
'Twas plain, I shar'd with many more your Heart.
What need I of your Perjuries bring Proof,
Suppose the common Talk was not enough?
What do your Ogles, and your Gestures mean,
Your Carriage at th' Assembly, and the Scene?
There's scarce a Fop you meet with in your Way,
To whom you have not something soft to say;
Some Token which you either understand
By Mystick Words, or Motion of the Hand.
They tell me you are sick; I run to see,
And find, as ill as you pretend to be,
It is not for my Rival, but for me. }
I seldom told you of your Faults, but strove
To cover all your Failings with my Love.
Of this I might remind you, and much more,
But what avails it now? th' Affair is o'er:

A fond you found me, and a patient Man,
And get you such another if you can.
I fear not now your Frowns; my Bark defies
The Storm of Words, and Témpest of your Eyes;
No coaxing now, your hardest Phrases use,
Your Looks, your Language all their Terrors lose.
I am not such a Fool as I have been,
To dread your Spirit, and to sooth your Spleen.
But Ah, by diff'rent Passions I'm oppress'd,
Fierce Love, and Hate contend within my Breast;
My Soul they thus divide, but Love I fear
Will prove too strong, and get the Mast'ry there;
I'll strive to hate her, but if that should prove
A fruitless Strife, in spite of me I'll Love.
The Bull does not affect the Yoke, but still
He bears the Thing he hates, against his Wills;
I hate, I fly the faithless Fair in vain,
Her Beauty even brings me back again.
She always in my Heart will have a Place,
I hate her Humour, but I love her Face.
No Rest, I to my tortur'd Soul can give,
Nor with her, nor without her can I live.
Oh that thy Mind we in thy Face did view,
Less lovely that thou wer'st, or else more true;
How different are thy Manners, and thy Sight?
Thy Deeds forbid us, and thy Eyes invite.
Thy Actions shock us, and thy Beauty moves,
And he who hates thy Faults, thy Person loves.
Happy, ah ever Happy, should I be,
If I no Charms, or no Defects could see;
Thee I conjure, by all our past Delights,
Our chearful Days, and our transporting Nights,
By all the imprecated Gods above,
To whom thou art forsworn, but most by Love,
By thy fair Face, which I as much adore,
As all those Gods, and own as much its Pow'r,
Forgive me this Offence, and I'll offend no more.

Be what thou wilt, thy Humour Good or Ill,
 I'll love thee, thou shalt be my Mistress still.
 Ah let my Passion ever Favour find,
 Or be it with, or be't against my Mind,
 But rather let me Sail before the Wind.
 Ah let my Wishes with my Will agree,
 Since, surely I thy Slave must ever be;
 In thee, since I have center'd all my Joys,
 Oh *Venus* let my Love be still my Choice.

ELEGY XII. *He complains, that the Praises he has bestow'd on his Mistress in his Verses, have occasion'd him many Rivals.*

ILL-omen'd Birds, how luckless was the Day,
 When o'er my Love you did your Wings display?
 What wayward Orb, what inauspicious Star
 Did then rule Heav'n, what Gods against me War?
 She, who so much my faithful Passion wrongs,
 Was known, and first made famous by my Songs.
 I lov'd her first, and lov'd her then alone,
 But now, I fear, I share her with the Town.
 Am I deceiv'd? or can she be the same,
 Who only to my Verses owes her Fame?
 My Verse a Price upon her Beauty laid,
 And by my Praises, she her Market made;
 Whom but my self can I with Reason blame?
 Without me she had never had a Name.
 Did I do this, who knew her Soul so well?
 Dearly to me she did her Favours sell,
 And when the Wares were to the Publick known,
 Why should I think she'd sell to me alone?
 'Twas I proclaim'd to all the Town her Charms,
 And tempt'd Cullies to her venal Arms;

I made their Way, I shew'd them where to come,
And there is hardly now a Rake in *Rome*,
But knows her Rates, and thanks my babling Muse;
Her House is now as common as the Stews;
For this I'm to the Muse oblig'd, and more,
For all the Mischiefs, Envy has in store.
This comes of Gallantry : while some employ
Their Talents on the Fate of *Thebes*, and *Troy*,
While others *Cæsar's* Godlike Acts rehearse,
Corinna is the Subject of my Verse.
Oh that I ne'er had known the Art to please,
But written without Genius, and Success;
Why did the Town so readily believe
My Verse, and why to Songs such Credit give?
Sure Poetry's the same it ever was,
And Poets ne'er for Oracles did pass.
Why is such Stress upon my Writings laid?
Why such Regard to what by me is said?
I with the Tales I've of *Corinna* told,
Had been receiv'd as Fables were of Old;
Of furious *Scylla's* horrid Shape we read,
And how she scalp'd her hoary Father's Head,
Of her fair Face, and downward, how she takes
The Wolf's fierce Form, the Dogs, or curling Snakes;
Serpents for Hair in Antient Song we meet,
And Man, and Horse with Wings instead of Feet.
Huge *Tityon* from the Skies the Poet sung,
Enceladus's Wars with *Jove* they sung,
How by her Spells, and by her Voice to Beasts,
The doubtful Virgin chang'd her wretched Guests;
How *Æolus* did for *Ulysses* keep
The Winds in Bottles, while he plow'd the Deep.
How *Cerberus*, Three-Headed, guarded Hell,
And from his Car, the Son of *Phæbus* fell.
How Thirsty *Tantalus* attempts to sip
The Stream, in vain, that flies his greedy Lip:

How *Niobe* in Marble drops a Tear,
 And a bright Nymph was turn'd into a Bear:
 How *Progne*, now a Swallow, does bemoan
 Her Sister Nightingale, and Pheasant Son.
 In *Leda*, *Danaë*, and *Europa*'s Rapes,
 They sing the King of Gods in various Shapes;
 A Swan he lies on ravish'd *Leda*'s Breast,
 And *Danaë*'s by a Golden Show'r compress'd,
 A Bull does o'er the Waves *Europa* bear;
 And *Proteus*, any Form he pleases, wear.
 How oft do we the *Theban* Wonders read,
 Of Serpents Teeth transform'd to human Seed?
 Of dancing Woods, and moving Rocks, that throng
 To hear sweet *Orpheus*, and *Amphion*'s Song.
 How oft do the *Heliades* bemoan,
 In Tears of Gum, the Fall of *Phaeton*?
 The Sun from *Atreus*' Table frighted flies,
 And backward drives his Chariot in the Skies.
 Those now are Nymphs that lately were a Fleet;
 Poetick Licence ever was so great:
 But none did Credit to these Fictions give,
 Or for true History such Tales receive.
 And tho' *Corinna* in my Songs is Fair,
 Let none conclude, she's like her Picture there.
 The Fable she with hasty Faith receiv'd,
 And what, so very well she lik'd, believ'd.
 But since so ill she does the Poet use,
 'Tis Time her Vanity to disabuse.

ELEGY XIII. *Of Juno's Feast.*

MY Wife, a Native of *Phaliscan* Plains,
 Where the rich Soil enrich the lab'ring Swains,
 Where Purple Grapes, and Golden Apples grow,
 A Conquest we to great *Camillus* owe,

When once to *Juno's* Feast she thither went,
My Mind to know the secret Rites was bent,
The pious Priests the solemn Sports prepare,
And purifie the Fane with Holy Care.
A Heifer of the Place they Sacrifice,
But ne'er to Men expose their Mysteries.
I mark'd the hidden Way my Consort went,
And follow'd down the deep, and dark Descent.
To an old Wood at last I came, whose Shade
Imprest a Horror on the Gloom it made,
And ev'ry Step with trembling Feet I trod,
Profan'd, I thought, the Dwelling of a God.
An Altar there was rais'd by Hands Divine,
And fragrant Incense flam'd around the Shrine.
Chast Marrons there their vow'd Oblations pay,
And celebrate with joyful Hymns the Day.
Soon as the Fife the Signal gives, they move
In long Procession thro' the sacred Grove,
Branches, and Flow'rs are with Devotion spread
O'er all their Way, and Priestly Vestments laid.
Next after these, thro' loud Acclains, they lead
A Cow Milk-White, and of *Phaliscan* Breed;
Then a young Steer, whose Forehead ne'er has born
The crooked Honours of the butting Horn.
The least of all the Victims was a Swine, [twine.
And then a Ram, whose Horns around his Temples
A Goat, whom most the Goddess hates, comes last,
The Present feels her Vengeance for the Past,
When in a Wood to hide herself she try'd,
She by the bleating of a Goat was spy'd;
For this the Beast is by the Boys pursu'd;
For this she's even greedy of its Blood,
And he, who first the Letcher wounds in Play,
Claims by her Law, and bears the Prize away.
The tender Youth, and tim'rous Virgins strow,
With Robes the Ground the Goddess is to go.

The Virgins Locks with Golden Fillets bound,
 And sparkling Diamonds glitt'ring all around;
 Buskins embroider'd on their Feet they wear,
 And spreading Trains with Pride uneasy bear.
 Here, as in *Greece* the Custom was of Old,
 The Image of the Goddess we behold,
 Born on the Heads of Maidens, and behind
 The Priestesses in beauteous Ranks you find,
 An awful Silence reigns; the Goddess last
 Approaches, and with her the Pomp is past.
 The Dress was *Greek*, and such *Halesus* wore,
 When in a fright he fled the *Grecian* Shoar;
 His Father kill'd, an *Argive* Ship he fraught,
 And to this Coast the Royal Treasure brought.
 Much Peril had he past, much Labour known,
 O'er Lands, and Seas, before he reach'd our own,
 And landing built, with happy Hand, the Town,
 Where first he did this Festival revive,
 And its *Greek* Rules to the *Phaliscans* give;
 The Rites and Sacrifices first he shew'd,
 As practis'd now within this antient Wood.
 Ah, may these Rites to all propitious be,
 Nor more to those that serve them than to me.

ELEGY XIV. *He desires his Mistress,
 if she does Cuckold him, not to let him
 know it.*

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
 Since you're a Woman, and a Fair one too.
 Act what you please, yet study to disguise
 The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
 A stiff denial will attenuate
 That Crime which your Confession would make great:

And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale Light,
 With the dark Secrets of the silent Night.
 Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
 E'er she begins, will shut the Chamber Door.
 And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
 How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
 At least seem virtuous, and tho' false it be,
 Say you are honest, and I'll credit thee.
 Conceal your Actions, and while I am by,
 Let modest Words your looser Thoughts bely.
 When to your private Chamber you retire,
 Unmask your Lust, and vent each warm Desire.
 Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
 The bold Intruder between thee, and Love:
 Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
 In Men 'tis Folly, and in Women Pride:
 There without Blushes you may naked lye
 Clasping his Body with your tender Thigh;
 Shoot your moist Dart into his Mouth, to show
 The Sense you have of what he Acts below.
 Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies twine.
 In Folds more strange, than those of *Aretine*:
 With melting Looks fierce Joys you may excite,
 And with thick dying Accents urge Delight.
 But when you're drest then look as innocent,
 As if you knew not what such Matters meant:
 And tho' just now a perfect Fiend you were,
 Hide the true Woman, and a Saint appear.
 Cozen the prying Town, and put a Cheat
 On it, and me, I'll favour the Deceit.
 False as thou art, why must I daily see
 Th' intriguing Billet Doux he sends to thee?
 The wanton Sonnet, or soft Elegy?
 Why does your Bed all rumbled from to say,
 See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay?
 Why do your Locks, and rumpled Head-Cloaths show
 'Twas more than usual Sleep that made 'em so?

Why are the Kisses, which he gave betray'd,
 By the Impression which his Teeth had made?
 Yet say you're Chaste, and I'll be still deceiv'd,
 What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd;
 But when you own what a lewd Wretch thou art;
 My Blood grows cold, and freezes at my Heart.
 Then do-I curse thee, and thy Crimes reprove,
 But Curse in vain, for still I find I Love.
 Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
 Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd dye.
 I will not see your Maid to let me know
 Who visits you, where, and with whom you go;
 Nor by your Lodging send my Boy to scout,
 And bring me word who passes in, and out.
 Enjoy the Pleasure of the present Times,
 But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
 Do you forswear't tho' in the Act you're caught,
 I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY XV. *To Venus, that he may
 have done writing Elegies.*

PARENT of tender Love, and soft Desire,
 The Breast of some new Poet now inspire;
 Howe'er my Muse has been thy Slave before,
 I've done with Elegies; I'll write no more.
 When in *Pelignian* Groves of Love I writ,
 The Subject was not for my Years unfit,
 I was then Young, and fond to shew my Wit. }
 As in my Veins a generous Stream did flow,
 Well might my Heart with gallant Wishes glow.
 By Birth, and by Command I was a Knight,
 And in all Wantonness might well delight,
 As Honour, and Descent inflam'd my Breast,
 Well what I wish'd be in my Works express'd.

To *Virgil Mantua* owes immortal Fame,
Catullus to *Verona* gives a Name,
Why mayn't, if I attempt some great Design,
Peligna be as much oblig'd to mine?
Why mayn't my *Muse* a glorious Toil pursue,
And as much Honour to my Country do?
A People, who when *Rome* has been alarm'd,
By foreign Foes, in her Defence have arm'd;
A Stranger who our *Sulma's* Tow'rs surveys
Surrounded by a Flood, tho' far from Seas;
Warry the City from her Waters nam'd
Would cry, Hadst thou been for some Poet fam'd,
As little as thou art, as nameless now,
Great in Renown thou by his *Muse* shou'dst grow.
Ah Boy, and thou his Mother, ah forbear,
Lift me not longer in ignoble War.
Beneath your Golden Banners I have fought;
So long your Discipline, so much have taught;
'Tis Time to give me a Discharge, to prove
Some other, some more glorious Theam than Love.
See *Bacchus* beckens me my Voice to raise,
Of lofty Deeds to sing, in lofty Lays,
To mount my *Muse* on some more gen'rous Horse,
And try her Courage in some daring Course.
Adieu, my sighing Elegies, Adieu,
I'll be no more concern'd with Love, or you,
But what I write my Being shall survive,
And in his Verse the Poet ever live.

F I N I S.

*BOOKS Printed for Jacob Tonson, at
Shakespear's Head over-against Katharine-Street in the Strand.*

F O L I O ' s .

MR. Echard's History of England, from the first Entrance of Julius Caesar and the Romans, to the Conclusion of the Reign of King James the Second, and Establishment of King William and Queen Mary, containing the Space of 1742 Years; in 3 Volumes, with compleat Indexes.

A general Ecclesiastical History from the Nativity of our blessed Saviour to the first Establishment of Christianity by Human Laws, under the Emperor Constantine the Great. Containing the Space of about 313 Years. With so much of the Jewish and Roman History as is necessary and convenient to illustrate the Work. To which is added, a large Chronological Table of all the Roman and Ecclesiastical Affairs included in the same Period of Time. By Laurence Echard, A. M. Arch Deacon of Stowe.

The Old and New Testament connected in the History of the Jews, and Neighbouring Nations, from the Declension of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah, to the time of Christ. By Humphrey Prideaux, D. D. Dean of Norwich. In Two Parts.

The whole Works of Arch-Bishop Tillotson, containing those printed in his Life time, and all his Posthumous since publish'd by Dr. Barker, in three Vols.

The Works of the Learned Isaac Barrow, D. D. late Master of Trinity-College in Cambridge (being all his

Books printed for J. Tonson.

his *English Works*) in three Volumes. Published by his Grace *Dr. John Tillotson*, late Lord Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

Poems on several Occasions, by *Mr. Prior*.

Ovid's Metamorphoses in fifteen Books, translated by the most Eminent Hands. Adorn'd with Sculptures.

An Historical and Critical Dictionary by *Monsieur Bayle*, translated into *English* with many Additions and Corrections, made by the Author himself, that are not in the *French Editions*; in four Volumes.

C. Julii Caesaris quæ extant. Accuratissime cum Libris Editis & MSS. optimis collata, recognita & correctæ accesserunt Annotationes Samuelis Clarke. S. T. P. Item Indices Locorum, Rerumque & Veterum Uellissimæ Tabulæ Encis Ornata.

Opera & Fragmenta Veterum Poetarum Latinorum Profanarum & Ecclesiasticorum Duobus Voluminibus comprehensa.

Octavo & Duodecimo.

A General Ecclesiastical History from the Nativity of our blessed Saviour to the first Establishment of Christianity by Human Law, under the Emperor *Constantine the Great*. Containing the Space of about 313 Years. With so much of the *Jewish* and *Roman History* as is necessary and convenient to illustrate the Work. To which is added a large Chronological Table of all the *Roman* and Ecclesiastical Affairs included in the same Period of Time. By *Laurence Eibard, A. M. Arch-Deacon of Stowe*.

The Old and New Testament connected in the History of the *Jews* and neighbouring Nations, from the Declension of the Kingdoms of *Israel* and *Judah* to the Time of *Christ*. By *Humphrey Prideaux, D. D. Dean of Norwich*. In Two Parts.

Tatlers, Four Vol. *Spectators*, Eight Vol. *Guardians*, Two Vol. *Englishman*, and *Lovers*, in Royal Paper or Demy. Dry-

Books printed for J. Tontson.

Dryden's Virgil with Cuts, 3-Vol.

— *Juvenal and Persius, with Cuts.*
— *Fables.*

— *Comedies, Tragedies, and Opera's.*

The Satires of *Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, and of *Aulus Persius Flaccus*; translated into *English Verse* by *Mr. Dryden*. and several other eminent Hands; to which is prefix'd a Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of *Satyr*. The Fourth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures.

The Poetical Works of *Mr. John Milton*, containing *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regain'd*, *Sampson Agonistes*, and his Poems on several Occasions, in two Vols.

Poems on several Occasions, by *Mr. Prior*.

Creation, a Philosophical Poem in seven Books by *Sir Richard Blackmore*.

The Works of *Mr. William Congreve*, in Three Vol. containing his Plays and Poems, some of which were never before publish'd.

The Works of *Mr. Abraham Cowley*, in Two Vol. consisting of those which were formerly printed, and those which he design'd for the Press, publish'd out of the Author's Original Copies, with the Cutter of *Coleman-street*. The Eleventh Edition, adorn'd with Cuts.

The Works of *Mr. Francis Beaumont*, and *Mr. John Fletcher*, in Seven Vol. adorn'd with Cuts; revis'd and corrected, with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors.

The Works of *Sir George Etherege*, containing his Plays and Poems.

Plutarch's Lives, translated from the *Greek* by several Hands, in 5 Vol. to which is prefix'd the Life of *Plutarch*.

Seneca's Morals by way of Abstract; to which is added, a Discourse under the Title of an After-Thought, by *Sir Roger L'Estrange*.

Calipedia; or, an Art how to have handsome Children, witten in *Latin* by the Abbot *Quillet*. To which

Books Printed for J. Tonson.

is added, *Padotrophia*; or, the Art of Nursing and Breeding up Children; written in *Latin* by Mr. *St. Marthe*, Physician to *Henry III.* of *France*. Done into *English Verse*.

The *Grecian History*, by *Temple Stanyan*; adorn'd with Cuts.

Echard's Roman History, 5 Vol.

Fontanelle's Dialogues of the Dead.

Ovid's Epistles, translated by several Hands. The Eighth Edition; with a new Translation of three Epistles, and several Cuts never before publish'd.

The Works of Sir *John Suckling*; containing his Poems, Letters and Plays.

Poems, &c. written upon several Occasions, and to several Persons, by *Edmund Waller*, Esq; The Eighth Edition, with Additions; to which is prefix'd the Author's Life.

Poems on several Occasions; with *Valentinian* a Tragedy. Written by the Right Honourable *John* late Earl of *Rocheſter*.

Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of Original Poems and Translations, by the best Hands. Publish'd by Mr. *Steele*.

Remarks on several Parts of *Italy*, &c. in the Years 1701, 1702, 1703. By Mr. *Addison*.

Devil upon two Sticks.

Odes and Satyrs of *Horace*, that have been done into *English* by the most eminent Hands, viz. Lord *Rocheſter*, Lord *Roscommon*, Mr. *Cowley*, Mr. *Osway*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Prior*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Milton*, Mr. *Pooley*; with his Art of Poetry by the Earl of *Roscommon*: To this Edition is added several Odes, never before printed.

Table-Talk; being the Discourses of *John Selden* Esq; or his Sense of various Matters of Weight and high Consequence relating especially to Religion and State.

Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands. By Sir *William Temple*: The Seventh Edition corrected and augmented.

Lately

Books Printed for J. Tonson.

*Lately publish'd by Mr. Maittaire, in Neat Pocket
Volumes, the following Books, viz.*

ΤΗΣ Κ ΑΙΝΗΣ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗΣ ΑΠΑΝ

TA. Novum Testamentum. Græcè,

P. Virgilii Maronis Opera.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera.

Catulli, Tibulli, & Propertii Opera.

P. Ovidii Nasonis Opera tribus tomis comprehens

Publii Terentii Carthaginiensis Afri Comœdiæ Sc

Titi Lucretii de Rerum Naturâ Libri Sex.

M. Annzi Lucani Pharsalia: sive de Bello Civili
ter Cæsarem & Pompeium Libri Decem.

Phædri Aug. Liberti Fabularum Æsopiarum Lib
Quinque; item Fabulæ quædam ex MS. veteri à Ma
quardo Guido descriptæ; cum Indice Vocum & L
curionum. Appendicis loco adjiciuntur Fabulæ Gr
cæ quædam & Latinæ ex variis Authoribus collect
quas claudit Avieni Æsopicarum Fabularum Liber
n' cus.

D. Junii Juvenalis & Auli Persii Flacci Satyræ.

M. Valerii Martialis Epigrammata.

Cornelii Nepotis excellentium Imperatorum Vita

Lucius Annaus Florus. Cui subjungitur Lucii An

nellii Liber Memorialis.

Caii Salustii quæ extant.

Velleii Patereuli Historiæ Romanæ quæ supersunt

Justini Historiarum ex Trogo Pompeio Libri XLII

Q. Curtius Rufus de Rebus Gestis Alexandri Ma
ni.

C. Julii Cæsaris & A. Hirtii De Rebus à C. Ju
Cæsare gestis Commentarii. Cum C. Jul. Cæsar. ita
mentis.

Conciones & Orationes ex Historicis Latinis
cerptæ.

Chæsius Patiens. Rapini Carmen Heroicum.

